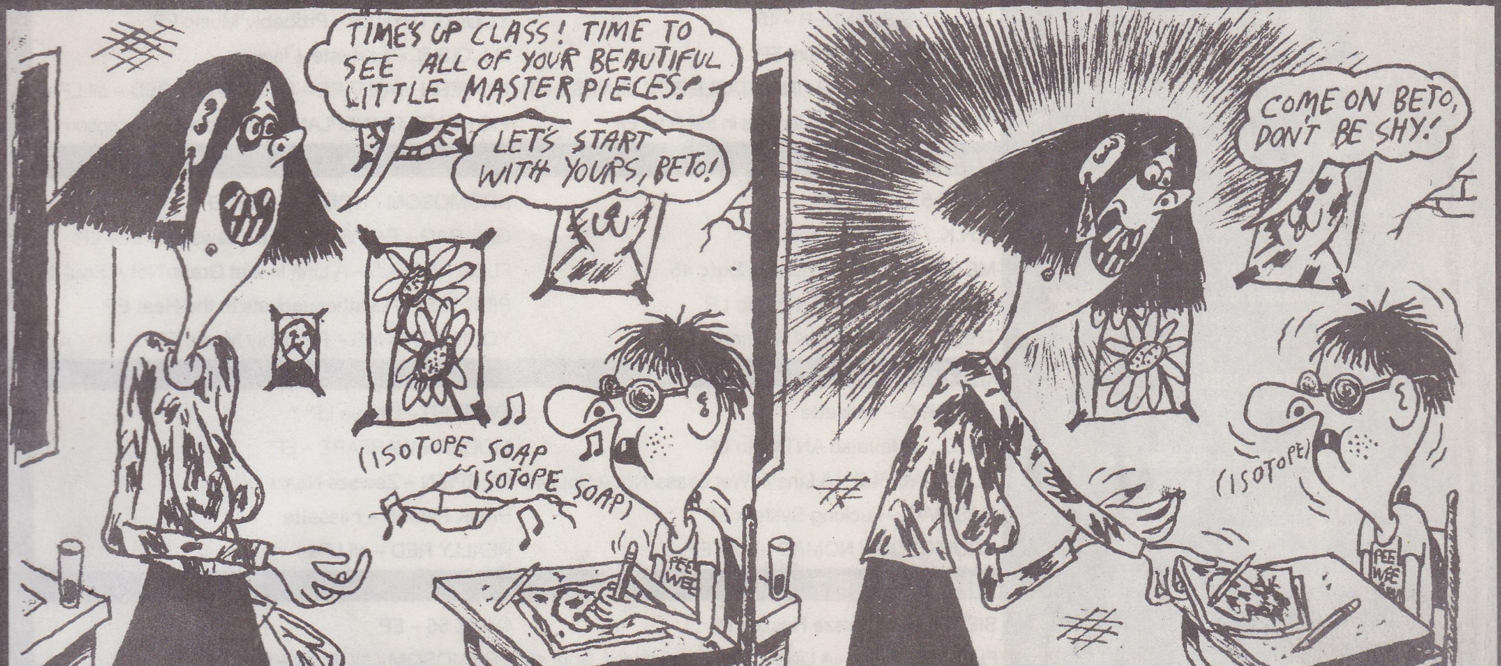
MAXIMUM ROCK N' ROLL

#383
APRIL '15


TIME'S UP CLASS! TIME TO SEE ALL OF YOUR BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MASTERPIECES!
LET'S START WITH YOURS, BETO!
(ISOTOPE SOAP ISOTOPE SOAP)
PEE WEE
COME ON BETO, DON'T BE SHY!
(ISOTOPE)
PEE WEE
JEESUS CHRIST ALMIGHTY!
LATER...
KEEP STARING AT THE WALL, YOU LITTLE CREEP!
JESUS LOVES YOU!
PEE WEE PONY
A.D.

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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For what it's worth, here're some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

GRACE AMBROSE

ELECTRIC EELS – Die Electtic Eels LP
NEGATIVE SCANNER – 45
DEFORMITY – Fracture EP
PINK SECTION – LP / INFLATABLE BOY CLAMS 2xEP
PISS TEST – Leather Jackets in the Heat EP
FLESH WORLD – A Line In Wet Grass/Not A Soul 45
YOUNG TRYNAS – Probably Music EP
G.L.O.S.S. – cassette + live
MODERN WARFARE – EP / REALLY RED – all LPs
PIG HEART TRANSPLANT – For Mass Consumption LP

LYDIA ATHANASOPOULOU

ΟΔΟΣ 55 – EP + LP
D.H.K. / WAÑUY – split 12"
METRO DECAY – Κειμήλια/Σκιές 45
ANTI… – Μουσικά ANTIδοτα LP
THE C-3'S – Fact/Bell Ringing 45
KRÖMOSOM / NOMAD – split EP
GAS RAG – EP / SIERPIEN – Zawsze Nasze LP
FLESH WORLD – A Line In Wet Grass/Not A Soul 45
PISS TEST – Leather Jackets in the Heat EP
YOUNG TRYNAS – Probably Music EP

MATT BADENHOP

MOLOKIO – cassette
ANTI… – Μουσικά ANTIδοτα LP
FLESH WORLD – A Line In Wet Grass/Not A Soul 45
GAS RAG – Fucking System EP
KRÖMOSOM / NOMAD – split EP
TWISTED – Utopia LP
MODERN WARFARE – EP
SIERPIEN – Zawsze Nasze LP
BACK PAGES – cassette
REALLY RED – all LPs

WILL BLOMQUIST

SIERPIEN – Zawsze Nasze LP
FLESH WORLD – A Line In Wet Grass/Not A Soul 45
MOB 47 – Back to Attack LP
PIG HEART TRANSPLANT – For Mass Consumption LP
DISSOLVE – LP
ΟΔΟΣ 55 – EP
KRÖMOSOM / NOMAD – split EP
RÉSEAU D'OMBRES – Ireos LP
HORROR VACUI – EP / POPULATION – LP
INFLATABLE BOY CLAMS – 2xEP / STILLSUIT – live

MITCH CARDWELL

Back next month...

ROBERT COLLINS

THE C-3'S – Fact/Bell Ringing 45
PIG HEART TRANSPLANT – For Mass Consumption LP
GAS RAG – Fucking System EP
MARTYRDÖD – both LPs
GOVERNMENT FLU – Still No Justice EP
PISS TEST – EP / FLESH WORLD – 45
KRAYOLA – EP / WRETCHED OF THE EARTH – LP
SPIT SPEWING SNAKES – Steady Sinking Stones EP
BARRICADED SUSPECTS – cassette
ACRYLICS – live / RESPONSE – live

LAYLA GIBBON

ELECTRIC EELS – LP + 45 / PINK SECTION – LP
INFLATABLE BOY CLAMS – 2xEP
FLESH WORLD – A Line In Wet Grass/Not A Soul 45
RED RED KROVVY – Global Citizen EP
CONSTANT MONGREL – EP / COÏTUS INT. – LP
YOUNG TRYNAS – Probably Music EP
NEGATIVE SCANNER – 45
THE C-3'S – Fact/Bell Ringing 45
DEFORMITY – Fracture EP
MODERN WARFARE – EP / REALLY RED – LP

DAN GOETZ

KRÖMOSOM / NOMAD – split EP
NUDITY – live
FLESH WORLD – A Line In Wet Grass/Not A Soul 45
GAS RAG – Fucking System EP
PISS TEST – Leather Jackets in the Heat EP
SKEMÄTA – LP
BOSTON STRANGLER – live
NEW GODS – What Did I Say? EP
PLUME – live
THE C-3'S – Fact/Bell Ringing 45

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

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- TWISTED – Utopia LP
- PIG HEART TRANSPLANT – For Mass Consumption LP
- VHS – cassette
- TRACERS – cassette
- STRANGERS – cassette
- TRENCHES – cassette
- SUN BATHER – both 45s
- ΟΔΟΣ 55 – EP
- FLESH WORLD – A Line In Wet Grass/Not A Soul 45
- STILLSUIT / SBSM / NO BABIES – live

KENNY KAOS

- NUCLEAR SANTA CLAUST – Je Ne Sais Claust LP
- THE WHOOSIE WHAT'S IT'S – Owl Systems Go! LP
- DUNCAN REID AND THE BIG HEADS – LP
- MYSTERY DATE – New Noir LP
- INFLATABLE BOY CLAMS – 2xEP
- THE C-3'S – Fact/Bell Ringing 45
- NASTY RUMOURS – Girls in Love/Barbwire Heart 45
- LOS PEPES – For Everyone LP
- THE DIRTY COAL TRAIN – LP
- THE CAPITALIST KIDS – At A Loss LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- SUN BATHER – both 45s
- PISSE – Praktikum in der Karibik EP
- THE DIRTY COAL TRAIN – Dirty Shake LP
- ELECTRIC EELS – LP + 45
- HIEROPHANTS – 45 / NEGATIVE SCANNER – 45
- PINK SECTION – LP / INFLATABLE BOY CLAMS – 2xEP
- SIR LORD VON RAVEN – 2xLP
- REALLY RED – all LPs
- THE WHOOSIE WHAT'S IT'S – Owl Systems Go! LP
- *Sex and Broadcasting – A Film About WFMU* – movie

RAY LUJAN

- BILLY BONES – Complexity of Stupid CD
- DUNCAN REID AND THE BIG HEADS – LP
- INFLATABLE BOY CLAMS – Skeletons 2xEP
- KICKER / SUBMACHINE – split EP / LOS PEPES – LP
- THE RINDS – CD / SHALLOW CUTS – EP
- TOY GUITAR – In This Mess CD + live
- VIOLENT ARRENT – Life Inside the Western Bloc CD
- THE WHOOSIE WHAT'S IT'S – Owl Systems Go! LP
- SWAMI JOHN REIS & THE BLIND SHAKE – live
- CRO-MAGS – live

FRED SCHRUNK

- PINK SECTION – LP
- PISS TEST – Leather Jackets in the Heat EP
- INFLATABLE BOY CLAMS – Skeletons 2xEP
- REALLY RED – all LPs
- DISHPIT / DOG PROBLEM – split EP
- TWISTED – Utopia LP
- SUN BATHER – both 45s
- BESPOSLICARI – LP
- AUTONOMY / SERENGHETTO – split EP
- FLESH WORLD – A Line In Wet Grass/Not A Soul 45

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- ΟΔΟΣ 55 – EP + LP
- REALLY RED – all LPs
- BOSTON STRANGLER – live
- FLESH WORLD – A Line In Wet Grass/Not A Soul 45
- GOVERNMENT FLU – Still No Justice EP
- NEGATIVE SCANNER – 45
- ELECTRIC FUNERAL – Make Noise, Not War EP
- DEFORMITY – Fracture EP
- D.H.K. / WAÑUY – split 12"
- CONSTANT MONGREL – D.C.M. EP

ELI WALD (NEW TOP TENNER!)

- ELECTRIC EELS – LP + 45
- REALLY RED – Teaching You... + Rest in Pain LPs
- CONSTANT MONGREL – D.C.M. EP
- INFLATABLE BOY CLAMS – 2xEP
- FLESH WORLD – A Line In Wet Grass/Not A Soul 45
- BOSTON STRANGLER – live
- DEFORMITY – Fracture EP
- RED RED KROVVY – Global Citizen EP
- KRÖMOSOM / NOMAD – split EP
- YOUNG TRYNAS – Probably Music EP

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Bacon in the Beans* #4
- *Fix My Head* #6
- *Get Loose* #2
- *Handbill: Flyers 2010-2014*
- *Razorcake* #84
- *Skillshot* #36
- *Spare Change* #29
- *Time Crashers* #1
- *Trouble With Normal* #128/129
- *Uncles* #1

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#186/November '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#188/January '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/February '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/August '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/October '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, GOre Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#234/Novomber '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235 December '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war Scene Reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in IRaq," "Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/January '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/March '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/April '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, Portland, Boston & Germany Scene Reports.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04. The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, Al, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/Sept. '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEating-Habits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjertestop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt I, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?. the Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. I), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas, Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, *Tales of Blarg*, John Holmstrom (*Punk* magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/ Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report.

#335/April '11. Siege, Crazy Spirit, 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.: '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cocskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History Part 2.

#340/September '11. Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State Poison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Deaf Club Oral History, Czech Punk History Part 3.

#341/October '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

#342/November '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#343/December '11. Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R., Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor.

#344/January '12. OBN IIIS, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vaginors, Blookrow Butcher, Wartorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary part I, Means to an End Fest, Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matresses Zine.

#345/February '12. 2011 Year End Top Tens, Big Eyes, Terrible Feelings, Zero Progress Tour Report Part 2, the Unruled, Rapid Loss.

#346/March '12. Bärchen und die Milchbubies, Who Killed Spokey Jacket, Krömosom Tour of Japan, Globsters, Nigh Birds, Tribal War, Give Praise records, Refuse records.

#347/April '12. Ron Paul Special Issue, Carburetor Dung, Dark Times, Neon Piss, Kruel, Lapinpolthajat, Criminal Code, Slice Harvester Zine, Iron hand, Indigesti, Damnable Excite Zombies, Hawaii Scene Report.

#349/June '12. Omegas, Zyanose, Antisect, Negative Standards, No Statik, Your Pest Band, Eutanasia, Appalachian Terror Unit, Power Age, Inly Fumes and Corpses, Skizophrenia, David Ensminger, Greek Scene Report.

#350/July '12. The Photo Issue: Justine Demetrick, Ricky Adam, Jeanne Hansen, Don Pyre, Chis Boarts Larsen, Maria de Piedade Morais.

#351/August '12. 30th Anniversary Issue: MRR's Worst & Best, the Tim Yo Covers & Greentaping, Napalm Raid, God Equals Genocide, Stressors, American Sun, Ferocious X, Stripmines, Skitsystem, Juan y Diëgo, Banran.

#352/September '12. Stagnation, Luta Armada, Vaarallinen, Frozen Teens, Brain Slug, Noisecore Roundtable #2, Kohosh, Kvoteringen, Gritos de Resistencia, Alabaster Choad, Dipers, Murder in the Front Row, Support NYC.

#353/October '12. Brain Tumors, Effluxus, Anti Cimex, the Cravats, Unlearn, Warsong, Sick/Tired, To Live A Lie records, Stories from the Peruvian Underground Part I, Bad Daddies, Imminent Destruction records with Lastly, Desperdicio, Against the Grain, Disturd.

#354/November '12. Replica, Ancient Filth, Synthetic ID, Maximo Volumen, O Inimigo, the Splits, Ohmwar, Beatrap, Victims Tour Diary Part 2, Girth records.

#357/February '13. Forward, Hounds of Hate, Contorture, Kicker, Nothing, Lunatic Fringe, Detonate records, Beatnik Termites, Detroit scene report.

#358/March '13. 2012 Year End Top Tens, Brontez Purnell, Potty Mouth, Nitad, Schizophazia, East Anglia scene report.

#359/April '13. Sickoids, Hassler. Divorce. Cancer Spreading. la Flingue. the Line. White Murder, the Paper Bags versus the Meat Sluts. Greenville, SC scene report.

#360/May '13. Stress, Proxy, the Kids, Kalte Lust, HIRS, Autonomy, Nuclëar Fröst, Dead Air Studio, Blood Orange Infoshop, Death Traitors, Elks Lodge Massacre Revisited.

#361/June '13. Organize and Arise, Fear of Extinction, The Rats Tour Diary, Kathleen Hanna, The Shorts, Hard Feelings, No Power, Melusaaste, We Got Power Zine Part I.

#362/July '13. Jeff Paul, Trust Zine, Shaved Women, Hondartzako Hondakinak, Kurraka, Born Wrong, Homicide, United Arab Emirates & Toronto, Canada scene reports, We Got Power Zine Part II.

#363/August '13. Las Otras, Toinen Vaihtoehto zine, Sudor, Terveet Kädet, Black & White, Stillsuit, Taquila Mockingbird, Arturo Vega, Ruined Families, Baitline!!! zine, R.O.T.T.E.R., No Mistake, Siren Songs, Yorba Linda, CA scene report.

#364/September '13. Last Chaos, Snob Value, NE! Records, RAD, Asile, Whatever Brains, The New Flesh, Trashies, Forgotten Generation, Nightfall/Population Zero, Texas Filth Scene Report.

#365/Ocotber '13. Condition Tour Diary, Zudas Krust, Doomed Society Radio, Kontrasekt, Bib Black Cloud, Hero Dishonest, Violent Party, Helvetin Viemärit, Malcolm, Clearview Records, Brno, CZ Scene Report.

#366/November '13. Chaos Destroy, Permanent Ruin, Thisclose, Halsey Swain, Rosa Apatrida, No More Fiction, Räjäyttäjät, Nudes, Tarantuja, Destruye y Huye, Vertical House Records, Punk Photo Roadtrip.

#367/December '13. The Mob, Creem, Gag, generacion Suicida, Good Throb, Force Fed Drugs, Total Trash, Life Chain, Concrete Worms, War//Plague, Julia Ostertag, Bad American.

#368/January '14. Queer Issue with Anti-Corpos, Shopping, Glory Hole, Porcelain, Strong Boys, Ejaculoid, Closet Burner, Peeple Watchin', Samuel Shanahoy, Dures et Gays, Priests, Groke, Screaming Queens tour diary, Queer Zine Fest London, International Queer Scene Report.

#369/February '14. Dezerter, Arctic Flowers, Stoic Violence, Strange Factory, Gobierno Militar, Poliskitzo, Voight-Kampff, Rat/Xerox, Nü-kle-er Blast Suntan.

#370/March '14. Year End Top Tens, Nervosas, Komplikations, Mallwalkers, New Orleans punk documentary Almost Ready.

#371/April '14. Bill Bondsman, Crapoulet Records, O! Kult, Rational Animals, Stab, Woolf, Varix, New York's Alright Fest, Miami Scene Report.

#372/May '14. EU's Arse, Siege, XAXAXA, Razorcake, Alert! Alert! Space Wolves, Rhythm of Cruelty, Straight Crimes, PMMA, Strange Attractor, Revenge of the Psychotronic Man, Scotland Scene Report.

#373/June '14. Anti You, Crusades, Rat Damage, Hank., Cottaging, Pesadilla, Distopika, Fed Up Fest, Damn Broads, Destry Hampton, Ben Snakepit & Mitch Clem, Los Culitos, The Lowest.

#374/July '14. No Babies, Grand Collapse, Gulag Beach, 1984, Quaaludes, Ausmuteants, Countdown to Armageddon, Wañuy, Fear of the Future, Bishops Green, Colombia Scene Report, Igor Vidmar, Endless Grinning Skulls.

#375/August '14. Una Béstia Incontrolable, Eiefits, Extreme Noise Records, Vertigo, Glue, S.U.S, Svin: Leningrad Punk Progenitor, Thee Mighty Fevers, Cool Death Records, Miscalculations, Born Wrong Tour Diary.

#376/September '14. Dishrags, Gas Rag, SHIT, Iron Lung Records, Far-out Fangtooth, Kuudes Silmä, Maailmanloppu, Extincion, Paul Birnbaum of Septic Death, de los Insectos, Patras, Greece Scene Report, Traces in the Snow: '80s Siberian Punk.

#377/October '14. Fracaso, Frightwig, Government Flu, Mymanmike, Mind Cure Records, Era of Fear, Men Oh Pause, Elegy, Harsh Words, Berserktown fest and NY's Latino Punk Fest photos Mexico City Scene Report, Yectal Peña.

#378/November '14. Yugoslavia Retrospective part I: Slovenia w/ Buldogi, Tozibabe, Indust-Bag, Quod Massacre, Pankrti, Grupa 92, Sund,. and Kuzle. Also: Big Zit, Ooze, Yi, Supreme Echo Records, Australia scene report, photos from Philadelphia Rockers gig.

#379/December '14. Rakta, Autistic Behavior, Nunhex, Marmara Streisand, Protestor, Misled Youth, Dick & Jane, Mothers News, Brooks Headley, Death By Audio, Doomed To Extinction Records, photo spread by Mateus Mondini.

#380/Feb '15. Orden Mundial, Frau, Raw Power, Nots, Don Giovanni Records, "Distorted" Sydney documentary, En Psychro, the Instigation, Red Scare Industries, Tzn Xenna, and photos from Static Shock Weekend and A Varning from Montreal.

#381/Feb '15. Hysterics, Earth Girls, Broken Prayer, Dark Times, Accidente, Quango, Vacant State, Metadona Label, Not Dead Yet fest, Wiccans, Börn Iceland scene report.

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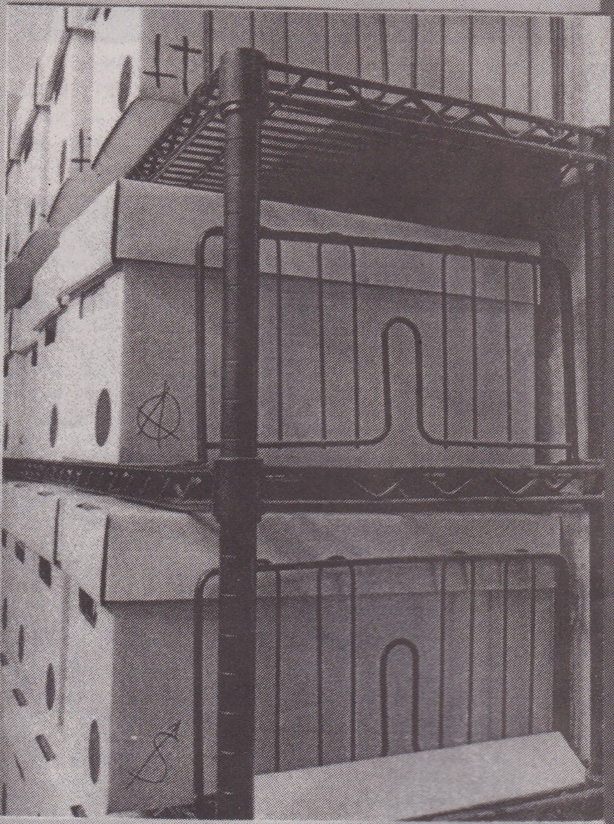

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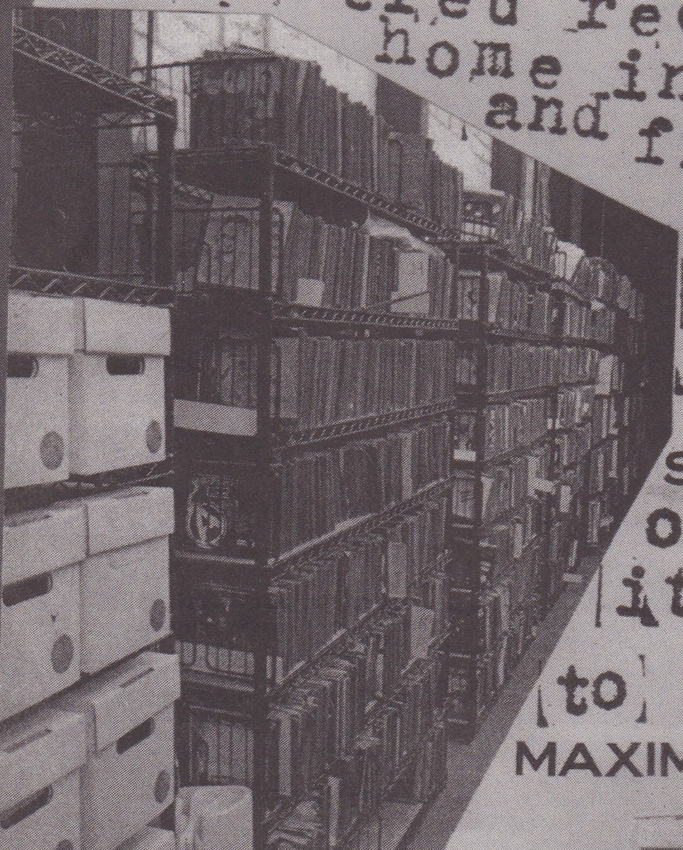

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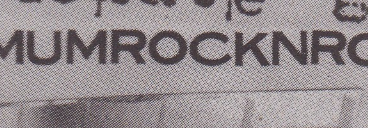


DEAR READERS:

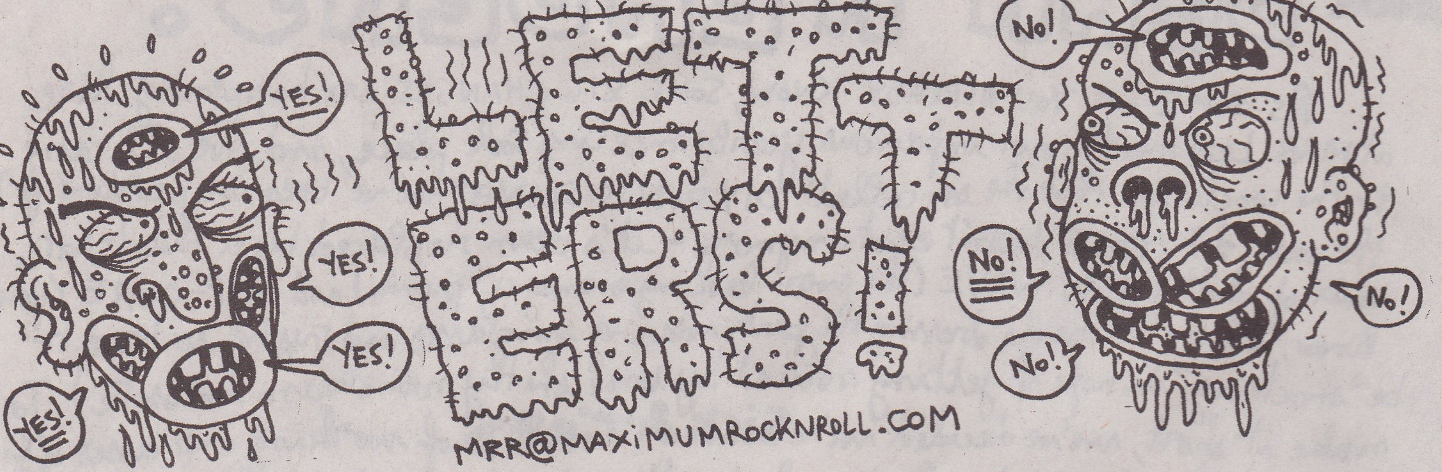
As SOME OF YOU ALREADY KNOW, SOME BIG CHANGES are happening here at MRR. Last month, our infamous yearly meeting took place, and we all came to the conclusion that the so-called "DIY PUNK SCENE" we've been supporting for the past 37 YEARS doesn't exist anymore – it's been replaced by a third-rate mix of shitty NEW WAVE (the ever-lasting enemy of punk) and HIP-CORE (you know, all the HC bands dressing the part, wearing sunglasses and trying so hard to be "shocking" in hope of getting noticed by some shitty mainstream website). To make it short, we've decided we're **SICK & TIRED** of working our asses off to support these "musicians", a bunch of self-centered, ego-driven, insecure CRYBABIES, who literally need to be validated/applauded by their peers on a monthly, weekly or even daily basis.

So starting now, MRR won't be running bands interviews anymore. We'll still run columns, ads and reviews, but our main focus will shift to comics & art, because cartoonists & artists, like writers, are the true OUTSIDERS of today's punk scene, working alone in their room for days on end, with little to no fanfare. They don't need an audience to validate their existence, hence they are **THE REAL DEAL**, the real underground, hard-working, UNDERESTIMATED heroes and heroines of PUNK. We're excited to start supporting them more, and we hope you'll dig this issue, the first of MANY, MANY "COMICS & ART" issues of MRR.

Also, some of you may have heard that ALEX SIMON (formerly of RATCHARGE ZINE and ska-punk band "LA CREVARDE") was hired as MRR's new coordinator, in replacement of our dear LYDIA. Well, the rumor was true, and he did the job for the issue you're holding, but after his first month at the compound, eating all our food + drinking all our beers, he resigned when he asked for his paycheck and we told him it wasn't a paid position. He then got into a **HUGE FIST-FIGHT** with poor Grace and Martin, who **BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF HIM**, and MR. SIMON even had the nerves to scream "SLAVE MONGERS!!!" and other abuse at them. Then he threatened to sue us, saying shit like "it's not like that in FRANCE", but it goes without saying that we kicked him out of the house, that his SORRY WHITE FROG ASS won't be writing for MRR ever again, and that he's no longer welcome in our great country. If you see him, by all means slap him in the face for us.

Till next time, see you fucks on the sidewalk,
outside the show,

THE **MRR** CREW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Hi Ryan Modee,

Hope you are well. I really enjoyed reading your review of the Apostles' *Punk Obituary* LP in the February edition of MRR.

It's incredible to think that it's been nearly 30 years since the release of this ground breaking (but still relatively obscure) record. I hope your review (in some ways) helps re-publicize what, in my opinion, is possibly one of the best "punk" records of the 1980s.

I don't know how much you know about the Apostles (obviously it's there for all to see on the internet) but I cannot stress how much empathy I feel with you (and any listener) regarding *Punk Obituary*.

I suppose I came relatively late to the Apostles' music and the first record I bought by them was their fifth EP, *Smash the Spectacle*, which was released in 1985 on Mortarhate Records. (I had previously heard them on a compilation tape called *Composed Bananas* which was released by the fledgling BBP records from Swindon in 1984.)

To be honest, I hadn't heard anything like it. The production was rough, the music was raw and the lyrics were outrageous and uncompromising but clearly the intent was also to *educate*. The cover was also full of cartoons, lists, and personal and political comment, most of which I thought was incredibly brave considering the conservative peer pressure of the Crass era.

Your review opened up thoughts and feelings which had been latently dormant in me for a long time. So much so that I decided to dig out my crackly old copy and give it a spin again.

The title of the record is actually a homage to *Blues Obituary*, the second album by English blues/rock band the Groundhogs, a group (who at the time) I'd never heard of but subsequently grew to love. For a group like the Apostles, who had originated in the punk scene, the music was a radical departure. As you correctly point out, it was a mixture of styles and none that I would consider punk. *This* is the *real* beauty of the record—its originality in composition They were heads and shoulders above their peers in terms of creativity and originality.

It's interesting that you also mention Crass in your review. I would only use Crass as a timeline or a reference point rather than any comparison either musically or ideologically. The Apostles were *never* anarchists. I suppose in some way Crass weren't anarchists in the accepted sense of the word either as they were neither doctrinaire or part of the historical narrative of European anarchism. The Apostles *eschewed* the anarcho-punk scene politically with a passion insofar they were always considered "of them but not part of them." They were fiercely critical of what they considered the rules and regulations of the time. In retrospect they were visionaries but universally despised by a lot of other groups from within that scene for being contradictory, contrary and confusing.

I doubt anyone else at the time had the intellectual capability or bravery to even attempt to compose songs like "The Patient," "Workers Autonomy," and "Mister Missed Her," to name but three. In truth, it's all quite exceptional and their power never, ever fades even with the passage of time. It was with this in mind that I felt compelled to sit down and take the time to write this. I suppose it's a feeling of wanting to share with someone a common bond of appreciation when it comes to highlighting this fantastic aural document which, quite frankly doesn't deserve to languish in relative obscurity. True to form, its greatness is only now being widely recognized, after nearly 30 years.

Thanks for reading this.

Cheers,

Alan

P.S. I don't know if the re-release has a synopsis of the songs? I still have the one that Andy Martin sent me at the time. As it stands *Punk Obituary* cannot be understood properly without it. If it hasn't, I could scan it for you!

* * *

Dear *MRR*,

Scumpit articles have not been seen in years. Has the internet voided the need for them? They are missed.

—Tom, Lexington, KY

Hey Tom,

We'd love to see some Scumpits return. The internet certainly hasn't eliminated the need for them—anyone who thinks everything punk has made its way online is kidding themselves! I often discover records here in the collection which have absolutely zero presence on the web. Plus, everyone can use guides through the wealth of information that is out there. Like everything here at the magazine, features ebb and flow with the contributors who write them…So, you wanna write a Scumpit for us? I know you're qualified.

—Grace

Some rad Asian American punks in Philadelphia are making a zine! Get in touch if you want to submit.

Asian American Womyn, Trans*, and Genderqueer Persons in Punk: A Zine

Overview: This is a call for submissions from Asian American womyn, trans*, genderqueer, intersex, non-binary, and queer people involved in punk. This is an opportunity to discuss the many ways in which we participate in punk and how our identities and experiences shape what punk means to us. We welcome persons from any Asian descent (including South Asian, West Indian, Afro-Asian, East Asian, West Asian, Central Asian, Southeast Asian, Pacific Islander, hapa, and mixed).

Possible topics: How you got into punk, your definition of punk/what punk means to you, the failures of punk (as far as inclusion, representation, acceptance, etc), Asian identity, gender, queer and/or trans* identity, model minority myth, loss (of language, of culture), assimilation, microaggressions, racism, privilege, cultural appropriation, immigrant experience, feminism, sexism, activism, radicalism, relationships, family, food & recipes, music reviews, and much more!

Guidelines: We accept text and image-based submissions. This will be a half-size zine. Keep submissions between 1-2 pages. Include a name and short bio the way you'd like it to be printed in the zine. Anonymous submissions welcome.

Please send submissions to aawipzine@gmail.com by April 30th, 2015.

Hello *MRR*,

I have to say I enjoyed #382 more than any recent issues in memory. Some good work? Maybe, I'm just a list guy? Both? Whatever the reason, thank you much. I was glad to see the Eel LP mentioned at least once. Probably my favorite record of the year. Thank you Al, but "a new wrinkle on raw punk"—not so much. Much of the record is surely a piss take of Confuse's great LP. One could surely be pardoned if they thought "Violent Anarky" was Confuse. Mr Quint also mentioned the fine new Inmates LP

as did Greg Benedetto. Two mentions, which is one more than the first (Mike Thorn if memory serves) Inmates LP (the best record of the last 20 years) got at the time of its original release. I could find no mention of Gluebag's "Confused" LP on Framework. Surely Top 10 material, in my humble opinion. They filled a void left open by a year with no studio Cheater Slicks record. Check "I'm Not Right" and tell me...well, I'm not right. There you go.
Thank you,

—Roy, North Carolina

[redacted]

MRR,

I have not been in Godless North since 2003. I left the band due to the other guy being a junkie with mental issues and a severe identity crisis. I have not spoken to him in eleven years. I am not or ever was into white power bullshit!! I, and the Golers are not into racism. Read the lyrics from all our albums. You will not find any of that shit. I feel free to print that.

—Jason Mosdell / The Golers

Hey Jason/Golers,

OK, I admit that I made a big mistake in the review as I just went on the line-up info based on Metal Archives. So, this obviously that wasn't up to date and there wasn't any current line-up info on your own site. Nor were there any mentions of the line-up connections to other bands in any reviews of any Golers shows or releases.

While I'm certainly glad you cleared this up and told me that your time in Godless North was a long time ago, I never once called Golers a "white power" band. My review specifically said: "Though, thankfully Golers lyrics and attitude don't reflect that [of Godless North or Goatmoon]." So we did *print that. I even re-read Golers' lyrics just now. It looks like it's mostly gore/creepy real life horror stuff which I know is* not *about racial hatred/WP bullshit.*

Thanks,

Justin D.

[redacted]

MRR,

In regards to the review of the the Ridgways' *Fast Times at Ridgway High* cassette, we believe explanation is needed to defend serious allegations made by the reviewer.

While the Ridgways have been accepting and supportive of equality in all forms, including touring with prominent LGBTQIA bands and one member of the band himself being bisexual, we understand confusion and anger as a response to the song entitled "Gender Bender."

The struggle in the trans community has been long fought and continues to be an ongoing front that while is being slowly accepted by society is still not without hatred, violence and vast forms of discrimination against fellow human beings. We see this pain and ardent struggle among our own LGBTQIA friends and do our best to support, acknowledge and nurture an understanding of equality and oneness of existence.

The song "Gender Bender" is written specifically about *The X-Files* episode [of the same name] from Season 1, Episode 14. For more information regarding this episode, please visit the Wikipedia article, and take note of the plot of this progressive episode that has been seen as "reflecting about the anxieties merging about gender roles in the 1990s."

The song's lyrics are an exact play by play of the plot in this episode. An alien creature who pretends to be part of an Amish cult leads men and women both out of dance clubs with the enticement of sexual relations, and during intercourse shape shifts and transforms into an alien being who then uses an alien appendage to choke the victim and kills them.

Given our penchant for movies and television shows, which can be attested to by our other songs on the same album that are about *Buffy the Vampire Slayer, Freddy Got Fingered, Batman the Animated Series*, and *Saving Silverman* we have written several songs about our love for the *X-Files* including "Gender Bender."

Being highly influenced by the Ramones and other bands that use alliteration and rhyme schemes to form a catchy melody for their songs, including "Beat on the Brat" for example, during our writing process we discovered how well the words "Gender Bender" could be used to the same musical effect. The rest of the lyrics provided were inspired directly by the plot points of the X-Files episode. "I met her at a club and we danced all night," referencing the alien creature who disguises itself as both sexes in different parts of the episode in a dance club that captures an unknowing person; "we started making love and it didn't feel right," referencing the shape shifting and violent transformation of the alien creature during intercourse; "I started to choke and I didn't know why", referencing the alien appendage that forces its way around the throat of the victim and begins to choke them;"Oh no, I'm going to die" referencing the terror the man and later the woman felt as they were being killed.

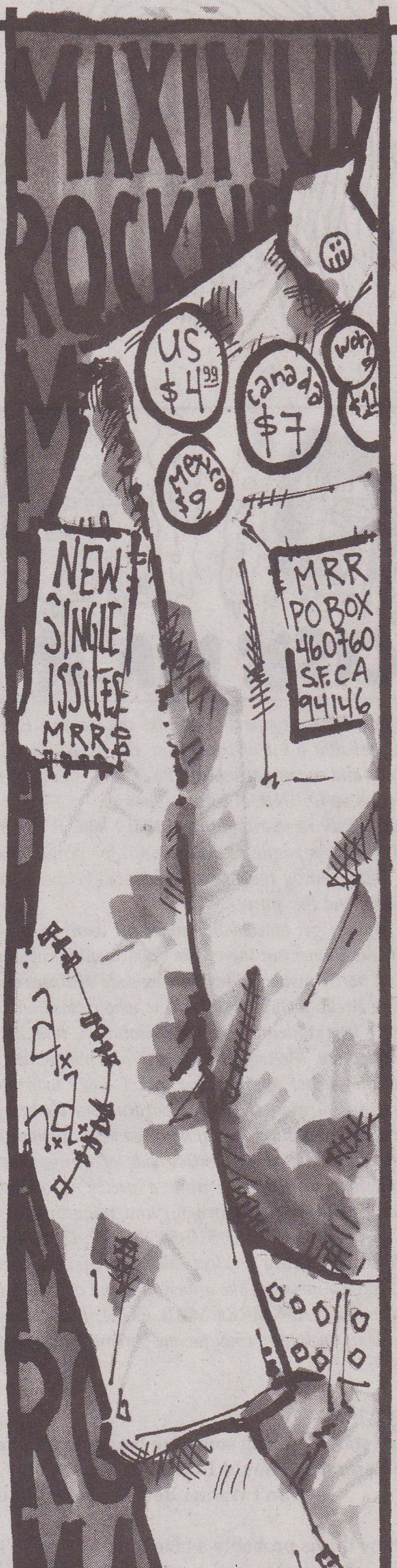
We sincerely apologize for any misunderstanding or hurt caused by our lyrics. Given the very ridiculous and outwardly silly context of all of our lyrics, including [topics such as] root beer, swimming pools, Batman, and many many songs about movies and television shows it was by pure accident and total oversight that the song "Gender Bender" could be misconstrued as hateful or derogatory. On behalf of our band members and all readers of *Maximum Rocknroll* as well as any audience that has heard our songs and has been hurt by our lyrics, it hurts us to know that we've hurt you and we will continue to support and respect LGBTQIA through our music and our actions.
Sincerely,

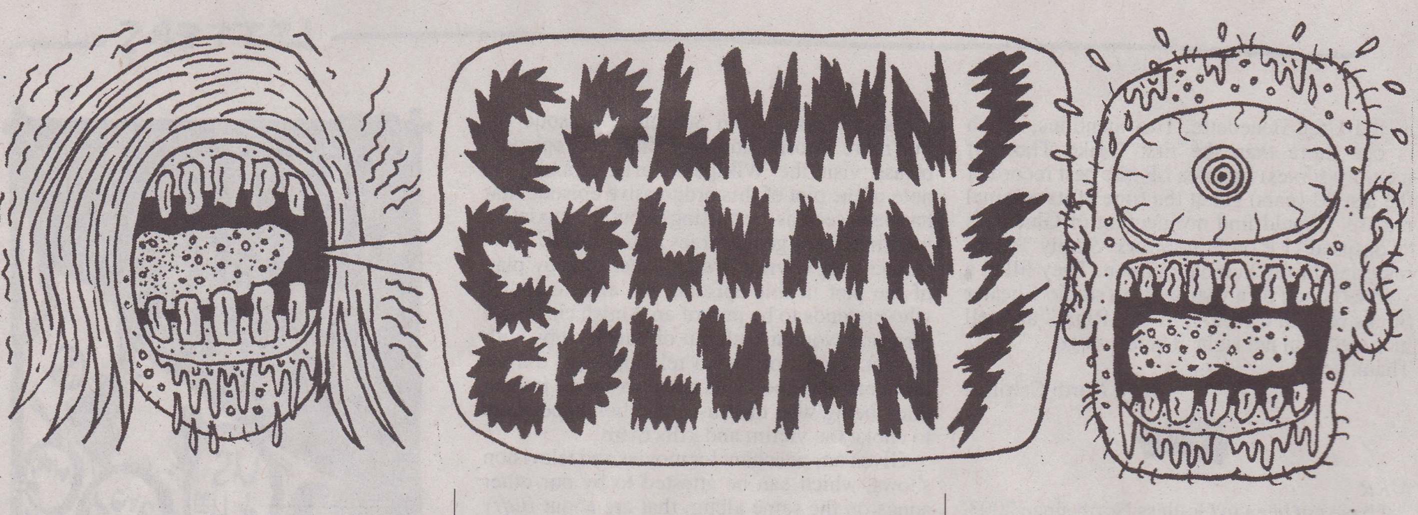
—Mick, Benji, Cam
The Ridgways

Dear Mick, Benji, and Cam,

Thanks for your thoughtful response, thorough explanation of the song, and for being willing to be accountable for the effects the song may have on people even when those effects are not what you intended. I hope this means you are going to change the lyrics to avoid the risk of unintentionally perpetuating a cliche transpobic narrative!

—Heather Blotto





PROBLEM
SOLUTION
ASK MR.R

I don't think anyone should take advice, but there are probably a lot of things for the punks to talk about, and we might as well do it here. Think of it more as an OPINION column though.

(...and if we need a tagline for that I hope it can be something as vague as: "A column for people who are intrigued by the subtle differences between the 'punks' and the 'punx.'")

Before I get started this month, I want to get a little disclaimer out there. You guys should probably know that I just watched that episode of Roseanne where Becky farts in front of the whole class while giving her student council presentation, and that even Jimmy Meltrigger was there. This month's deadline is fast approaching and I don't want to upset our already stretched coordinators by being late with this column, so if my answers this month seem a little on the sensitive side of things, just know that I'm coming from a pretty emotional place. Thanks so much for your understanding.

Text a question to 510-585-HELP (510-585-4357)! Apparently you can also call that number and leave a message like a weirdo. Send an email if you're dead: ASKMRR@MAIL.COM. Everything should be back to normal for me personally by next month.

Hey Mr.R,
I just started seeing someone that doesn't like the Ramones. Should I break up with them?
—Don't Wanna Be Their Boyfriend

I know this is probably a fake question, but it's definitely wearing real question clothing, so I wanna address it like it's a serious one. 'Cause really it kind of maybe should be one. As a person who only really knows how to date other punks, I want to validate the issue, and say that it's hard for me, also, to recognize non-punk people as having genitals, but sometimes a person can be fooled by a square, or find that they have other things in common (???) with them. Or maybe even your New Year's resolution is to not be as much of a shallow bastard as usual! However this might happen, the important thing now is to try and figure out how much of a wedge their non-punk status actually is to your intimacy. Like, if they truly can't understand you and the things you're passionate about, it makes sense to decide to break it off. There are enough times in our lives we have problems connecting with people. Dealing with that in a relationship seems like a waste. But if this person just thinks that you should start taking showers at least on alternate Wednesdays, that's not necessarily because they're not a punk. Even a lot of [people already determined to be] punks might feel that way when they're the ones expected to be your genital handler.

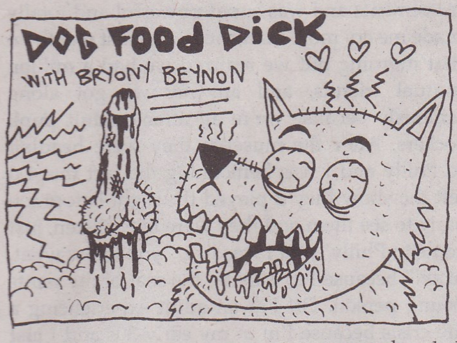
Since you named the Ramones specifically though, I have to wonder if now, to young punks, it seems different than it did to most previous generations. Maybe the Ramones seem just mainstream and overdone? Them and the Misfits being on every popular clothing store's t-shirts and car commercials, Guitar Hero, etcetera, must make them seem like NOFX or Rancid or whoever else people love to hate—so hating the Ramones might be the new school way your partner is proving they're actually punker than you are. Maybe?

Mr.R,
I've been casual friends with the singer of a legendary but now defunct band for over a decade and he has been called out for sexual assault. He behaves in accordance with the allegations, which makes me believe them (for the record, I believe the survivor no matter what), though I've never asked him his side of the story. He treats me like an old friend; always very happy to see me, interrupting whatever conversation he's in to genuinely ask how I am, but to me it now feels like I am just a woman he hasn't yet fucked. Take that however you want to. I stay away from him but I still love his band. My question is, how does one divorce oneself from the abject reality of lyrics that used to mean something, but now sound like vacant ignorance and dribble. Is my childhood gone forever?

Without any details of the situation, it's hard for me to speculate (and I'm sure unnecessary) on this person's behavior pre- and post-allegations, or to comment on whether or not he seems genuine or predatory when dealing in his relationships with women that are even just casual friends. Not that it could change your baseline feelings anyway, or that it should. That's generally the point of someone being called out for sexual assault. More than just shaming a person into accountability, it is a way to alert others to the person's actions so that we are able to be wary of them, and to be better equipped to protect ourselves and our community in the future. Whether or not the perpetrator happens to be in a popular band, there will always be questioning and fallout and mourning of the positive aspects of the person's personality/art in the punk scene.

It's okay to be seeing gray areas with stuff like this. You don't have to make yourself hate everything the band has ever done, and those lyrics are still allowed to speak to you, but when you listen to them now, you can also remind yourself of the status held by people we choose to treat like heroes and celebrities, and what their influence may be on the people who look up to them. Even though we, of course, appreciate the art of horrible people all the time from the big non-punk world. We allow ourselves to listen to so many popular bands with big public shithead members like Guns N' Roses or Flaming Lips or whoever else, but when they're one of us it's heartbreaking. If we don't play a part in the dethroning of our own assholes, who will? We're supposed to know better, I think. I'm glad they're now a *defunct* important band, and that you won't have to worry about whether or not you'd give a shit about their new record, before you chose not to buy it, and when it comes to that old stuff, try to remember that childhood is totally overrated. Kids don't know anything about anything.

Text 510-585-HELP or send an email to ASKMRR@MAIL.COM. You could probably make up a drinking game based on the amount of times I feel it necessary to use the word "community" in my response.



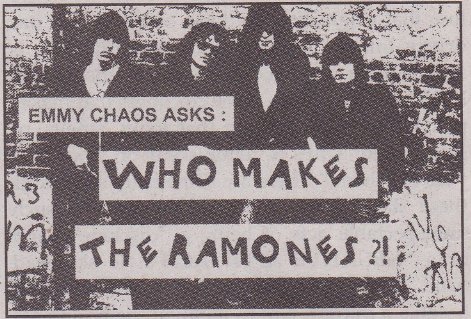
I'm adrift in an enemy city, empty-handed without a diatribe for any easy delivery, pulling together various threads for a bashful take on a busy month. I'm just about getting by, many are not. Here.

I work one day a week as a sexual violence prevention worker. The demands of the job involve taking trains out to deeply unknown south London boroughs—Bexley, Bromley, Merton. A friend said incredulously "who even *lives* there?" The so-called no-one, of course, that is, no up-and-coming artists or breadmaking businesses here, just thousands and thousands of ordinary people, migrant workers, human beings on trains being hassled by ticket inspectors. I meet social workers with pain in their eyes and caseloads creaking at the edges. They are glad of a day off to sit with me. They tell me how vectors of vulnerability fuse into each other, the pressure from above to rename old problems with new flashing red lights of risk, leaving people branded under a final insult, a government initiative unbelievably titled "Troubled Families." As I travel there, my mind is consumed by buildings. Tiny windows. Disused social housing juts from the landscaped around the further reaches of the river Thames, long after the skyscrapers named after kitchen utensils ("The Cheesegrater," I kid you not, is the latest) give way to empty industrial units, mudflats and, in spite of the wastelandia—ever more half-built incongruous "stunning developments" for commuters, always foregrounding in their literature how easy it will be to get from their tiny box to Cheese-graterville.

Last week we marched "for homes." The route of the protest, negotiated with the police, of course, seemed ridiculous at first, deliberately snaking around back roads and avoiding major thoroughfares, but this diversion had the unintended consequence of showing many of the well-meaning marchers just how stark the aggressive demolition of social housing and aggressive building of ever more expensive and exclusive "luxury flats" is. Every. Single. Corner. I am sure there is a word for this—some kind of architectural pathetic fallacy, where the looming ideology of the built environment tells the story. No bricks were thrown and we were sodden through with rain. Shortly after, some squatters returned to the Aylesbury estate, a solid late '60s landmark social housing development now already half empty and earmarked for demolition, and occupied it in solidarity with the thousands of tenants (and homeowners) who have been "decanted" (the preferred phrase, tellingly evocative of a "liquidation," for the removal of human life so capital instead can grow) to outer boroughs, unnamed conurbations. It's hard to put into words how much this city is changing. It feels like losing something, a cyclical bereavement of social life, history, community. Because it is. I have never been evicted, though. This is a notional violence. But I still feel it, I am still scared. People are disappearing. I medicate my simmering rage with context setting architectural critique or maudlin pseudography, bitter sketches, inevitability (Owen Hatherley's *Guide to the New Ruins of Great Britain*, Laura Oldfield-Ford's *Savage Messiah* fanzine collected into a book) and their incredible visions soothe me for a bit.

Relatedly. I work one day a week in an independent archive set up by some old left-libertarians as a repository for materials relating to social movements. Greenham Common. Black Deaths in Custody. Zerowork. Wages for Housework. You name it, we have some browning old pamphlet. These are, largely speaking, people who came of age in a twentieth century. I watch them intently. They speak of comrades who were spared jail, of noted theorists and famous agitators. These people's elders, then often radical leftists of the '60s, '70s, are beginning to get old and die, and the space (Mayday Rooms) was set up to resist state enclosure, strategic defanging, recuperation of this material, or worst still its total neglect and pulping. Listening to and participating in conversations between those approaching 50 and those of my age, there's a clear rift in the radical psyche. What's achievable, where our ambitions lie, what it means to compromise so we do more than just the political equivalent shifting and rearranging the furniture in a tiny condemned cell. I also saw some feminist theorists speak in the Tate Gallery about trans-generational conversations too. What has been lost? We do not even have the language to imagine what it would mean to engage with London as a livable city, where a life of mischief, detournement and studied, deliberate "unwork" was possible. This is, also, I think, a British context, but that is where I am. Trouble is, the lost possibilities have become a fetish in their own right, and I am completely guilty of this, but isn't it natural? Wouldn't you rather just disappear? I hear, wide-eyed, of how penniless activists were able to buy their squat for a few grand, and now live rather comfortably with expensive metropolitan tastes, thank you very much housing crisis. Just as we cannot really imagine a world without digital connectivity anymore, so they struggle to understand just how far enclosure of options for real resistance has gone, in a world that has so deliberately made resigned husks of its young.

The light, when it does get in, is generated in dark rooms with friends and acquaintances. But you knew that. A shared practice space, an archway under a railway track, has become a home for a ton of cool London bands, shared with a quiet blacksmith and a fiery female motorbike mechanic. Liminal spaces. Things are happening, slowly, finally, as we save and scrimp and hoodwink real estate agents into showing us around warehouses...finally homing in on making a DIY space in this cold hearted crone of a city a livable, if even temporary reality. We make plans and divvy up jobs, and I approach my 29th birthday clinging to tasks not yet completed, propelling myself forward with only hope as a grounding ballast for my own personal husk.



"You'll ask me what I'm about really I'm just crazy and don't want to be figured out."

What better way to open up a discussion of punk in our hyper anachronistic punk world than with URBAN WASTE lyrics? When I hear mutters of "DISCHARGE haikus" I can't help but think of the ridiculousness found in almost all USHC lyrics. "Public High School, home of the fools! Public High School it's uncool!" or "I'm confused, confused, don't want to be confused." It's quite the joke, and all for something we take so seriously. Unfortunately, fewer motherfuckers are walking around with "I'm confused, confused, don't wanna be confused" tattooed around their black bars than "Rise Above" ones. But I, and hopefully the readers of this magazine, do not find punk to come off as immature or ridiculous in the way my dad might find it to be if I read a handful of classic USHC lyric sheets. There is something about the classics that is so simply relatable, it gives you a feeling that's just right.

For me, hardcore punk music was a great way to sort out and validate a lot of feelings our not-so-hardcore peers would find immature. Rightfully so? Yeah sometimes, but I really don't know where I'd be if I didn't have a simple riff to yell about my hatred of school and my world of confusion in my younger years, or even now. I can thank hardcore punk for a lot of my surviving in my teenage years but more specifically I can thank punks never forgetting how to "hate in the '80s." What can I say, Imma a baby, fans of the '80s are all I fucking got to grab on to. A less catchy riff to "Filler" and I could be talking about the SHELTER influence I'm hearing in punk demos. No offense if SHELTER is your jam but I'm fucking kissing the ground VOID tattoos walked on for making it so that ain't the case.

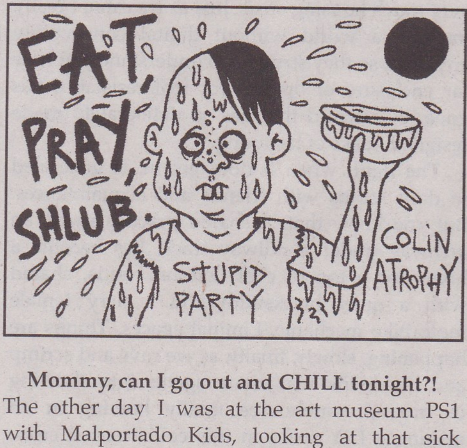
As someone who loves, prefers, and welcomes punk in the '80s, stylistically I feel like the past five years of punk have welcomed in kind of a second golden age in punk music. From DISCHARGE to DEVO, there is really no limit to the stylistic sweating that happens in punk today, kids have proven there is no limit to the "Fashion tips for the '80s" that they are willing to take. Touring in the United States today is like going to an '80s punk theme park, or a cosplay convention for *Another State of Mind* at times. Basically I believe '80s punk style musically and fashion-wise to be some if its best and I think my interest in punk and many of my friends would be greatly lessened without the general structure '80s punk and hardcore left us with. But at what cost will our sweating have on us? The general blandness that can come when we lose that originality, the kind of bland that has driven things like New York hardcore into its soiled grave of MADBALL guitars and RIVAL MOB LPs. Then there is the corniness that makes people feel like anything that looks, smells, or sounds like GBH is reminiscent of "fourteen-year-old them." There are some truly sad bands these days that have managed to soil such unrespectable acts of being a "disclone" band or a "NEGATIVE APPROACH-style skinhead band" (someone please explain to me how that became a thing?). Not to mention the boring ass American "dark punk" trend or the inevitably bland new wave revival we can expect by 2017 at the latest.

The ways punks have tried to push away from classic sounds has frequently been out, I think what the past five years have given us that has made them more special than previous eras of unoriginality, is that punks have started to push inward for originality. "How can I make a more raw and crazy version of 'blank?'" "How can I have a band sound like the ANTI CIMEX post-nuclear war?" are questions on a lot of punks' minds right now. Weird, crazy, and freaky are all adjectives that have mutated quite nicely on to punk in the last five years and really proven the limits to which punks can push a sound. I mean, we are in a time where you can accurately describe bands by comparing them to '80s bands facing misfortune, Ex. "BIG ZIT sounds like if the BAD BRAINS got shot and were forced to play a show before they could go to the hospital." This freakish itch that has collectively begun to consume punk in the past few years mixed with Rick Varukers Punks YouTube account has made punk today a really fucking awesome place to attend shows and hustle demos. While I foresee that a lot of today's bands getting forgotten by future punk generations, I think the now is quite the place to be.

With that we talk about new punk!! I am officially in the Top Ten of fucking BOZO's for 2014 after I failed to put the AUSENCIA Demo in my Top Ten for this magazine. These LA punks play really classic sounding Oi! I've been told it sounds like French Oi! but my Oi! geography is lacking so I couldn't really say. I think the best way to be described to people of 2015 is "it doesn't sound like BLITZ or 86 MENTALITY." I can only assume when people generously say French Oi! they are broad stroking WARRIOR KIDS which is pretty accurate. It really reminds me of Peruvian greats G3. It's got such a beautiful amount of high-end intros and grooving sing along parts. While it is melodic and sing along lathered, I'd say it lacks those really screaming anthem sing-alongs COCK SPARRER and COCKNEY REJECTS left us loving. Fantastic demo and very "proper" sounding Oi! punk. Definitely one of the best tapes I picked up last year and a truly neglectful mistake on my part for not including it in my stupid fucking *MRR* Top Ten.

Next up in solid rocking punk tunes is Austin, Texas new punk outfit DETESTADOS. I guess this band has a rather impressive list of members, which is kinda misleading really. Nothin' I'm hearing from Austin has really sounded like this in the past few years, I hope I'm wrong and clues me into hella scenes that sound like this in Austin, because this is fucking top notch punk. The Spanish vocals obviously give it a sound similar to south of the American border but the simple drums and catchy riffs really do remind me of bands like LEUZEMIA, PARÁLISIS PERMANENTE, and REBEL'D PUNK. It's simple, stripped down, and catchy but coupled with the aggression and fury punk in 2015 has demanded. Much like the new TERCERO MUNDO LP or MORBO. I'm sure this tape is gonna wind up high in the ranks for me next year, pick it up *now*.

That's all I got for this month, keep digging for tight demos and records, then fucking tell me about them!! I feel like a lot of bands in the rest of this magazine lately have been very, I don't know, expected? While those bands get popular for reasons that are usually pretty valid and are often tight, I'd really like to keep this column as weird and obscure as possible. Digging for new shit every month that is actually as *wild* and *crazy* as I think it should be is rough, so if you got anything I'm missing please tell me! If you are in a really bad and stupid band, I would love to hear it and ask you who your influences are formally. So don't hesitate! Email me at emmyeatsbutts@gmail.com or write me at 2656 Dayton Ave, Columbus, OH 43202. I also do a fanzine called *Cretins of Distortion* and I just finished the sixth issue!!! It's got lots of reviews, a bit of writing, and an interview with CHUD and PAGAN PISS as well as some talk of SPIKE IN VAIN. It's Midwest punk *only* but I'll trade it for fucking *anything*. If you want to send me money it is $7 ppd ($5 in person). If you go to my internet shopping web source, bugcartel.storenvy.com you can get the zine with a free bootleg tape featuring live sets by Indiana's CHUD, the CONEHEADS, and '80s wild fuckers CHEMOTHERAPY (as well as their 7" recordings.) Thank you for reading my column and advertisement! Who's excited for United Mutation to cover "Fight for your Right (to party)" at Damaged City fest?!?! How many Scion cubes do you think Macgoobergrind had to sell to get that reunion?!?



Mommy, can I go out and CHILL tonight?!

The other day I was at the art museum PS1 with Malportado Kids, looking at that sick *Zero Tolerance* exhibit, which was art from and in response to various international protest movements and was super powerful and totally made me cry more than once. I had just met them that morning but we realized we had a million mutual friends, and anyway we got along famously because we're all affable adult punk rockers. After the museum they were heading to Philly and I was bemoaning the fact that I'd left the show they'd played the night before too early to see them and they were like, "listen, just come to Philly" and I was like, "you know what, okay!" because I'm a fly by the seat of my pants young person. Or! I'm an adult experiencing a life crisis because I'm in my early-30s and I just spent three years getting sober and writing a book and I stopped hanging out with people and now that I handed my book in and I'm capable of hanging out with people and not drinking (I would even say I'm better at hanging out now) I'm tryna compensate for those lost years by constantly partying. Or maybe it's something in between. "Who knows?" b/w "Whatever."

I couldn't find anyone who wanted to drive to Philly with me last minute but I went anyway even though it was pouring and driving on the highway is stressful ever since someone kicked off my driver's side mirror and then I duct taped it back together so I have to roll down my window and readjust it every time I need to change lanes. *But* it was super worth it and so fun. Malportado Kids are the best band but you probably already know that. And if you don't, the deal with them is that they're a digital cumbia band and they're fun as fuck. I've been going to punk shows in basements for like, almost 20 years at this point and I've seen a lot of people try to perform non-punk genres in a punk setting and usually it *sucks*, but MK bring the magic and it is super vital and real and important and go see them.

And I got to hang out with my best dawg 4 life John McLean while I was in Philly and then the next day we took a cute walk through the cemetery with our old buddy Keith and it was a regular early-2000s Brooklyn dirtbags reunion. And then I got back to John's house and drank coffee and got in the car to drive home and I was like, "that wasn't so hard, Philly isn't even that far and that was super fun. I should leave town for just a day more often when it's possible!" And the world was a magnificent place as I drove towards a horizon of boundless possibilities, endless exuberance, guileless joy.

Well, staring out at a horizon of BP/EE/GJ started to droop my lids a bit, so I pulled over at the Valerie Solanas Service Area off the Jersey Turnpike to refuel, if you will, with a steaming hot cup. I sat in the rest stop for a minute, (enjoying my coffee, texting my sister, you know), until I felt good and ready to get back on the road without killing myself or anyone else by falling asleep at the wheel.

Pulling back onto the Turnpike something felt funny in my front driver's side tire and I thought maybe it was going flat, so I started to pull off into the shoulder to pop on the donut and take it to a gas station when BOOM! Something popped and I heard my rim scraping the concrete. Got out of the car and sure enough, I had a flat on the front and my rear tire on the same side had exploded. #OyVey

Season of the Mensch

Well at least I have AAA! But turns out their tow trucks aren't allowed on the Turnpike so I got another number and called it and after like an hour the tow truck came and dude was such a Marlboro Manly Strong'n'Silent weirdo. I was like, "cool thanks for coming, can you tow me to a flat fix place?" and he was all, "nooooope…" and slowly chewed his gum (his gum!) and turned on the tow lift so I couldn't talk anymore. Then he got in the car like five whole minutes later, which I could exaggerate about but actually five minutes is kind of a long time, and he explained that he had to tow me to some place and then AAA could come get me from there, so basically I was in that John Candy movie *Nothing But Trouble*.

Whatever, so that dude towed me to some shitty gravel lot and then I waited another hour or something for the AAA dude and I was so annoyed but then Bill Cashman called and offered to drive from C Squat to pick me up and that was the beginning of everything starting to rule all of a sudden. I told him not to bother because I didn't wanna just leave my car in Jersey and then I sat in the gravel pit (a mystery unraveling) for another 45 minutes listening to that four-song Sheer Mag tape over and over again until the next tow truck came.

Bill Cashman's phone call had heralded the beginning of People Being Kind on this leg of my spiritual journey and the AAA driver was a peach. As soon as I got in the car he started small talkin' me about how he grew up in Princeton and "those people think they're better than me," and I was like "*fuck* them!" and he was like, "*yeah*!" and he towed me right to the Pep Boys as it was closing, which was a bummer because I have these horrible cats who need to eat. When I got out of the tow truck this dude was locking all these doors on the Pep Boys store and I was following him from door to door trying to figure out what was going on, because I had been told that the place closed an hour later, but dude kept ignoring me and like, looking me dead in the eyes with an emotionless visage as he turned a lock. I checked about getting towed back to Queens but that was gonna be like $300 so I was like, "fuck it, I'll sleep in my car," which is not the end of the world except it was like 15°, so I walked to the fancy hotel that I could see across the parking lot.

The guy at the desk looked like Carl Winslow and he seemed skeptical of me, though not unkind. "Checking in?"

"Yeah. I mean, maybe? I mean, how much is a room? I got two flats on the turnpike and it's been this whole fakakta thing getting towed all around and now I just got towed to the Pep Boys but they were closing and it's gonna cost me like three hundo to get towed back to Queens and I'd prefer not to sleep in the car in this cold but this place looks a little expensive…"

Homeboy was already tinkling away on his computer keyboard, but he interrupted me rambling like, "yeah, it is, but I'll see if I can figure something out for you. You live in Queens? You know Rosedale?"

"*Yeah yeah* I know Rosedale! My best friend's mom lives in Rosedale! And my grandparents used to live in Rosedale. What's your name?"

"Melvin."

"You from Queens?" I was stoked! I love making small talk about Queens.

And Melvin was like, "*Nah, I'm from Philly*!" as if the idea of him being from anywhere else was an affront, but then he softened. "I used to spend my summers at my aunt's place in Rosedale… Okay listen, here's what I can do for you. I got a room for $50. A lady was in it for like ten minutes but then she wanted a different room, I don't think she even put her bags down. Here's the key, go check it out, if it's gross I'll have someone clean it out."

So I went to my room and it was perfect, so I drank the rest of my weed tincture and walked around till I found a diner. Then I went back to my room, girl-talked on the phone with Cristy Road, and then watched *Storage Wars* on hotel cable for like five hours. A perfect night!

I woke up in the morning and went to Pep Boys and that guy who kept locking the doors in my face was right there! So I was like, "*Listen man*! That was really rude, you coulda just opened one of those damn doors for five fucking seconds and talked to me…"

And he was like, "I'm with a customer…"

And I was like, "…because I mean, I came in on a tow truck and it was so cold out and it had been a real crappy day and it just would've been nice to be treated like a goddamn yuman instead of an obstacle."

(At this point I'd like to interject that I don't make a habit of going into people's jobs and yelling at them and also mention that I'm a waiter and people routinely come into my job and yell at me, and so I can acknowledge that I was outright *wrong* in this situation, to go into this dude's place of work and give him the business, but I was worked up on free coffee from my Continental Breakfast at the hotel and also sometimes you do the wrong thing and it's not right, but it's okay.)

Anyway, he shushed me and sat me down and then the guy at the other register who looked like Zach Galifianakis playing a huge Phish fan who works at the autobody shop called "NEXT" and he started stage whispering at me super excited as soon as I walked up, "*Bro! Dude*! Did you just walk right in here at 8:30 in the morning and just start yelling at my boss?! Bro that was so cool he's *such a dick*!" And I told him about my flats and he went and checked it out and then he gave me $100 off my two new tires because I came in and yelled at his boss in front of him.

So, the morals of the story are: Malportado Kids are a great band; if you're in a rut and then Bill Cashman calls you, that's an auspicious sign that things will change; making small talk about Queens can get you a cheap hotel room sometimes; yelling at employees is wrong but yelling at bosses in front of employees is cool; just because you got two flat tires on the way home doesn't mean you shouldn't have gone to Philly in the first place.

In Closing:

1. People in New York keep asking me what my column is about and I keep telling them, "it's my new livejournal," so I just wanted to be clear on that with all of you, too.
2. This fucking band Altaratla from Providence. I don't know how you can get their tape and they broke up like two days after I saw them, but if you see this thing laying around somewhere pick it up. Grim, dirgey rippers with weird vox. I've listened to this tape literally like 30 times in the past week. Kinda reminds me of Rakta, but also Quixotic, but also "Ohnedaruth" by Alice Coltrane.
3. As usual write me a letter at sliceharvester@gmail or Colin Atrophy / 442-D Lorimer St #230 / Brooklyn, NY 11206 and look at my shit on my internet website sliceharvester.com if you wanna.

OKAY I'M OUT! NO COPS! NO CREEPS! PEACE IN THE PIZZERIA! FUCK BILLY JOEL! FUCK YOUR NEGATIVE ATTITUDE! WE! ARE! THE PUNX!

ASK THE KANGA ROOS
?
STITCHES IN MY HEAd

Who are you, Mr. Node?

Montreal's now defunct freax punks THEE NODES made a movie and it was organised to screen in Melbourne midnight Saturday 17th January at The Tote upstairs. A short three-band show was on afterward, headlined by GENTLEMEN who supported THEE NODES when they toured Australia in May last year. The other two are fairly new Melbourne snotty murder punk bands, GROTTO and TOMMY T AND THE CLASSICAL MISHAPS. I'd been to a midnight show here once before and had enjoyed the seedy cretins-after-dark type atmosphere, so booked this show for the same time with that in mind.

I got to The Tote just before 11pm to set up, riding my motorbike over with good friend James (the man behind dark punk band MASSES) on the back. It was his birthday and he'd been sitting at home drinking by himself since he woke that morning, reveling in doing the opposite of what is expected on such a day. We walked into the front bar and the crowd was depressingly sparse for a Saturday. No one there looked to be attending this show. Trudging upstairs to suss out the gig space, the show that had been booked prior to ours upstairs had been cancelled as it was completely empty. We went back down to the bar so I could buy him a birthday drink. He asked how I was going to show the movie on the projector, so I pulled out my Macbook. He looked at me dumbfounded and then went on about it not being compatible and connection cables and laptop ports. I started to panic a little, obviously not having thought it through. I cut and paste a fanzine—with scissors and glue—and have no idea how technology works past logging into social media and sending emails.

We jumped back on the bike to go buy some DVDs and spent the next hour desperately trying to burn the movie to disc as the screening time got closer. Thanks to James—who fixed it drunk as I paced back and forth anxiously—the movie screened only ten minutes late for the fifteen to twenty people who came early before the show to see what it was about. I honestly wasn't expecting a big turn out. THEE NODES had left an interesting impression when they toured Australia. People either loved them or hated them, black or white just as the movie was screened, and when the show was announced the common reaction was to be skeptical. I'm no film critic but this is my interpretation and review of it:

The film opens quietly with scenes of Montreal's public and subway, soon panning to Mr. Node sitting alone on the platform and boarding a train. Who Are You, Mr. Node? Just another member of the public going about their 9-5 life or is there more behind the mask? That is what we watch the movie for, hoping it will explain the mystery. Local Montreal punks are asked about THEE NODES by a film crew, and answer while it cuts between footage of live sets relating to the things they're mentioning—getting naked, jumping around, outrageous outfits, wild live shows etc. This type of introduction still hasn't hit a storyline and makes you question where it's going and how the rest of the movie will go down.

After this, the film crew goes to Mr. Node's apartment where you get to start to know about this individual who seems more like a pathetic mutant creature in the way he lives in garbage and shuffles around hunched with little energy or enthusiasm. Although this initial interaction seems to drag out, it introduces you to the painfully sad life of Mr. Node. His attempts at injecting hope into his own life, by teaching himself new instruments for example, are a little embarrassing and futile as the reality of the situation as the rest of us see it is that he isn't changing anytime soon. In this act defiant of his surroundings he spells out his demise in the song he plays—*I live in a trashcan. Can you see? The trash, it's covering me. But don't mind this garbage anyway, I'll be here til the end of my days. Fucking filth. Fucking filth.*

The film moves on and talks about how the band formed, which introduces the other members of the THEE NODES, cutting between them all and each with their own mostly secretive and staunch personality. They continue on, going over the band's progression since formation, covering video clips made for some of their songs. Through all this, the focus stays on Mr. Node and his involvement, not going into the lives of any other members. The conversation leads to touring in Australia, as well as showing footage from the tour there. It shows how it becomes increasingly harder to work with Mr. Node in the band, especially as we see Mr. Node getting sick. Turns out it is because of "Devil face tumor disease" he has contracted while touring Australia. This disease actually does exist in Australia but only amongst the Tasmanian Devil (which makes you wonder how human Mr. Node actually is). The film crew interviews different people, following Mr. Node's tracks to learn more about his illness. Mr. Node starts getting surlier in his interviews as he starts to panic knowing he is dying. Recognizing his illness taking over and getting out of control, you see the physical changes under his bandages and start to really feel sorry for him in his desperation to want to stay alive but not knowing how to help himself or let others help him. After this interview with Mr. Node, it cuts to the film crew interviewing actual random members of the public in Montreal to see if they know THEE NODES, which helps break up the sad mood the film has worked its way to at that point. Although these street interviews start as a joke, it slowly has a sense of seriousness when they are shown photos of THEE NODES—all of them are genuinely shocked, even scared of the crazy energy and things depicted in these live shots. The mood is brought back down as quickly as was lifted.

The other band members are interviewed again. They haven't seen Mr. Node for a while and knowing he is sick, some are genuinely concerned while others show no remorse for what has become of him.

Now Mr. Node is practically a living, rotting corpse. At the end of his life he is a sad pathetic mess that can't be saved. He shows his vulnerabilities and fears in life and death just as this disease has revealed that, although a one-of-a-kind mystery figure that longed to be normal, ultimately he was one of us all along. He is human and can die like us too. Some other stuff happens but I won't give it all away.

Although skeptical at the start from the slow beginning, I really came to enjoy this 40-minute film. It came together well, is exciting to see another contemporary punk scene and does a good job at provoking emotion, happy and sad. What got me most was the sympathy I felt for Mr. Node, who I think represents most punks in his feelings of isolation, not knowing how to fit in with other people, being an invert but still trying as best he can to be normal with all his weird personality quirks. You see him for what he is even though he constantly tries to throw his defenses back up whenever they've been down too long, even in his dying moments. Ultimately Mr. Node is a freak who wants to be loved just like everyone else.

I'd already watched the movie before the screening night so sat at the door taking entry as it played on the big screen out of my eyesight. When it finished, time was pressing. The whole show had to wrap up by 2:30am, and by the time GROTTO was finished setting up it was already 1:30am, leaving only an hour to cram all three bands in.

Although advertised on the show flyer as their first show, this was GROTTO's third show, the three-piece featuring members of RED RED KROVVY and MISS DESTINY. Dressed in bondage leather, they played mean power chords and used barking vocals to threaten a larger crowd that had come upstairs to see the show now that the movie was over.

Things got sloppy with TOMMY T, another band that had only played three or four shows and featured members of DRIBBLE and SOMA COMA. I looked on from the side as the crowd threw each other around, then went downstairs to rally GENTLEMEN, hoping to get them onstage as soon at the TOMMY T set finished. It was 2:20am by the time it did though, and I felt helpless at that point, that GENLTEMEN didn't have enough time to set up in time and pump out a few songs. I went and spoke to the manager and luckily she was friends with the guys and didn't mind going over-time, so I rushed them on. This entailed me pacing back and forth on the stage telling them to hurry up, and them telling me to calm down. Sorry guys. No one could find Zac (who apparently just got drunk and went home before they played) so they did the set as a three-piece. It was raw, rushed, and all over the place. I thought it was brilliant, they thought it was the worst set they've done. I think it's the best set I've seen of theirs ever. I don't know how the night panned out for everyone else but despite all my stressing over getting the movie to work and the bands to play before curfew, I actually really enjoyed all the bands and the show in general.

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AL QUINT
AL?!
PLAY BOY

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE HEROES? Once again, no April Fool's column—I actually forgot this was for the April issue until I realized my last column was for March. Very good Al—April comes after March. I wish it was April as I write this because we've been buried under three feet of snow the past few weeks, with two separate storms, and more to come. I'm worried like hell we're going to get flooded when all this shit melts and I had to lay out some serious money to get snow and ice dams removed from our roof. Of course, you hear various right wing pundits saying (usually in a sarcastic tone), "what happened to global warming? Hyuk, hyuk, hyuk," never realizing that it's not global warming but climate change and it's being caused by humans. Rainstorms and snowstorms in this part of the country, the Northeast (and elsewhere, of course) have increased in frequency and intensity and, oh yeah, 2014 was the warmest year on record since records started being kept in 1880. Sad to say, there's now a climate change denier, Oklahoma Republican (of course) Jim Inhofe, heading up the Senate Environment and Public Works committee. Actually, I should amend that—Inhofe doesn't deny there's climate change but says it's not human-made (he's called it a hoax, in fact) but that it's God's work. Good grief...

That's not what this column's about, though, as you might have surmised from the title. It's taken from a great STRANGLERS song, the title track of their second album and if you know what's good for you, you'll check out everything they did up through their fourth studio album *The Raven*. After that, it's a crap shoot.

It's not about the STRANGLERS either (by now, you're probably saying, *"get to the fucking point, Al!"*) but it's about what a hero is. Truth be told, I don't really believe in heroes or hero worship. I've found people's actions to be heroic—Martin Luther King, for instance. He was a flawed individual, as everyone is, but he accomplished a lot in just 39 years on this planet. There are everyday heroes—social workers, other human services workers and teachers, for instance, working to make the world a better place and often not getting the credit (or compensation) they deserve.

When it comes to military heroes, it's a bit more complicated, at least for me. I know some people go into military service because they feel as though they don't have any other options. But there are also people who are all gung-ho about going off and killing people they view as "savages" or less than human. Yes, I'm painting with a broad brush.

There's been a lot of chatter about the film *American Sniper*, about Chris Kyle, a Navy SEAL who is considered to be the most lethal sniper in American history. The movie, directed by Clint Eastwood, is said to be ambiguous in its message. The film is based on Kyle's book and he did donate the money made from the book to veterans' charities and helped wounded veterans, suffering from both physical and mental health issues. He was shot to death by one of those veterans, a former Marine, on a shooting range in 2013.

I'll be honest—I haven't seen the whole movie, but I have viewed parts of it. What I did see was disturbing, what amounts to war porn, and I can't bring myself to watch the whole thing. Not yet, anyway. As I said, there's supposedly ambiguity about whether or not Kyle was a hero and it apparently presents a complex, conflicted individual. The biggest problem I have with the movie is with the reaction towards people who have criticized it—death threats and lovely comments like wishing rape and torture by ISIS on the critics. Chris Kyle is unconditionally viewed as a hero by many and I have a difficult time stomaching that. In fact, I *don't* consider him a hero. I don't blindly follow the "support our troops" and "thank you for your service" mantras. Also, he never should have been in Iraq because that was a war built on a lie, the alleged presence of weapons of mass destruction, which were never found. But bring that up and you're branded a traitor and unamerican in some quarters. Don't think about it too much, just mindlessly accept any ill-advised American military endeavor.

I wrote about mindless nationalism in last month's column, in the context of writing about the jingoism of the 1980s, during the throes of the Reagan era. It's never really disappeared but there was a huge resurgence in the aftermath of the 9/11 attacks, setting off some of the ugliest nationalism and xenophobia I've seen in my lifetime. This, of course, was directed at people of Arabic descent, or just about anyone who has dark skin. And it's never gone away and probably never will.

Two movies I did see recently were *The Imitation Game* and *Citizenfour*. I view the actions of the protagonists in those movies a hell of a lot more heroic than Chris Kyle's. *The Imitation Game* is about Alan Turing, a mathematician who cracked the German code-making machine during World War II which contributed a great deal to the Allies' defeat of the Nazis. And how did the British government reward Turing? Turing was gay and, in the early '50s, arrested for gross indecency. Instead of going to prison, he chose chemical castration. He eventually took his own life in 1954 and his story was largely unknown until recent years. It's one of the best films I've seen in the past year or so and Benedict Cumberbatch was superb portraying Turing.

Citizenfour is about Edward Snowden, who leaked NSA documents to reporters Glenn Greenwald and Laura Poitras (who created this documentary), revealing covert surveillance programs both in the US and overseas that are egregious invasions of people's privacy. Needless to say, this landed him in a world of shit with the Department of Justice, who have charged him with violating the Espionage Act and theft of government property—this for revealing the far-reaching insidiousness of the security state. As of now, he's living in exile in Russia. Opinions are mixed on whether his actions were heroic or not. People outside the US seem more inclined to consider Snowden a hero and I would view his actions as heroic, in much the same way as I'd view Daniel Ellsberg as heroic for leaking the Pentagon Papers in the early '70s. Those revealed, among other things, government lies about the Vietnam War and secret wars against Cambodia and Laos. Ellsberg was also charged with espionage and theft but was ultimately exonerated. Speaking of films, I recommend that you see the documentary about Ellsberg, *The Most Dangerous Man In America*.

WE MAY NOT NEED HEROES BUT WE DO NEED PUNK ROCK...

First up, we have the three latest 7"s from Bay Area label Warthog Speak. As usual, each band has an ugly and visceral sound in their chosen style of hardcore. It does get numbing after awhile, especially played back to back, but each band does have something to offer. NARCOLEPTICS, from Chicago, make their vinyl bow with a six-song self-titled effort. A full-on blitz, starting with a hearty ARRRRRGGGHHH!!! to introduce things and ending with what sounds like shit getting broken as bassist/vocalist Joe Aquilina continues to howl away. A D-beat frenzy, with thick bass and razorwire guitar. "Trench Knife" is a mid-tempo crusher that will have you want to, well, break more shit.

SCALPED are also making their vinyl debut on their self-titled EP and utilize plenty of feedback and possess another harsh-larynxed vocalist. But they take a tougher approach, occasionally packing some NYHC crunch into the speedy onslaught.

VACANT STATE, on the other hand, have a number of releases under their belts. Their latest, the *Chains EP*, provides some boot stompin' hardcore with a vocalist whose timbre bears more than a passing resemblance to Choke's. Many early '80s US hardcore bands (although these guys are from Vancouver) embraced an Oi!-style feel and that's the case here. Mean'n'angry, pulling no punches, particularly when it comes to spanging punks ("Not The Same"). (Warthog Speak, 2109 23rd St., San Francisco, CA 94107, warthogspeak.com)

Sticking to the aggro, there's the second vinyl offering from MERCY KILLINGS, the *Snuffed Out EP*. A mix of D-beat hardcore and American bile (POISON IDEA, in particular). Mark Shubert sounds as bellicose as ever, projecting the words with in-your-face antagonism. Nothing poetic in the lyrics but they don't rely on simplistic sloganeering, either. "1914" is about the 100th anniversary of the start of World War I and the *"centennial celebration of new ways to kill,"* noting that those so-called advances in weaponry that came during that conflict have created destruction and bloodshed that have lasted over a century. Quality stuff. (Beach Impediment, beachimpedimentrecords.bigcartel.com)

OK, it's now several months into 2015, but I just got the 2014 demo from Oakland's TRENCHES. If they get another demo out this year, I should hopefully catch up. Or maybe vinyl... they're due! Some more raw'n'rough hardcore from this band that includes transplanted Bostonian Boo Boo on vocals and REPLICA's guitarist Juliana. As with their debut, there's a tougher East Coast feel to this band's sound, Boo Boo summoning all the rage he can muster. Slightly fuller production than on the debut (though far from slick) and it brings out the band's strengths. (trenches.oakland@gmail.com; trencheshxc.bandcamp.com)

The *Your Power* 12" provides the first new sounds from CRIME DESIRE in a while and they're back with a vengeance. Meat-cleaver, boiling-over hardcore with the instrumental crush accompanied by Colin's harsh vocals. "Move Forward" is a concise, pumped-up mid-tempo rocker and one of the best tracks here. "Weak Men" rides on a near-tribal drum pattern. The rest of the time, they bring an abundance of speed and burn and it gets the job done in razor sharp fashion. (Standards, standardsrecordlabel.bigcartel.com)

The title track of IMPALERS' *Psychedelic Snutskallar* 12" takes up an entire side, rumbling on for over twelve minutes, a relentless attack of motor-charged D-beat mayhem. Not a conceptual piece, no separate movements or time shifts, just sheer adrenalin that never flags and I imagine it must require a tremendous amount of stamina if they play this song live.

Flip it over and there are four more boilers. IMPALERS are damned good at what they do—a twin guitar fusillade that also throws in the occasional melodic shading and drumming with enough cymbal crashing to wake the dead. Nothing psychedelic about it but I imagine more than a few skulls (not just cop skulls, either) could get smashed to bits along the way. (540, chaosintejas.bigcartel.com)

All three of Finnish band BAD JESUS EXPERIENCE's releases have been in the 10" format. Some people hate the format but I don't have a problem with it. I can't quite figure out why they put Mark Knopfler from DIRE STRAITS on the cover (I actually thought it was Al Gore until I was set straight) and there isn't a cover of "Money For Nothing." Nope, this is pretty far from that band's laid back rock sounds. BJE play powerful, dark hardcore mixing burn with dramatic properties—ominous and nightmarish, especially for the brooding opener "Aina Vaaraan." Mixing up tempos a bit, although it's mainly at a fast clip and the vocals from Cyanide Lauper (clever) cut through with a venomous fervor. (Nunchakapunk, nunchakupunk@gmail.com; Pupu's Bistro, jum.ala@luukku.com; Popo's Bistro, vaski@netikka.fi)

BAD DADDIES have been putting out some of my favorite 7"s in recent years (no 12" yet) and their latest is a split with HARD LEFT. BAD DADDIES' side is loud'n'fuzzy'n'catchy, especially for the last song, "It's Not You." There's a wicked hook on the chorus, both musically and in Camylle's vocal. "Stay True" is also quite tuneful, following the 22-second opening burst of "War." HARD LEFT are from Oakland but you might mistake them for a UK band with their boisterous street punk. Gruff vocals spouting out populist sentiments, accompanying the sharp'n'brash sounds. A winnah, as we say in Massachusetts. (Emotional Response, jenandstew.com)

Finally, there's the long-overdue vinyl debut of Clevo punk miscreants WETBRAIN, a self-titled LP. They've got the pedigree (GSMF, 9 SHOCKS, DARVOCETS, INMATES, blah blah blah) and they're here to kick ass and accomplish just that. Bare-knuckled thrashy hardcore with some rock'n'roll touches ("What Are We Supposed To Worship?" is downright tuneful) and metallic guitar licks, powered along by Wedge's always rock-solid drumming. Larry's vocals still sound somewhat helium-filled but nowhere near as much as when he was in the DARVOCETS and FOLDED SHIRT. Starting with "Occupy This," the lyrical content expresses paranoia and cynicism, stating at the outset that protesting ain't gonna change shit but a more direct approach might. They also have impeccable taste in movies, name-checking *They Live* alongside a tribute to *Repo Man* with "Best Damned Car on the Lot." (Painkiller, www.painkillerrecords.com)

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CHAINSAWS "R" US
WITH RAY SUBURBIA

"If you don't shave clean you're not in the scene."
—Crucial Youth, "Shave Clean"

Hey punks, what's with all the beards? Seriously. Beards are fucking stupid, lazy, but most importantly, *not punk*.

Yeah, I said it.

"Who the fuck are you to say what's punk and what isn't?!"Good question. I'm a punk. That's who I am. Also, I have eyes and a brain and I can put two and two together. Here's some simple math: Face + Hair = Not punk. Moustaches are in a weird gray area that I'm not about to get into. But one thing is completely clear, beards are definitely out.

When did all this happen? When did fashion forward, shock the system, cutting edge punks start looking like dudes from the '70s who love Kansas and Foreigner? What the fuck happened?! You all look like dads. Not like, "Oh, you had a kid so you can't be a punk anymore," but more like "You look like someone who would be the family cop."

If you look like you would ground someone, you're not a punk.

I seriously can't believe I have to say this kind of shit in 2015. Punk is *so* old at this point. Most punks these days weren't even around when punk started. You'd think that almost 40 years after the first Ramones LP was released that people would fucking get this through their dumb, numb skulls.

Speaking of the Ramones...*none of them had beards*. I think that's a pretty good litmus test for punk. 'Cause, you know, *they're the fucking Ramones*. What was that? Tommy had a beard later on? Yeah, when he quit punk. Black Flag also had beards, when they stopped being a hardcore band and became a bad stoner rock band.

That's the other thing, no beards in hardcore either. Hardcore was a fucking youth movement, for Chrissakes. It was started by people who couldn't even grow beards. Hell, most early hardcore kids shaved their whole head. Everything. And I'm sure if their parents would let them, their eyebrows too.

It just makes me want to fucking puke seeing people walking around looking like the fucking Eagles or those dipshits from Fleetwood Mac and then trying to call people out on what's punk and what's not. If you have a beard your opinion on anything besides Black Sabbath and pot doesn't mean shit to me.

Now, I know a lot of you are getting older—which means getting fatter. You can't rock that mohawk and dangly earring anymore without it accentuating your chins. You're trying to hide all that extra you you've picked up over the years. That leather ain't zipping up the way it used too. But seriously, that doesn't mean you have to look like Jerry fucking Garcia. Have some self-respect!

What, are you too busy to shave? It takes like three minutes if you do it regularly. Too tired? You're just exhausted from your Iron Punk Triathlons? Those 2.4 miles of circle pitting, the 112-mile tall bike ride, and the 26.2 mile flyering marathon got you all tuckered out? Or is it too expensive? "Buying disposable razors is a fucking waste of money and resources. And I'm not gonna drop like $40 for a fucking piece of metal." Ok. Go steal some. Jesus christ, you're a punk. They already exist, so just go and take it from the store.

Also, what *the fuck* is up with this trend of a beard and a shit faux-Morrissey haircut. That just screams, "I don't know what the fuck I'm doing, but I sure as hell obviously don't like punk rock." Every other person I see in this city has either a beard, a Hitler Youth floppy high and tight, or a combination of the two. Two things that will forever suck are Nazis and Morrissey. Why the fuck would you ever, ever, ever want to be associated with either one of those?! Hitler and Morrissey are probably the two most dangerous leaders to ever come out of Europe. Insidious fascists gaming the public for a cult of personality. And now you want to look like both of them—at the same time!—and try to talk to me about about Poison Idea records?! *I don't care that Pig Champion had a beard!* You didn't write *Feel the Darkness* so you can either shave that face or yours or fuck right off.

Goddamnit, whatever happened to letting your drunk friend cut your hair?! Look stupid and weird and cool. A beard is none of that. Oh wait, you style it? Fuck off. That's time you could be spending putting studs on your jacket, or sewing cool patches on things. Punks have a fucking uniform for a goddamn good reason—so we can identify each other and weed out the fucking squares. Get in line or GTFO. I don't remember anyone in the Damned having a beard, but I think a couple of guys in Genesis did.

You're right, I should fuck off. No one cares but me. Yeah, well, guess what *every single punk you know who doesn't have a beard is saying behind your back*? Go join a Kyuss cover band and turn in your Masshysteri records. Or just hang on to things that started out punk but stopped being punk a long time ago, like indie rock. Or just shit from before punk. There's tons of stuff from before punk that you beards could be into.

Hey, I love Black Oak Arkansas. Nazareth too. I'll have a beardy-weirdy conversation with you about that stuff any day of the week. Let's chat about how Jake E. Lee was totally Ozzy's best guitarist and got overlooked 'cause he didn't die like Randy or look all biker tuff like Zakk. Shit, I'll buy a twelver and we can talk about Warner Brothers green labels til the sun comes up. Let's argue who was the best three-guitar southern rock band, Skynyrd or Hatchet. Who's the most outlaw, Merle, Willie, or Waylon? I mean, I'll probably believe anything you say about that shit because you have a fucking beard.

Basically, just shave your fucking face. Beards ain't punk and if you have a beard, you ain't a punk. Sorry. No room for discussion. Go look at your record collection and show me a legitimate culture of beards in punk and hardcore from '76 to, say, ten years ago. I'm not sure what in the fuck happened, but looking more like fat Jim Morrison than Dee Dee Ramone is a bad fucking sign.

You read it here folks. If you have a beard you are now officially kicked out of punk. Don't come back until we can see your chin. No fucking exceptions.

Later, losers.

END NOTES:

1: Robert Collins and Martin Sorrondeguy are the exceptions. Yeah I lied. Fuck you, who cares.

2: Anyone heading out to Chicago Zine Fest in March? If you are, and need a place to crash, hit me up at stayinchicago@hotmail.com. I'm all about trying to help house the out-of-town punx. Beards need not inquire.

3: I've been really into the Slugbug, G.L.O.S.S., Rumores, Bad Taste, and Interior 27 demos lately. Track 'em down.

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Have you ever even heard the phrase "trans women's reproductive health" before? If you're not a trans woman, I bet you haven't—and even if you are a trans woman, I bet you haven't. I mean, a lot of people have never thought about any women's reproductive health at all. In fact, if you're doing punk right, you have probably never even heard the word "health" before.

My girlfriend had a miscarriage in December.

It's a weird thing to write about because while it's been fucking terrible and devastating and all we could do for like a month straight was watch this TV show *Agents of Shield* and the movies that intersect with it on a tiny little computer screen and not leave the house, it's also a super common thing that nobody, still, really knows how to talk about. Like there's no social script for it. I got bummed when people were like "sucks that you all had a miscarriage" and I got sad when people acted like nothing was wrong and I got depressed when people offered to come over and cook us food and I felt bad when friends sent us care packages from across the fucking country, except for one that had weed cookies in it.

I'm not gonna lie to you, *MRR*—my weed consumption increased a non-insignificant amount in December.

Even though they're really common—the woman I pay to shoot lasers into my face told me she's had three—a miscarriage when you are trying to have a kid is still this weird, isolating thing where there's nothing really good anybody can say, except sometimes if they've been through one too and they can connect with you on a level that's like, "yeah, there sure isn't anything good to say, right?"

But complicating it even further is the fact that I'm trans. You know? I mean, how many trans women do you know went on hormones for a bunch of years, then came off them, knocked somebody up on purpose, then lost that pregnancy? I just kinda don't know who to talk about it with.

When you get prescriptions for testosterone blockers and estrogen for the first time the doctor is usually like, "You need to understand that these are going to make you infertile forever." But this is not true! I mean, it might be true sometimes. I don't know. But doctors (and the companies or universities or what/whoever it is that finances medical research) don't give enough of a fuck about trans women to actually look into it. If you're consistently on hormones I think you usually pretty much stop producing viable gametes eventually, but you can go off hormones and your ability to produce gametes usually comes back. Doctors apparently don't know this, so it's information that has to get passed from trans woman to trans woman like witches passing hexes and charms from one coven to another under a moonless sky.

Listen: resisting patriarchal medical power is literal witchcraft.

Looking at cum under a microscope is witchcraft.

I know women who have gone off hormones after being on them for, like, a decade, and I've met their kids. But we live in a culture that doesn't conceive of trans women as three-dimensional human beings who might want to have kids or whose bodies are worth paying medical attention to at all.

And it's weird living in a space outside of science—although of course it's not fucking weird at all to live outside of science. The idea that science covers everything and will eventually explain everything—that one day there will be a huge book with "Everything" engraved on its cover, which contains an explanation of every physical phenomenon and therefore everything you could ever possibly want to know—is determinist, colonial bullshit. The idea that we have the tools to understand everything, and one day we will explain everything, so get the fuck out of the way or else you're impeding Scientific Progress? It's directly connected to white people feeling entitled to colonize the whole world for the last five hundred years or whatever and it's the reason cops feel like they know who needs to die better than the people they're killing and it's the reason that dudes don't listen to bands with women in them, this "pssssh, if that were true, I think *I* would already know about it" attitude that is endemic over here in America and everywhere else Scientific Revolution Enlightenment Colonialism has tromped all over. It's at the root of why privileged people feel so fucking entitled to do whatever the fuck they want all the time. It's like an assumption that we effectively already do know everything. But we barely actually know anything, and it's not a coincidence that the bodies that Western medicine knows the most about are those of white cis men.

Whatever. You get my point. We all think we're smarter than we actually are, which is why we're a bunch of assholes. And the more privilege you have, the more certain you are that you're right—and the more power you have to do whatever you want with that conviction.

You are familiar with this dynamic.

What I'm trying to say is that it's shitty to be on hormones for a decade and then to go off them because there isn't really a roadmap. Do you know anything about hormones? I think we're all old enough here to understand that being trans isn't about Going In For A Sex Change or something; an important thing trans people have in common with cis people is that for the most part neither group spends that much time showing off their junk, which means The Operation that cis people are often so hung up on—not tryna generalize here but cis people are obsessed with dicks—isn't something anybody needs to have in order to be trans in the world. Which is great because it is *really* expensive. Like a silver lining to never having been able to afford that shit and therefore never really having had to think very seriously about it is that I actually did get to go off hormones for a while in order to start producing viable gametes again. It's been possible *because* I'm not rich. Suck on that particular irony, medical establishment.

I did a zine a couple years ago—*Stereotype Threat* #6—where I reviewed the psychological literature about the theory that transsexuality has a neurological etiology, meaning the theory that you're trans because of some physical thing in your brain. And you know what? Like any angry, hateful queerdo, I was expecting it all to be bullshit. But I was surprised to find that there might be something to it. (Of course, this doesn't matter; somebody might articulate a trans identity without the stupid brain structure and you'd be an asshole if you didn't listen to them, and somebody else might have that brain structure and not articulate a trans identity. Who cares? We don't need validation from a medical establishment entrenched in privilege and busily sucking on an irony.) Like it seems possible that in utero, parts of a trans woman's brain might be primed for certain normal female puberty things involving hormones to happen at puberty, but when normal male puberty things happen instead it feels bad in a way that's hard to articulate.

Taking estrogen or testosterone blockers or whatever though, like later in life, might work to some extent to alleviate this bad feeling? Like I said, there isn't a lot of research… And if you're pissed at me for the shitty science I just half-explained, you're probably right to be. (There is probably a PDF of that zine online somewhere.) But I wonder whether being off hormones wasn't as bad as I expected because I'd been on them a long time and they were able, to some extent, to address that brain structure situation?

I mean it fucking sucked. Hair on my face has grown in, I've had this weird somatic timewarp back to being eighteen and not really being able to have feelings, and I gained a bunch of weight in my upper body—which, let me tell you, does not play well with residual post-adolescent anorexia control mechanisms.

But still. These narratives we have about being trans and hormones and stuff, where it's this like metaphysical angst about being Trapped In The Wrong Body?

Nah.

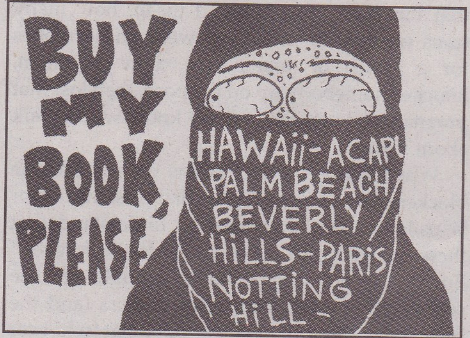
We're all trapped in bodies but more importantly we're all trapped in a culture that hates our bodies and requires us to hate them, too. And trans bodies get a special kind of hate, for sure. But people have kept gendering me correctly since I've been off hormones. Like, I can see it in my face and the shape of my body and stuff, but apparently asshole strangers don't? Or else I've just learned to self-select out of spaces full of asshole strangers so well that I don't even think about it. I don't know, I guess my point is just that I was surprised that while it has been terrible to be off hormones, it has not been the unbearable, grinding death trudge that I expected it to be.

It doesn't hurt that my girlfriend rules.

And I know it's not punk but neither is having babies and neither is having love in your life and neither is living past thirty so whatever, me and Alex are going to have a fucking baby. Multiple fucking babies. Just you wait. An army of babies whom we love a lot, all of whom can play blastbeats on tiny drumsets and roar into microphones like fucking dragons, or not, if they don't want to. It sucks to go off hormones so you can make babies with someone and it might suck worse to sort of make a baby but then miscarry, but in the end the actual thing that happened is that we got further along in the process than any stupid doctor would have had us believe we'd be able to, and we're going to get even further, so fuck patriarchy, fuck its doctors, and fuck a culture that doesn't have any useful narratives about trans women.

ENDNOTES:

1. Light yourself on fire if that's what you have to do in order to get a copy of the G.L.O.S.S. tape. I'm probably not the only person writing about it this month. It's the most exciting thing I've heard in a really long time, Sadie from Peeple Watchin' doing a less pop punk, more "my body is made of fire and I'm in your face yelling at you about it" thing. G.L.O.S.S. stands for Girls Living Outside Society's Shit and all the songs are about how trans girls are going to fucking destroy everything. I get chills when I haven't listened to this tape for a couple days and then remember about it; we just don't usually get to have stuff this awesome. You know? These are the best eight minutes of 2015 so far and good luck trying to top 'em. Like this is the best trans music I've ever fucking heard. TRANS GIRLS BE FREE / GET OFF MY FUCKING BACK / AHHGHHH
2. Love to sex workers, cis and trans, who *do* spend a lot of time showing their junk to people. I hope you're getting hella paid.
3. Bleed The Pigs and Ragana have been recording new music and hopefully by the time you've got this magazine in your hands both bands will have new stuff out.
4. Are you a teenager who reads this fucking magazine? Write for it. Do a column! Especially if you're a girl or a queer or both! All you have to do is talk about stuff you hate!



The disadvantage of having "been there, done that" in politics for almost fifty years now is that nothing ever really surprises me anymore. I've gone from left anarchism to anti-state communism, with stops along the way in the Industrial Workers of the World and Anti-Racist Action. After organizing scores of *ad hoc* anti-authoritarian groups and producing hundreds of flyers, posters, zines, publications and like propaganda over that span of time, I've gotten a bit jaded. The last thing that truly surprised me in a good way was the shutdown of the WTO in Seattle in 1999. Since then, I've been only mildly surprised with some aspects of the Arab Spring, the European anti-austerity protests, popular autonomous movements in Mexico, and the Occupy Movement. So, let's consider a couple of things that are kind of cool and interesting in politics these days.

First, let's be clear that I no longer claim any type of politics to the left of the Left. I still have sympathies and solidarities, but no overt affiliations. Which means I tend to be less concerned with purity and much more pragmatically inclined. Which, in turn, means I'm not into the game of "more anarchist/communist than thou" as I analyze existing politics and evaluate current events. So, let's consider two subjects that seem to have anti-authoritarian knickers in a twist.

Begin with the plight of the Kurdish people. The Kurds have asserted a common ethnic identity through shared language and culture for over nine hundred years, ever since the high Middle Ages of the 11th or 12th centuries. Modern Kurdish nationalism arose after 1880, and if anything gives anti-authoritarians the screaming heebie-jeebies, it's nationalism. Patriotism, the nation-state, national liberation struggles; nationalism in all its variations and permutations is anathema certainly for anarchists and also for most left communists.

The Kurds struggled for national self-determination for a greater Kurdistan against the Ottoman empire until British/French imperialism divided up the Middle East after the first World War. Most of the Kurdish population found itself in southern and eastern Turkey, with sizable minorities residing in northeastern Syria, northern Iraq, and northwestern Iran. This arbitrary division of the region into artificial nation-states fractured the Kurdish national movement into separate nationalist struggles; the PKK in Turkey, the KDP and then the PUK in Iraq, and the KDP-I and PJAK in Iran. All of these Kurdish political entities claimed to be, to varying degrees, political parties/guerrilla armies fighting for national liberation against their respective non-Kurdish regimes.

Sectarianism, nationalism, and imperialism have continued to keep Kurdish struggles fragmented, among the most intransigent being the Kurdish PKK's incessant "peoples war" against the Turkish state. Even Kurdish successes have been piecemeal as a consequence. This is illustrated by decades of conflict between the Iraqi Kurds and Iraq's Ba'athist regime in aborted revolution, back-and-forth war, and state instigated genocide, finally mitigated only by the happenstance of American imperialism. When the US military enforced a no-fly zone over northern Iraq after the 1991 Persian Gulf War, Kurdish *peshmerga* consolidated autonomous power in the three northernmost Iraqi provinces (Dohuk, Arbil, and Sulaimanya) and surrounding territories, even as various Kurdish political factions fought a civil war for control of what would be called by 1998 the Kurdish Federation. This territory has been governed as a state-within-a-state by the Kurdistan Regional Government after the US/Iraq war of 2003, a pro-Western, pro-Turkish sovereign Kurdish state in all but name and UN recognition with pretensions to being the first puzzle piece fit into a greater Kurdistan.

Iraqi Kurdistan is the most staid, orthodox expression of Kurdish nationalism imaginable, however. Abdullah Öcalan, leader of the PKK now in a Turkish prison for terrorism, recently rescinded the organization's staunch Marxism-Leninism and replaced it with a libertarian communalism that has strong anarchist overtones. Traditional Leninist democratic centralism has been replaced with the democratic confederalism of Kurdistan, which: *[I]s not a state system, but a democratic system of the people without a state. With the women and youth at the forefront, it is a system in which all sectors of society will develop their own democratic organisations. It is a politics exercised by free and equal confederal citizens by electing their own free regional representatives. It is based on the principle of its own strength and expertise. It derives its power from the people and in all areas including its economy it will seek self-sufficiency.* ["Declaration of Democratic Confederalism" by Abdullah Öcalan] Ostensibly influenced by libertarian socialism, Öcalan and the PKK have given a particular shout-out to Murray Bookchin's libertarian municipalism for their ideological turnaround.

The Kurds have now seized the opportunity offered by Syria's disintegration into civil war, and the threat posed by the resurgent Sunni fundamentalist Islamic State, to fight for an autonomous Kurdish region in northeastern Syria known as Rojava. The PYD party, which fields the YPG/J guerrilla army, has close ties to the PKK and governs Rojava with the pro-Iraqi KNC through a Kurdish Supreme Committee. The PKK's communalism and democratic confederalism pervades Rojava. The territory is organized into cantons (Afrin, Jazira, and Kobani), governed by councils and communes, all defended by armed militias. The *peshmerga* have even joined the YPG/J in defending Kobani against the IS. So, here is the conundrum for anti-authoritarians. Is Rojava a genuine libertarian revolution of the Kurdish people, or is it window dressing for the post-Leninist Öcalan and his crypto-authoritarian, unapologetically nationalist PKK?

When the EZLN broke onto the international political stage in 1994, the Zapatistas were mum about their origins in Mexico's 1968 student Marxist/Leninist/Maoist politics, as well as coy about their own political ideology. Nevertheless, anarchists and left communists embraced the EZLN wholeheartedly, without reservation, and events in Chiapas were defended as both revolutionary and anti-authoritarian. Not so Rojava. The anarcho/ultra milieu is being asked either to show unconditional solidarity for the revolution in Rojava or to summarily denounce Rojava as a Trojan horse for autocratic Kurdish nationalism.

Apparently, no nuance is permitted.

Let's now switch to another of the anti-authoritarian Left's abominations—party politics. Political parties are universally vilified by anarchists, and less consistently condemned by left communists, whether liberal democratic, Marxist, fascist, what-have-you, and whether in the context of parliamentary democracies or one-party totalitarian states. No surprise then that the anarcho/ultra milieu views with intense suspicion the rise of Syriza in Greek politics.

The 2008 international economic collapse forced the European Union to the brink of default, and the Greek economy into bankruptcy. The Greek government economic crisis distilled down the general European economic crisis into a painful Greek depression in which Greek debt soared, GDP growth went negative, and a third of the population became unemployed. Numerous factors were blamed for this—unrestrained government spending, unsecured lending by rapacious creditors, corruption and tax evasion in society, etc. But the consequence was economic default, downgrading Greece's credit rating, and two Economic Adjustment Programs (EAPs) of debt restructuring, severe austerity, and public sector privatization forced on Greece by the Troika of Eurozone, the European Central Bank, and the International Monetary Fund. More to the point, social misery and unrest followed, with demonstrations, labor unrest, strikes, and riots becoming a daily occurrence.

The Greek government, comprised of the socialist PASOK and conservative New Democracy parties, accepted the bailout constraints, disciplined their respective memberships, and implemented the austerity, restructuring and privatization measures of the EAPs. Meanwhile, social suffering and rebellion escalated. One result was the resurgence of a xenophobic, anti-immigrant, fascist right in the Golden Dawn party, but another more important upshot was the formation of Syriza as an anti-austerity, EU-critical, opposition political party. Syriza itself is a unitary party forged from a diverse coalition of much smaller constituent parties claiming liberalism, social democracy, revolutionary socialism, communism, ultraleftism, eco-socialism, environmentalism, green politics, and feminism. The dominant, democratic socialist, euro-communist, feminist Synaspismós party is in Syriza side-by-side with the Trotskyist DEA, the Maoist KOE, the ultraleft ROZA, the green AKOA, and a dozen more fractious political parties.

Talk about herding cats!

The thought of Trotskyists and Maoists working together is mind-boggling in itself, and speaks simultaneously to the incredible fragility and astounding audacity of Syriza as a unified party project. Syriza got 36% of the popular vote in the 2015 Greek elections, enough to form a government in parliamentary alliance with one other, very minor Greek party. That this was with the right-wing, national-conservative, Euroskeptic party called Independent Greeks (with 4.7% of the vote) instead of the old-school KKE Communist party (5.4% of the vote) was also quite interesting, allowing Syriza flexibility on its left flank. Syriza's stated goal is to force the Troika to renegotiate the EAPs in order to end economic austerity and privatization for Greece.

Far from hoping that Syriza is "workers' power" in waiting, as some on the ultraleft have speculated, the general anti-authoritarian Left is adamant that nothing good can come from Syriza's recent electoral victory. Crimethinc delivers the stock anti-party line, repeating tired old tropes from the anarcho/ultra milieu. Capitalism is in perpetual crisis and needs to be abolished. The social revolution required to abolish capitalism cannot be initiated and carried out, let alone won through political parties, electoral politics, or parliamentarianism. Syriza will succeed only in disciplining Greek social movements and social unrest to the exigencies of a capitalism in crisis, even in preparing the way for outright fascism: *Many anarchists hope Syriza will put the brakes on state repression of social movements, enabling them to develop more freely. Didn't Syriza essentially support the riots of 2008? But back then, they were a small party looking for allies; now they are the ruling elite. In order to retain the reins of the state, they must show that they are prepared to enforce the rule of law. Though they may not prosecute minor protest activity as aggressively as a right-wing government would, they will still have to divide protesters into legitimate and illegitimate—a move out of the counterinsurgency handbook that guides governments and occupying armies the whole world over. This would not be new for Greece; the same thing happened under the social democrats of PASOK in the early 1980s. Even if Syriza's government does not seek to maintain the previous level of repression, their function will be to divide movements, incorporating the docile and marginalizing the rest. This might prove to be a more effective repressive strategy than brute force.* ["Syriza Can't Save Greece: Why There's No Electoral Exit From The Crisis" by Crimethinc.]

That I was mildly surprised by Syriza's electoral showing doesn't mean I hold illusions that Syriza will usher in social revolution, or even a "workers' power," for Greece. There is the very real danger that Syriza might act to effectively bridle Greek social movements and social unrest. That Syriza cannot resolve capitalism's crisis in Greece goes without saying. But still, I want to see Syriza poke its thumb into the eye of the Troika causing Greece's misery, if it can. I want to see Syriza cause as much trouble as possible before it is inevitably coopted, defeated, crushed, or liquidated. That too, goes without saying.

That's also how I feel about Rojava. I am mildly surprised by the successes of the armed Kurdish uprising in Rojava. But Öcalan is not Durruti reincarnated, nor is Kurdistan, even the Rojava part of Kurdistan, some anarchist utopia in the making. The limitations and shortcomings of national liberation politics, even those that proclaim socialist struggles for national liberation, are historically self-evident. Any movement for a greater Kurdistan, no matter how communalist, is also up against a capitalism in crisis. But still, I want to see Rojava take things as far as the Kurds there can with respect to liberatory social organization and self-defense. I want to see the Kurds of Rojava, and of all Kurdistan, kick up as much of a ruckus as possible before they are inevitably coopted, defeated, crushed, or liquidated.

If Rojava or Syriza actually, fundamentally, completely wins? Well, that would be truly surprising. Finally, that goes without saying.

ACRONYMS: **WTO** - World Trade Organization; **PKK** - Kurdistan Workers Party; **KDP** - Kurdistan Democratic Party; **PUK** - Patriotic Union of Kurdistan; **KDP-I** - Democratic Party of Iranian Kurdistan; **PJAK** - Party of a Free Life in Kurdistan; **PYD** - Democratic Union Party; **KNC** - Kurdish National Council; **YPG/J** - People's Defense Units; **EZLN** - Zapatista Army of National Liberation; **SYRIZA** - Coalition of the Radical Left; **PASOK** - Panhellenic Socialist Movement; **DEA** - International Workers' Left; **KOE** - Communist Organization of Greece; **ROZA** - Radical Left Group; **AKOA** - Renewing Communist Ecological Left; **KKE** - Communist Party of Greece

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... *To find out my real name purchase my book, End Time, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called* Fim *in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I'm archiving past columns, and publishing current ones a month delayed on my blog, www.leftyhooligan.wordpress.com. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@me.com.*

JUSTIN
BRIGGS
IS
FUCKIN
BACK
X X

It's 2015, *MRR* is still here and the talentless'n'butthurt continue to not be okay with what that represents. Well, swing low, sweet Pendleton and Selvedge Denim lined chariot, and rapture the capitulated wanksters the fuck outta here. Life goes on, and hardcore music, for those of us allowed such luxuries, continues to anesthetize, satisfy, and energize reality. On goes the charge…

While I can't speak to the level at which "Survival of the Streets" spoke to *the life, the life* [they've] *led*, NYC HEADHUNTERS' demo is at least a sonically convincing heir to the hard, cold-hearted desperation that birthed what we all know as New York Hard Core and should be a nice show of force from home base to the armies of fake-hard, *LESC* insta-scholar millennial pukes that "da scene" is gagging on right about now. Classically barebones; capital-M, capital-A, capital-D; hardcore, that's metallic only in tone-vs.-style or execution. Lorded over by a barbaric voice, like a mix of RINGWORM's Human Furnace and Chaka from BURN. Can't fuck with "Piece of Crap Stomp." Savage stuff.

That new MERCY KILLINGS *Snuffed Out* 7"… Good *lord*. I think their first EP was a pretty throbbing platter that got an odd shake in these pages. Regardless, this one trumps it in every way. The general riffmanship is more scholarly, confident, and engaging, with a meaner, more-weathered sounding bastard, barking steady-swinging clubs of reality, leaving the listener with one mean Voltron-ape ready to crush the meat off any bone it can shatter. "Cashed it all in, true desires are deferred / Real life or fantasy? / The lines have been blurred / You had your choice / You chose the fucking chains / And now you know that misery reigns / No way to sustain / Did yourself in / Let the sentence begin / As you rot in your chains." Harsh.

After misplacing it for a couple months, I finally found my copy of the CHAIN RANK promo tape from *Not Dead Yet* fest. The tape sports three songs from their upcoming 12", *Up Against the Wall* and a brilliantly recorded live set. After that incredible demo this new shit more than lives up to my high expectations. Bostonians have always had a knack for crafting perfect hardcore and CHAIN RANK is no exception to that. If I had to compare, I'd say CHAIN RANK reminds me most of FIT FOR ABUSE, especially in the vocals, and anyone that knows me, realizes how huge of a compliment that is. The riffing is on the darker tip, invoking familiarity to maybe *Tied Down* or something of that ilk, with the complexity of the guitar parts on the first MINOR THREAT 7". Just a great band and I wait impatiently for the vinyl. As a side note, Armageddon Label is reissuing the FIT FOR ABUSE 7" on a 12" real soon, so look for an epic write up on that beast as soon as it's out.

Lengua Armada and Even Worse simultaneously released the final GAS RAG recording, the *On the Beach* EP, to their respective sides of the pond. I don't think this band needs mine, or anyone's help spreading the word, really, but it's sad to see them off. At least they left a flawless trail of debris in their wake for us to continue to enjoy for decades to come. The recording of *On the Beach* is a bit lo(er)-fi than previous outings but in no way takes away from the caliber or impact of the tunes. The *Pick Your King*-meets-TOTALITÄR sounds that we love about GAS RAG are still perfectly in check here and a great drowning wave from that rare band that did *everything* right.

LOCK from Los Angeles just released a right-proper demo, with the man, Sam Bosson, vomiting his burly voice over simple, bruising hardcore with a fair amount of breakdowns and mid-paced rogerings, fit to punch your friends in the face to, done with more than enough oomph to push it over the top into greatness. All fury, no fluff, simple as that, just find this demo.

I swear I'm not intentionally covering mostly demos and cassettes, but that's what caught my ear this month, and CONCRETE ASYLUM continues this trend. Until now these Nova Scotians have released two demos—the second of which, *Social Anxiety*, also came out as a 7" on Bad Vibrations not long after the tape—and this here's a third one, simply titled, *11 Songs*. Completely opposite to *Social Anxiety*, this new one was intended to be a 7" but since the band broke up, became a tape instead. For my money, CONCRETE ASYLUM is the modern era's best showing of the hyper-noisy LÄRM / RIPCORD style of whiplash blasting, thrashing, and lashing hardcore. The raw intensity levels are through the roof and where that's usually employed these days to make turd-songwriting stinkier and hide a lack of talent, it does the opposite here, and makes the technical playing ability, song-smithing, and aggression more interesting and tense on the ear. The scene up in Halifax is really one to watch for me right now and seemingly getting cooler, better, and more interesting with each release—may I also recommend GRUMP.

People all over the world went gaga over the TERCER MUNDO LP, which took me months to track down and in the end it never really gelled with me. Couldn't tell you why, but I didn't find it all that (sonically) interesting. This new EP from TERCER MUNDO cohorts, SACRIFICIO, on the other hand, is a different story entirely. On their debut EP, *Juventude Descerebrada* ("Brainless Youth"), SACRIFICIO touches on similarly Italian tendencies to what Los CRUDOS referenced back in their day, as far pacing, and discordance in the chording of certain parts. The drums are quite loud in the mix and can be distracting at times but all in all this is another cool record from a furious Mexican punk scene.

ENDNOTES:

A) East Coast: go see NARCOLEPTICS on tour in March.

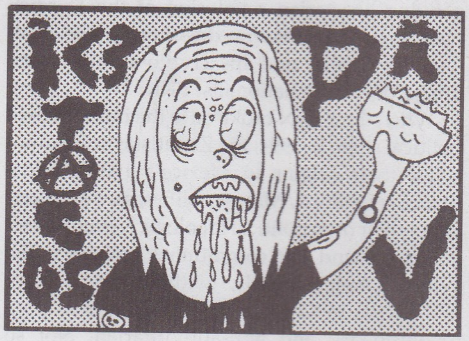
B) You are *probably* not a real skinhead.

C) SYFATB

D) Someone sell me the PARTISANS LP. For a common record, this thing sure is hard to find.

E) I said it in my Year End Top Ten but I still think that "Me Opongo," by AUSENCIA was the best song of 2014.

F) blindjustin78@gmail.com / warthogspeak.com / 2109 23rd Street, San Francisco, CA 94107 USA.



"Straight America You Won't Ruin Me"

Here's how it hit me:

Clicked the link and smiled at that wonderful feedback of tube amps pushed well past their comfort zone. Heard the opening lines: "They told us we were girls / The way we talk, dress, look, and cry / They told us we were girls / So we claimed our female lives / Now they tell us we aren't girls / Our femininity doesn't fit / We're fucking future girls living outside society's shit!" It was like stepping out on that first truly frigid day of winter and its so cold you are instantly wide awake. Lunged at the computer to find out who the fuck this band was. TRANS LADY FRONTED! Grabbed hands of roommate and we dance and say "fuck yeah!" over and over and over.

I didn't know I could get so excited about a new release in my adulthood.

Whatever the twisted bleaker synonym of "serendipitous" is would describe how I feel about the perfect timing of the G.L.O.S.S. demo (Girls Living Outside Society's Shit). Don't get me wrong, this is a sick demo. But I've never cried over a hardcore record before. Over Fugazi, sure, but this felt like a voice in the darkness said "Hey, we don't know how much deeper this path goes, but there's so much we are capable of that the rest of them have no idea how beautiful we can be."

Okay, that is sappy and emotional and all that shit, but it's been quite crucial during such an absolutely tragic relentless war on trans women's lives to see such a killer record finally get noticed by the larger punk scene.

NEWS FLASH: EVERYTHING COOL STARTS WITH TRANS WOMEN!

Because we are not just creating to create. We do not fight for change, we fight to stay alive and have purpose and when every single aspect of mainstream society treats us as if we are the enemy, then we have no choice but to live beautifully.

This thing has been ripping through stereos all over like an emergency siren. We conquer our days best we can, demanding that you recognize our beauty, finally. And we die for it. For standing up for ourselves. For taking the bus. For walking outside. For going to bars. By men. By fathers. By boyfriends. By men.

These are dark times.

I'm having a really hard time trying to justify the necessary self-deception to keep any semblance of positivity inside me. When I started writing this column the number was six.

Fucking six. Six. February 17, 2015 and there have already been six trans women murdered in the US alone this year. As I was about halfway through my first draft that number became seven. Before we have the time to mourn, to grieve, to plan, and to heal, it happens again.

There is a genocide going on. Trans women are being hunted. Especially trans women of color.

As I am putting my final touches on this column these are the names, but by the time you are reading this I am devastated to admit I doubt that number will still be seven:

Ty Underwood, Lamia Beard, Yazmin Vash Payne, Taja DeJesus, Bri Golec, Penny Proud, Christina Grant Infiniti.

Also in 2015, a man on a bus in San Francisco wielded a kitchen knife and stabbed a trans women in the chest multiple times because she was "defrauding him" and a "faggot". Later that week, it was announced there would be no "hate crime" addition to the charges against the attacker, as well as the fact that police were lobbying to classify killing an officer as a hate crime. Yeah, liberals. Good job on that legislation. It's really helping.

I'm mad at the men who murder us, but I am more angry with liberal America. Re-posts and "likes" aren't keeping us alive. Your bills and legislation are not keeping us alive. And you know better. Or at least you claim to. The complacency and apathy of my generation is disgusting.

Late in 2014, when Leelah Alcorn killed herself, people seemed to notice. Then the media noticed. In her suicide note she described a scene where every person and institution in her life told her she was bad. Her friends, her school, her parents, their church. I hoped this would finally be that wake up call to how we live. How all of us live. How it's not uncommon for us to lose everything. How it's extremely common that in order for us to find any respect we have to leave our cities, and our families, and our friends, and lose our jobs, and have every aspect of our life have a catch that could land us more broke, in jail, or dead. Instead liberal America demanded a law to end conversion therapy. Conversion therapy is wrong, and harmful, but Leelah Alcon described giving up on life because every single thing in her life would not accept her. I don't know what happened to that petition, but it likely stalled out, the media moved on, and nothing changed.

Nothing changed.

Then, in January, every week a trans woman of color was killed, and it's nearly impossible to even find a news blip that uses the right pronouns. White high school trans women's lives are worth a petition that stalls out after a month, and the rest don't even receive kindness in our obituaries. Trans women of color barely exist.

We don't need petitions. We need jobs, housing, food, and for people to stop fucking killing us!

Honestly, if it weren't for the G.L.O.S.S. demo I may have just resolved myself to never leaving bed again and eating gummy octopuses until death.

So here's the deal: This is on you.

If you are reading this and not a trans woman, this is on you.

We are 400 times more likely to be killed than you. You need to change. You need to tell others to change. You need to help us when we are dying, not pull out your phone to get video. You need to talk about our deaths. You need to celebrate our lives. You need to know our history (Google: Sylvia Rivera at least). You need to treat us as human.

Last year media outlets through around the term "Transgender Tipping Point" and most seemed positive about what this would mean. So far it has meant a lot more violence and the same silence. No one is even talking about this. This is called banishment. Exile. Criminalization. Some asshole in Florida wants to make a law so that it's a crime to piss in the correct bathroom.

It's dark fucking times.

But I hope you listen to that G.L.O.S.S. demo, and I hope it makes you feel like you gotta do something, because we need the help.

Then check out all the other cool shit we're behind: Agatha, HIRS, Screaming Queens, Doll Fight, Mary Christ (feat: me), Jayne County, Genesis P-Orridge. Check us out, while we're still alive…

Editor's note: At the time of publication the number of murdered trans women in North America in 2015 had climbed to ten. By the time you hold this magazine, more will probably be dead.

RAWPUNK BASTARD

Sifting through the material I've picked up for this column, I realize that there's a definite theme this month: good things come to those who wait. Punk isn't necessarily always a style that embraces delayed gratification, but as the next three releases show, there's something to be said for doing things right instead of doing them quickly.

2014 closed with a flurry of great releases that were definite Top 10 contenders, especially the new full-lengths from SYSTEMATIC DEATH, WARHEAD and perhaps the most anticipated of the bunch, *IV* from 鉄アレイ aka TETSU AREI. Given that this is their second full-length recording after 1998's *II*, this is one of those records that I just had to pick up on CD (a LP pressing is apparently in the works) and boy was it worth it!

The album starts out in classic form, with a killer driving MOTÖR-riff before kicking into the kind of burly mid-tempo hardcore that characterizes the classic "Iron Dumbbell" style. As always, Ryo Kojima's vocals are front and center, and they should be since "Butaman" is up there with Ishiya DEATH SIDE and Lemmy himself in terms of the ability to wring melody from an impossibly gravely voice box. There's a good balance struck in these songs between the classic straight-up aggression of the early material (say the tracks on the *Eye of the Thrash Guerrilla* compilation or the first LP) and the more, um…self indulgent forays into funky rhythms and such that characterized later releases like *14All*. Which isn't to say that all their deviations from the hardcore norm aren't enjoyable by any means. On *IV* the (dare I say?) ballad-like "Cloud" is quite a strong track thanks to the charismatic vocal and NWOBHM vibe. Seriously this song would fit pretty comfortably alongside some slower ANGEL WITCH or mid-period SABBATH tracks. It is definitely true that the album could use a bit of editing, as there are a couple of songs that stick around a bit longer than they absolutely have to ("Jet Roller Coaster") but most hover around the three-minute mark, which is perfect for their style. One thing that TETSU AREI have always done well is allowing the bass to shine, and Tatsuya comes through big time on this album with a huge sound and basslines that frequently carry the songs. Check out the way "Loud" is elevated by the way the bass takes the lead over the fairly simple guitar riff. Not many bands go sixteen years between full-length releases and even fewer can do so and produce a record that is worth the wait. (Break the Records, breaktherecords.main.jp, thinkagain1984@gmail.com)

CRUDIA from Miyazaki Prefecture, are also on a slow release schedule, having just dropped their first "pro-CD" after a couple of CD-R releases and over a decade of playing live! That time was obviously spent honing their craft to a razor edge, as these eight songs are incredibly tight and focused. True to their Kyushu heritage, there's a bit of a noisy edge to their sound, which also incorporates elements of D-beat and '80s hardcore of both European and Japanese extraction. "Dead End" is a perfect example of their sound, a furious mix of D-beats, frantic vocals and stop-start songwriting all overlaid with a bit of chaotic fuzz. There are discernable elements of everything from DECEIVING SOCIETY to DISCHARGE to BGK to BATTLE OF DISARM in play here (the militant marching finish of "Nightmare" is in classic BoD style) but never crosses the line into outright thievery or individual band worship at all. The super-energetic delivery definitely comes through the excellent recording, giving the impression that this is a band that could barely be contained by the studio walls. It boggles the mind that a band of this quality has waited over a decade to produce their first "proper" release! This might take a bit of effort to track down, but it's more than worth the trouble. (crudia.exblog.jp)

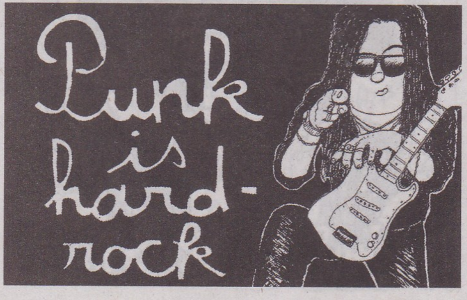
Finally, five years after the first issue comes *Negative Insight* #2. Once again, totally worth the wait. This is pure UK82 worship, a product of literally years of research, interviewing and tracking down leads to produce that rarest of things: a contemporary publication that actually offers new insights and facts about events that took place over 30 years ago. Not since *More Noize* #10 has there been a zine so important to such a specific field of punk. First things first, this zine looks fantastic, printed on glossy heavy stock with layouts that are a loving tribute to the cut-n-paste aesthetic (the only look that matters), with beautifully reproduced photos (some never before seen in print) and vintage ads. I don't want to cover the contents in too much detail so as to avoid spoilers but the CHAOS UK interviews, pages and pages worth of in-depth talks with original guitarist Andy Farrier and mainstay Gabba cover the full history of the band and include numerous details of recordings, tours and anecdotes that you won't find anywhere else. The amount of research that went into the formulation of these questions must have been staggering, and the answers are candid and hold nothing back. The interviews with Taf of DISORDER and Simon Edwards of Riot City Records are similarly detailed and probing. Mr. Edwards in particular deserves the praise heaped upon him in the introduction, as he is a genial and articulate interview subject with an excellent memory for even the most marginal details of his releases. I could have read another ten pages of detailed questions and answers with him. While it's worth it for the featured interviews alone, the zine also includes a great review of Bristol UK82 punk releases, a slick CHAOS UK poster that looks cooler than anything currently hanging on your bedroom walls and…an EP!

Yup, on top of everything else *Negative Insight* brings you two CHAOS UK studio outtakes, and unlike a lot of "lost" recordings, these more than deserve the wax they're pressed on. This recording of "Maggie" includes a spoken-word intro that elevates it over the previously available versions, giving this short track the oomph it previously lacked. The super-raw "Police Protection," a recording that was left off the *Chaos UK* LP proves its merit on this single, played with a frantic fury that excuses any and all mistakes (and there are more than a few!). The EP is great, but the zine would be worth picking up with or without it. Fortunately for the punters, there is a second printing available now, so if you fucked up like I did and came to the party late there are still more to be had for the low, low price of $15 PPD US (more overseas). (Negative Insight, PO Box 4073, S. Chelmsford MA, 01824-0773, socialnapalm.com)

Here's where the theme falls apart, as Japanese "extreme brutality stench punks" SOW THREAT didn't wait too long after their excellent demo to unleash their self-titled EP. This fits into the tradition of Brit-core worshipping Japanese bands that stretches back to the early '90s with bands like ABRAHAM CROSS or more recently DEATH DUST EXTRACTOR, but don't mistake this for a mere genre exercise, SOW THREAT own this shit. Much like the recent LIFE EP, the record is broken up into an A-Side that features three quick bangers and a more epic track on the flip side. The first three are chaotic but not blown-out crusty tracks that betray a strong SORE THROAT influence (of course) while owing an equal debut to '90s Tokyo bands. "Filthy Chain" into "Fucked Up!" is a nigh-unbeatable sequence of heavy fucking crust, with a blasting outro that recalls ENT at their best. On the flip, "To Future" builds from a sampled intro to a reverb-heavy mid-tempo crust track that I would hesitantly refer to as "epic," but without all the baggage that "epic crust" might suggest. Great stuff from a young band that is just finding its sound and niche (they definitely don't fit in with the usual Okinawa punk fare, that's for sure!) (Imminent Destruction, imminentdestruction.blogspot.co.uk, imminent-destruction@hotmail.co.uk)

Finally, a record that was not subject to delay but I am late to cover, the new SEE YOU IN HELL flexi! Celebrating fifteen years of existence with this record, this is a band that have just gotten better with age, having just recently released their very best work, the incredible *Jed* LP. These two tracks could fit right in on that banger. "Odvolej" is a stomper, driven by a hot riff and their signature tough gang choruses. "Proti Proudu" builds slowly from a menacing opening riff and has an almost street punk feel with its boot-stomping rhythm and simple structure. Shit, this is worth picking up just for the amazing full-color insert that catalogs every (?) flyer for every gig SYIH has played that definitely had me drooling. This is limited to 330, better act fast if you want one of the few remaining copies! (See You In Hell self-released, seeyouinhell.cz)

That's all for this month, hope it was worth the wait (ha!). See you all next month for a Pogo 77-heavy column (RECONSIDERATION! ASUKA AND THE BUM SERVANTS, BLACK AND WHITE!) and more. Until then, write c/o *MRR* or agunderwood@gmail.com, and thanks to everyone who does drop me a line, I really appreciate it!



Recording has always been a complete mystery to many and known only by a handful of connoisseurs. I'd like to try to demystify this a little so you could all understand the whole process behind a recording session, or actually, what I personally experienced from being in a band. So, let's imagine for a second that you are in a band and you have a couple of songs that you want to turn into a record. It's a long process that isn't easy, and honestly quite boring if you're not into it.

First, you need to know that there are two main recording techniques: analog and digital. Analog was pretty much the main and only technology used to record music approximatively up until, let's say, the year 2000. It involved huge magnetic tapes and it was really difficult and expensive to use. Then, with the rise of computers, technology sort of erased the analog domain and the digital mode is now dominant, even if some still use analog tapes.

Digital recording is more convenient and disposable. Everybody with a good computer can install software and record their own music. It also lets you record, erase, edit and share files in the fastest and easiest way possible. There's been much discussion about how the analog domain must be superior to the digital one, but all in all, nobody can come up with a definitive answer, and neither can I. Analog tapes have certainly a better sound, but it is expensive and requires a proper studio, while digital recording is way more convenient and efficient. So it's up to you to make your own choices, depending what you're looking for. If you want to read more about the recording process and recording tips, I'd point you to the Basement Screams column that was previously featured in this rag, and which taught me a lot of cool tricks.

Whatever the recording technique you go for, the recording process is pretty much always the same. You get your band into one room and then you track all the instruments together or separately. Leaving aside the voice, which is kind of always better recorded on its own, you can track the instruments one by one, which is named *track by track*, or record all the instruments at the same time, in a *live* setting. *Track by track* is great because you can track everything slowly, and just have to set up one instrument at a time and re-record it as many times as you need until you're pleased, but the downside of it is that it can sound a little sterile in the end. *Track by track* recording usually follows a classic scheme that consist of tracking the drums first, then the bass, the rhythm guitar, any lead instrument to finish with the vocals.

The *live* setting is way less convenient and needs a bigger room to fit all the instruments playing together at the same time. It's also way more difficult to fix a single problem in an instrument track than with the *track by track* setting, but the end result sounds more alive and will certainly have more energy. The hardest thing in the *live* setting recording is to separate each instrument from the other, in order to avoid having one instrument heard in the microphone that's recording another instrument.

Once again it's up to you to choose between these options. You can even mix them together, by recording some parts in a *live* setting and then add more instruments or vocals with *track by track*.

Talking about setting stuff up, trust me on this one, the recording process is long and frustrating because you'll spend more time waiting and setting up your gear, microphones and sound levels, than properly playing your part with your instrument. Setting up a drum kit is probably the hardest and longest thing in the whole recording process. It involves many microphones, tuning the drum kit, and fine-tuning it until it sounds good. Then the bass and guitar are a little easier—they just need a couple microphones in front of the cabinets, or if you're a modern person you can track them straight into a sound card and modify them later with software. The vocals are usually easier because they involve only one microphone to set up.

Once everything is recorded, and you're all pleased with what you heard, enter one of the hardest and longest process in the making of a record: mixing. The mixing process is complex, because it's that time when the sound engineer will have to edit each single instrument track to make them sound as a whole. He will manipulate the sound volume, equalizer and edit each tracked instrument to make the recording sound clean and make it like a real band setting. A good mix can turn a dull recording session into a brilliant record. This is a crucial step you have to consider in order to end up with a satisfying result.

After the mixing process, where the sound engineer has manipulated each track to make them one, you'll end up with one single stereo track that you will have to turn into a master record. The mastering, as its name implies, is the process of making a master record out of your mixed digital files or analog tapes. It may or may not alter the sound of the whole recording, but to make it short and clear, the master process is designed to turn files into the first copy of your record that will serve as a matrix for all the others. There is also a fine line between the mix and the master process that, if done well, might turn your great record into an awesome one, or completely destroy it. Once you've got your master files or disc for a CD release or your master vinyl, you can send them to a pressing plant that will press copies of your very own and unique record, and voila!

If you don't want to record with a computer, you can use a multitrack tape recorder. It was designed way back when computers where really expensive, to record and home tape demo tracks before going into a studio. This is still, to this day, a great way to record a demo tape, but you'll be quickly limited by the modest amount of inputs and it's usually very difficult to have a great recording of a complete drum set with it. Once again, the digital domain is probably the most convenient, especially if you manage to scoop a good sound card, and borrow some microphones from your friends, you can end up with a great result on your own, considering, of course, that you'll find a way to mix and master it the right way.

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VIKTOR
VARGYAI

Reading books on reading books, knife cut noodles, proto-techno, repetitive manic rock'n'roll, shows, German post-modern, the Czech crust scene, losing my edge.

I'm losing my edge to the kids, to myself, to laziness, to being dumb or rather just feeling dumb and above all being paralyzed by the terrifying mixture of the previously mentioned components. I'm tired and the work hasn't even begun. I'm not afraid of failure. I have failed. It's unpleasant but useful. A good reminder of bad memories—don't be sorry, be different. I don't even want success but to be able to be successful; to be good at what I really like to do and then occasionally do it. That's enough. What am I good at? That's probably listening and this was an intro.

Reading books on reading books is like writing columns about not writing columns, which is a very frequent topic in punk writing…if punk writing is reduced to *MRR*'s columnist reality. In a better world this column should be about being busy on being punk. Wait, there is no "should" in punk (and this is already the better world, with poorly selected words). Generally in punk there is punk music and its fans who are the punx. Listeners. I'm a punk thus I recommend myself to write about music, but I won't, because the music I listen to nowadays is non-reviewable here. Proto-techno, which basically is manic, repetitive rock'n'roll (and some that will be discussed later). System error; a person who is a fan of punk music becomes a punk and then doesn't exclusively listen to punk. Theoretical question; how could a punk listen to non-punk music? Is there a pause in this being? Now I thank my younger mind for getting the word tattooed on my thigh. I'm safe. Ideas.

The core feature of punk music is similar to porn's: you can't define it but you know when you see it. Wittgenstein said that what could be shown can't be said, and I guess laying judgment on taped sex depends on your vision, just as much as noise is a sonic experience best lived through your hearing. Words fall on both. But playing with your zipper could satisfy each interest. Eco tried his best and said porn is when time is spent as generously as it is in real life. Which means everything is boringly real until we don't fuck. Punk music is probably when, due to listening to played out sounds, finally you are not bored but feeling as if you were having some very pleasant, consensual sex. Culturally I prefer orgies. In reality: Anna, my heart is all only yours.

Sex and punk. The subject of satisfaction depends on the input of participants, very similar to how this magazine's content is formed; namely it could be anything that people make it to be.

News from the outside world: It's a gentle act that there is shitty punk being produce,d because some people love crap and still they call themselves punks because self-proclaiming it makes them happy. For me it's a rational realization. I'm a punk for the same reasons as I'm a Hungarian, it just happened this way and I can't do anything against it. For the majority, my favorite bands are closer to human feces just as for the majority of Hungarians I'm a godless traitor. So be it. Punk has no rules, but damn my punk has so many. It's not political, it's personal but to be a person among people is always political. Who, why, where, what? It's more of a hunt for quality. Yes, there are a huge amount of punk bands that I love for their ideas and strict attitude. Mostly because they are able to transform these features into sounds and it ends up crushingly great. But it's my taste. I have a sweet tooth for this. For what? For the terrifying groove of Missing Foundation. The artistic sadism that never falls from consciousness, so it knows what it does. It does everything. A distorted mist wrapping around everything and keeping it together in a claustrophobic space. Everything happens at the same time and it's fun to wander around and focus always on something else. Their sound is so fundamental it's hard to pin it to other bands. It's heavy, slow, noisy, chanting. But not chaotic since it sounds pre-planned. Like a fucked up opera written for some fucked up reason. Sound terror, that others call industrial music? Whatever it is, it's frightening, disgusting and really good. Without textbook knowledge I see their fingerprints on many bands and without the text book knowledge it's an interesting space where everybody is influencing each other. The whole musical and cultural scene, with bands locking themselves into a sound laboratory to experience. Sonically not ideologically. Musicians play music thus they should care about rhythm and sounds. Or care about how to not care about the previous two. If they are good, everything will come along. Sound experiences. I spent a great amount of time listening my way through some Pop Group records. Their echoing, distant dance records, post-punk, proto-disco, wait a minute it's not New York, un-danceable hysteria music that is constantly arguing with itself. Parallel, inverted sounds within a band. I love to dance but I'm not too comfortable to go out dancing, and this sound makes me feel good because I know there is no place where people dance to this so I belong at home.

Then there is the guitar sound of Henry Flynt. Deep repetition. It's all traditional.

Does it mean I'm done with listening to punk music and you can buy my Die Kreuzen LP on Discogs? No. But I do listen to Die Kreuzen now with a different ear and I realize, pay attention and understand other aspects of their music. And with this everything gets better. New sounds are not punker than simple primitive notes of strict hardcore bands. It's called post, proto, new wave whatever. Not better.

One final music experience from work that is too good to exclude from here. I was listening to the Crass Peel Session and it is amazing. It doesn't really sound just like an idea but it is actual and powerful music. Tape collages all over the session, the structure of the whole set is so hectic, the instant changes raise the idea of the missing parts being censored by the authorities. What do we want, what do we want? Disco! Also Tyvek, also the compilation *La Voix Des Gnomes*. Also "Pale Grey Suits" from Good Throb. What a mellow atmosphere, lazy punk weekends, waking up to coffee sips, wondering through your records and fanzines. Music makes me happy.

It's funny, but by funny I ironically mean sad, that ageless people are proud and willfully requesting respect for still being punk, or representing the other end of this crying game and mistaking a collection of teenage radical ideology with music, dividing idea from sound as if there was only the capital idea and not only their own belief that matches the sound and then they abandon punk for picking lint out of their belly button. That says one thing: that they just gave up on listening to quality music. Gave up caring about quality, which pretty much translates to having fun. This is why nostalgia tastes so awfully bitter, because mostly it's a re-consumption of something that is bad but we once thought was good. Reliving the fun we are too lazy to have now. But my punk is about glorifying mistakes and not stupidity, because a mistake is not what a stupid person does but something a smart person recognizes and my punk is about staying young, not about dropping crocodile tears while reminiscing such heydays.

Mann said "A writer is someone for whom writing is more difficult than it is for other people". Sometimes I think a listener is someone for whom listening is more difficult than it is for other people. Most of the times I think that I'm someone for whom it is more difficult than it is for other people. What is? That.

But I'm a listener and I'm a good listener so I know that you have to work for listening and suffer through shitty bands, times when everything seems boring, when you can't find what you really wish to hear, when you feel there is not enough time to hear everything that is great and recently fallen into your lap. You have to be hungry, but in this case to be hungry could be fun. Because it's not about starving it's about the desire for consuming eternal culture. I'm fat and okay with it but I'm terribly unlettered and that is not such a sexy feeling when you face it. I blame myself for the delusion of once being full. Books not midnight food.

Don't fall for fake listeners. The ones who slackishly state there are only two types of music, good and bad. That means they have to decide what is good and what is bad; they have to make universal decisions and it leads to objectifying their lives by objectifying everything else around them. It's the fear of everything. Overproduced bro-core means nothing to me but probably that genre has its top performers since it has its own habits, rituals, ideas which could be eminently performed or reconstructed and reinvented. I let it be but I won't be around it. While in another universe Firmeza 10 is a perfect hardcore band. This other universe is the space between my two ears. You can obey objectivity by sacrificing your subjectivity but at the same time you can't hope for pizza when you go into a Korean place.

Is it a title to be a listener? It's a great hobby and nothing else. Not of prestige, not anything but time being spent standing next to music. Still I'm losing my edge and crying like a baby when others borrow my beloved micro-subculture's essence to prove their relevance. They wear it, not live it. But to live listening is a bizarre act and probably not something that should be impeachable by anyone. Although I live among people and it feels like shit when someone reduces my obsession to a replication of a look or act. It's childish but I'm desperate because I'm losing my edge.

vargyai.viktor@gmail.com

Oi!
oi!
oi!
oi!
oi?
oi!
oi!
oi!
oi!
Oi!
oi!
oi!
oi!
oi!
oi!
oi!

"I got a burnin disease deep in my guts.
People ask me, 'what's wrong with you?'
I say, 'I don't know.' I say, 'Shut the fuck up!
—Wild Mohicans, "Drunk Alone"

"When some loud braggart tries to put me down
And says his school is great
I tell 'em right away
'Now what'sa matter buddy
ain't you heard of my school
It's number one in the state!'"
—Beach Boys, "Be True to Your School"

"You want the truth? You can't handle the truth!"
—Jack Nicholson poppin' off in that movie

Go to Glory and the Grave

Rah! I went AWOL for three weeks and now I'm home. While I was gone the rent got raised on HQ, I think someone is hiding a dog in the house, the microwave was destroyed as an act of righteous activism ("NO NUKES" spraypainted on it with the cord cut) and one of the Gang went around and stuck bubble wrap on all the windows. I can't see a fucking thing. Namas-fucking-ste, buddy! When I get grumpy and bitchy like this I know I need to go shovel my neighbor's walkway or pick up some trash in the neighborhood. Or clean up the gigantic mystery turd that's in the hallway. Who knows? Having a rhino-sized dog could be great. I could put a massive and cumbersome chain on its neck and then pose on the porch-steps trying to look like I'm all outta fucks. It's hard work being a skinhead.

I gotta figure somthin out. I need a boost. I was eating my Ready Brek and was ready to wring me bruvver's neck. One of the Gang was (*once again!*) playing something arty and angular on the Hi-Fi. "What's this all about?" I barfed out. "WEED HOUNDS," she screams over the din. Jumping jeez-onna-creez! WEED HOUNDS?! Is this the Summer of Love? Did I get teleported to Boulder, Colorado?! I thought this was a house of Oi!? We have many records by many bands that have names derived from the only Gang-sanctioned mind-altering drug: BITTER BOYS, LAGGER LADS, 90 PROOF, the STOUTS, EXTRA STOUT, the PINTS, BEERZONE, STEELTOWN PUBSTERS, VOMIT PUNX, TEN BEERS AFTER, BEERGUT 100, SOBERPHOBIA, BOOZE & GLORY, BIERPATRIOEN, STRONGBOW, PILSNER OIQUELL, LIFE FOR DRINKING, the BOOZERS, the DRUNKS, VIOLENT DRUNKS and finally, EEL. I'm calling a meeting to ban this new marijuana-based band, WEED HOUNDS from HQ air space. Last week we had another incident when someone succeeded in putting on a tape from a former-Yugo/Serb band, MORBIDI I MNOĆI. It sounded like RAMMSTEIN trying to play a mix between the DOORS and CRAMPS. It was turble and was thrown away. They called it "cult." I said I'd rather listen to the CULT (and that shit's bogo too!) Go west young man!

I suppose I'll write about some music I enjoy. If I don't get started now (afternoonish) I'll just end up writing this thing at 3am when I'm tired and weird and everything sounds like the EXPLOITED, or 4-SKINS, or COCK SPARRER (aka the Three Sisters). Let's kick this pig.

From the craggy streets of Pittsburgh, PA aka "The Paris of Appalachia" the IRON CITY HOOLIGANS stomp forth with their latest 12" EP, *Armored Saints* out on Rebellion Records. The record kicks off with the title track, "Armored Saints": "We're the warriors of the street who have been crucified / Like the phoenix we have arisen so now you better hide / See us gathering in packs like wolves on the kill / You're the sheep who will fall prey to our iron will / We are the armored saints of the city / And we won't be pushed away / We are the saving grace of the Nation/ And we won't be led astray!" Oi! The song is a slow pummeler that includes a crowd-pleasing chant of "Skin! Head! Skin! Head!" The music is base American Oi! Classic US bands like RIVAL, the ROGUES, MOONSTOMP, PATRIOT, ANTI-HEROS are all apt comparisons musically. Something that makes the band shine from the crowd is the NWOBHM leads that run thru most of the songs. Oi! can be an uninspired genre at times, so when a band breaks from the mundane ideas of what Oi! is or can be the Gang notices. Rebellion has released this as a 12" with six songs or you can pick it up as a digipack CD that includes two bonus songs. Get it at rebellionrecords.nl.

IRON CITY HOOLIGANS along with PLAN OF ATTACK, CONCRETE and RAZORBLADE will be on *Oi! Aint Dead Vol. 4*. Hopefully by the time you see this in print it'll be in my mailbox. All the bands are giving up three tracks and Rebellion is putting it out on CD and double 10". Maybe for volume-five they can bring back the 5"? Four bands, two songs each on four 5" records. It could open up like a travel board of Scrabble that you can hang on your wall as a poster. Sell it for ¥3,500 just to confuse the collectors. I'd buy it. But first I gotta get *Oi! Aint Dead Vol. 4*. Onward!

Maybe it's the low population, or the huge tracts of pristine wilderness (ignore the tar-sands); maybe it's the taxes (ignore the Socialism) or the beer or the mandatory pre-k viewings of *Strange Brew* (ignore the plot holes); who knows, it could even be related to the fact that they still have the Queen (Gob bless'er) on their currency, but whatever it is, there is something born into little baby Canadians that empowers them as they get older to crank out some of the most consistent and righteous Oi! of any nation. TRUE GRIT, from Toronto, is the best band out of Canada right now. Dramatic? Who cares?! They rule, OK? If I was going to nerd out and annoy certain members of the Gang I would say they fall into the corral of *melodic street-rock* (don't roll those eyes!) reminiscent of MARCHING ORDERS, the GC5, HUDSON FALCONS (sans Springsteen), or the BRASSKNUCKLE BOYS. 2014 saw two releases by the band: a solo EP, *Men of Valour* and a split 7" with the TRADITIONALS, titled *Working Class Heroes*, both out on Clockwork Firm. The *Men of Valour* EP offers up two story-songs that deal with soldiers in WW2. The A-Side is titled, "Shoemaker" and gives the tale of a band member's grandfather: "A family man, oh they loved him so dear / A husband and a shoemaker, hero and pioneer / Heart of gold and a patriot, he loved his country so / In the year of 1943 that loyalty would show." Amazing song. The B-Side, "Triggerman" is about a Canadian war hero who helped sink seventeen German ships. Take that, Großadmiral Dönitz!

The split with the TRADITIONALS is equally rad. Pittsburgh's favorite sons contribute a previously recorded song, "Sold Us Down The River". It's a great tune that tells the story of Pittsburgh and the United States as a whole. If you are not aware, the TRADITIONALS play mid-tempo Oi! with rock'n'roll leads and barked vocals. The choruses are catchy, and inspire crowd participation, mostly in the form of hoisted PBR/Iron City pounders. TRUE GRIT contributes two songs, both new. The first song on their side is "Working Class Heroes." It's about, ya know, being working class and drinking beers with your friends cuz you deserve beer becuz you go to work becuz you have pride. It's a good song and you probably understand it. The other tune on the split might be my favorite by the band, simply titled "Country". Read this shit: "Call us fuckin' patriotic / We love where we live regardless / Of the laws and government/ Who drag our country thru the shit / I will always stand for what I am / I will never be known as a victim / I will always fly the flag of victory / I will always love my country..." Top it off with some rollicking Oi! and a chant of "Love your country, not your government / Patriotic cuz you come from it!" and you got yerself a hit buddy!

Look at me just gabbing away! Let's do a lightning round:

ON THE JOB – *White Collar Thugs* LP (Contra Records) This is the third LP from these Swedish melodic-melody-makers! In line with fellow Swedes PERKELE the Oi! is poppy and full of hooks. It's said that this LP has a "smoother" sound than their previous output, but I disagree. It's less VANILLA MUFFINS (but still there), and more OXYMORON. Favorite songs: "Down the Upbeat Street" and "This is my Life." This is a good record that I was looking forward to and I'm not disappointed at all.

JOIN THE REJECTS – *Your Place 12"* EP (Vinyl 4 Bootboys) Estos cinco *gamberros* bring the sound of the terraces from Valencia, Spain. If you wiped off the smiles, and scuffed the glam off the COCKNEY REJECTS, then added in some rough vocals you'd have an idea of JOIN THE REJECTS. This release from Vinyl 4 Bootboys is per usual super limited: 165 copies plus ten testpress (on beeeeutiful sea blue wax, I'm searchin'). All copies are on 180-gram dinner plates. Three songs to a side. Three tracks are in their native tongue, three in English. Members also play in GLORY BOYS. Smash the hard reality!

FACÇÃO OPPOSTA – s/t EP (Zeroworks/Can I Say) Put on your denim, lace up your boots, grab your junior-sized baseball bat and hit the streets with Lisbon's own FACÇÃO OPPOSTA. I don't know many bands from Portugal. But we do listen to quite a few bands from Brazil and FACÇÃO OPPOSTA has an updated sound akin to DOSE BRUTAL and HISTERIA: stripped down, aggressive, non-melodic Oi! This record (diamond tread textured cover, limited to 220, oooh...) contains four songs which were previously released on their split-cd with Brazilian band, MÃO DE FERRO (accordion-Oi!). The songs are great (hand-claps and football chants!) and it's nice to have it on vinyl, but if you already own the split you might want to invest in something else. If so, you should track down...

STRIKE BACK – *Arde Madrid* LP (Fierro! Records) These *Madrileños* play ringing, clean-toned Oi!/punk that is poppy and catchy as all hell. I put this bish on the hi-fi and the gray clouds parted, the bodacious T-Ts and P-Ps came out, *sangria* started flowing from the faucet. I popped on mi Sambas and went outside to play some footie. But as soon as I left the inner-sanctum reality came crashing back down and the world was cold and gray and constantly drizzling and the people were buttholes. It was like *All Summer in a Day*. But I wasn't one of the Venusians; I was fricka-frackin Margot. Those shitty Venusians. Anyway...This record rules. If you enjoy PERKELE, ON THE JOB, or the TEMPLARS newer stuff, you'll dig this too.

Ok! I'm out! Go dance easily to the disco rhythm you boobs.

ENDNOTES:

+ Acknowledging your elders: BACKSTREET BATTALION is an oi! blog from Poland that has an English translation side. It has interviews, record reviews (some of the best), news updates and gig announcements. Their knowledge and constant updating of the site makes it indispensable in the Gang's collective search for all things oi! Go waste a day reading about records you'll never own at: Backstreetbattalion.com

+ Giving up, not growing up: The cooks are on strike here at HQ. Instead of taking a stroll down to the grocery I've stretched an XL pizza for three days. I'm taking applications for a wife.

+ Got a demo you want me to talk about? Upset about a band I mentioned? Possibly you know who I really am and want to blackmail me (been there, done that!), well, you can send it all to: AmericanBootGang@gmail.com

+ BTW, it took me twenty days to write this... Stupid. See yinz at the Whole Foods!

SPLATTER ZONE
WITH MARISSA MAGIC !?!

I'm in my room listening to Hüsker Dü and Whitney Houston and you're reading this and Stillsuit has played our last show (probably about a month ago at this point) and maybe now I'm up to something new (time games). It's a long time coming but as most things do when they finally hit the vanishing point it still manages to be upsetting. Privacy has been striking me these days and I gave thought to keeping this process behind curtains but then as the announcement poured out nothing could be stopped, every detail bleeds. I thought I wouldn't write about it because there isn't much to talk about but I'll find a way. I mean this column has swiftly devolved into a place where I just talk about myself anyway (maybe it always was).

I don't think I've ever really officially played a last show, like a show that's actually advertised as last. The last shows of bands I've been in have always been stamped with the open ended "for a long time/awhile" or just never even had the chance to happen in the wake of total bummer implosions. This show was already booked when we decided to call it quits, we thought about booking one more show that we would have total control over but then it just seemed like a drag along.

So I'm not surprised at the demise of the band I was a part of for around four years; I'm feeling more of a mix of anger and relief. Basically one of us quit and no one will be replaced. I was in this band called Awesomes that imploded maybe dramatically (like definitely got into screaming fights in public but the end really came down to unreturned phone calls) and it was just me and one other person. When I told people it was over a common question was "so are you going to replace her?" and it just seemed super bizarre to me. Like here I was in this band, only drums and vocals, only one other person and what? I should replace her? We wrote all of the songs together, it was a collaboration. Collaborating with someone new or even writing shit by myself would be something new and different and it wouldn't be Awesomes because Awesomes was me and this one other person. It seemed boring and futile to try to recreate that with somebody new and it just wouldn't be the same, so why call it the same thing? Why not just start a new thing? How much more interesting and thrilling is it to start something new, what will we find? There are bands where there is obviously one songwriter and then a rotating cast of characters and then there are bands where everything is written together. The rotating cast of characters never really bothers me in the primary songwriter format because it's not the sound of a collaboration it's the sound of following a lead. There may be a few tweaks and changes along the way but it's not like collaborating on a song with entirely different people and flying it under the same banner. When a band is heavily collaborative I find it fucking weird when people get replaced. That move always strikes me as a branding thing, like this band name already has movement behind it and we need that brand recognition so let's keep the name even though all of the secret recipes are being changed. It's so corporate. Like I know bands that sound deeply different record to record due to ever-changing line-ups. I mean, I don't expect bands to stay the same, putting out the same record over and over again is boring, but bands that collaborate with the same line-up have some amount of a trajectory, there is some kind of constant thread and the movements are slower and there is always some kind of deep stamp to it. I just think keeping the same band name and replacing members is some marketing bullshit.

But to back pedal to my old band Awesomes for a bit more. Awesomes dragged on for a good year after it should have ended because I was terrified to let go of it. I felt like I was already 28 and that this would be my last band ever, my last chance (at what, I do not know). I was convinced that no one would want me in a band, no one would want to start a band with me. I was convinced I was dried and done. I paddled through a few things, some out of pure desperation, and eventually landed in Stillsuit. Vanessa and I were around the same age (to the young punks: the older you get the more excited you get about meeting punks your age) and both in bands that were side projects for all members except us. We messed around for a while then asked Jaime (a very sick drummer) to join us.

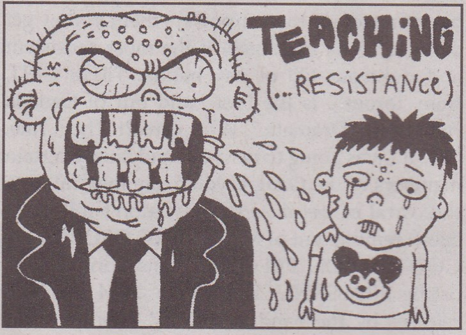
This round of a band crumbling doesn't feel like The End of banding around, just the continued shift of my punk life. A new time for different challenges within a familiar structure. It's exhilarating in a way to shed something that wasn't really working and I'm sure my band mates feel similar. The putting aside of something that was limited by differing visions makes room to throw oneself into activities that were back-burnered or things that never even came to mind. Nothing lasts forever and in general I feel like most bands have a certain lifespan before things get stale or redundant or bad or in some cases jump the shark to bummerville. Collaborations can only stay interesting for so long; from what I've observed of peers it seems to be around five years (duh, there are exceptions). And this makes sense in punk, a culture which is so based in ephemera and "living for the moment," rejections of career building or working towards the future. There are definitely punks that get stuck in tradition and the tendency to want to define punk always gets into the sticky waters of shit that's been the same for 40ish years or whatever. There are sticklers and dicks who think they are right. I will venture to say that there are moves one can make that are deeply not punk. Anyway, let's not get caught in the mire. I'm trying to point to the point that things lean towards live fast die young here and ye olde nihilism and no future, it makes sense for bands to mirror these ways. It makes sense for bands to be short lived.

But anyway, back to me.

So here I am facing the end of things, or merely the end of a significant chapter. Maybe I'll try to wiggle my way into a band that I can just sing in, or end up in another guitar/drums type thing. Maybe I'll try and maybe it will fall in my lap. I have plenty of music and arts things to keep my mind off awful society at large and the spiraling of my own brain. The world hasn't ended. I've got this thing The Blues (this is a band not a feeling) that already has some tourage lined up, and it's entertaining to me that its poised to become my main thing. It's a guitar/saxophone duo improv jammage deal, which is the type of deal that used to be my main thing when I first started playing shows, the same type of deal that I got kicked out of in my early twenties. That was a band called The Punks (it's so hilarious to me that these are the names of the bands I've been in) and we did have some sort of a "last show" (framed as "for a long time," plus they've played shows since) during which the heavy introvert of the group shook it off for just long enough to call me a bitch and then a week later I received an e-mail informing me that they wanted to go in a more "hippie drone" direction and that I could take my "punk screaming" elsewhere. So I move forward and backward (time games).

There're things that won't fade, this is the first band I played guitar in and now I see it as my main thing. There is a stack of records in the practice space that stands as a monolith to wasted potential, a whoops combo of too many printed, no distribution and not enough touring. Sometimes I fantasize about twenty years from now when we become some exciting discovery of a cool band and then we can appease the masses with vinyl.

Having a last show is weird when there is nothing obvious for a breakup, like someone leaving town. It's hard to explain breakups when they amount to growing apart or moving on or it just being "time." But everyone wants to know *why*. And you're standing there visibly upset trying to explain feelings and movements to someone who was never at practice. One of us just wants to do things outside of playing weirdo punk, which is cool and great, but somehow saying that, being honest about that aspect, feels like throwing one of us under the bus, even though there is nothing necessarily fucked up or bad about it. People change. Three people desiring different things makes for a stagnant collaboration. And no mistaking, we're all freak lifers here, just the expression of that freakness changes (as it should). No matter, it's just a long time coming down to move on, so it's time to see what's next.



Punks and other misfits/outsiders/radicals have always had a conflicted relationship with education and teaching. On one hand, we recognize that school is an oppressive institution. It is a potentially-dangerous environment that is legally forced upon us when we are kids and teenagers in the primary and secondary grades (elementary and high school). Then, when we finally finish (or escape) it as adults we are societally pressured to progress into often-ruinously expensive higher education (college). On the other hand, education has also been used as an escape valve for countless people who are stuck in grim or disadvantaged life situations otherwise, helping provide them with structure and intellectual skills that have the potential to improve their lives and those of others.

Though the institutions of education are historically problematic and often oppressive, students who have experienced them as "outsiders" understand the importance of learning from teachers who have developed radical notions of what education is and how it works. Sometimes, these students become teachers themselves, helping to subvert these educational institutions or find outside alternatives to them. It makes sense, given that much of punk embraces idealism, strong personal ethics, and intellectualism, that so many punks have become teachers while remaining punks. The Teaching Resistance column is designed to provide a platform for radical, subversive teachers/educators to share their ideas and draw attention to important issues around education.

This month's column directly wrangles with the fundamental, structural issues of racism in the American school system. It is by Melissa, known to some as Shakes, who has worked with kids forever. She currently works in an as-needed variety of counseling and teaching roles at a public elementary school in San Francisco. Melissa can be contacted directly at futureadults@gmail.com

Allow me to start with an introduction: I'm a semi-retired punker, a Black woman, a Queer, an anti-authoritarian; I'm dedicated to the end of the police and to restorative justice, the abolition of racism, patriarchy and capitalism; I'm an advocate for kids and families and trans folks; an annoyance to white boys who like to refer to me as a "Bay Area activist" or "left-wing nut-bag" and occasionally a "reverse-racist" (ha-ha!!!). I don't drink 40s anymore, I don't hop trains, I hardly ever make it out to shows (sorry *all* my friends who play in dope bands that I never get to see) and I haven't been sitting atop a mountain of dirty clothes and equipment trapped in a van rattling across the country in at least five years. I'm getting older. I work 50 hours a week, sometimes more. I'm 16 years deep in the city of San Francisco.

Numbers

I work in a public elementary school in the South-Eastern part of the city—the part everyone conveniently forgets when they think about San Francisco. 92% of our students qualify for free or reduced lunch—that means they're poor or desperately working-class (re: poor). 61% of our students speak English as a second language. Two percent of our student population is white-identified; otherwise our largest populations are Latino (42%), Chinese (31%), Black (9%), Vietnamese (4%) and Pilipino (6%). I mention these numbers because people with so-called "Western" sensibilities like the quantifiable and numbers help us keep ideas and facts in necessary categories. Though I use the quantifiable from time to time, I know that our students are much more than facts and numbers. Each of them is a unique being made up of loving and complicated families, myriad cultural representations, deep and beautiful languages, humor, resilience, tragedy and history. By entering the institution of public school, each of them is now inextricably connected to a particular piece of institutional racism, the likes of which are rarely acknowledged, let alone ever redressed.

Since I work with elementary aged kids (approximately 5-11), I often think about my own experiences in school. When I was a kid it was the mid-1980s—lots of focus on colorblindness at that time, lots of talk about Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.. I went to an urban public school in Denver from kindergarten to third grade. There were white and non-white kids alike, and lots of other Black kids, and a few Black and Brown teachers, many of whom I was fascinated with. They all knew my name. While public school was difficult for me for a variety of reasons, feeling kinship with the people in my environment was easy enough. In 4th grade we moved out of Denver and I went to a suburban school where there were only three Black kids and all of the teachers were white. The shift was noticeable to me, but not one I had the language to extrapolate.

It's typical for kids to notice and comment on difference, but quite a different thing for kids to experience and talk about racism. This is not to say that it is rare—kids experience racism in school, but each experiences it differently. Some kids simply notice it and move on, but others, like my students, will be affected by it every day on micro and macro levels. For example my step-brother, who is white, never walked into a classroom to be stared at by his teachers. He was never expected to do anything but succeed by his teachers, which is why when he blew it from time to time, people were *so concerned* and surprised. When I did well at school, it was surprising because I was special—not because I'm just naturally inclined toward reading, writing and language. Not because I'm smart. But whenever I fucked up, it was pretty much expected (and not simply because my reputation preceded me). As a little kid I didn't know what it was called, but I knew it was affecting me, making me angrier, more reactive and thus, tougher than I wanted to be. In the mid-1980's, people weren't talking about cultural competence or trauma informed practice or positive behavior interventions. They were trying to figure out why the little Black kid was so complicated.

When I discovered how real and how entrenched racism was in our society, across this great landmass we're currently calling America, it was not something that I could simply forget (for reasons that should be obvious to the somewhat informed reader). As a result of this unforgetting, I've done a lot of work attempting to draw nearer to the center or the roots of systemic racism in America. Working in this particular public school for the last five years, I have been able to narrow the circuit and trace the proliferation of racism throughout America directly back to public education.(*)

More Numbers

About 84% of public school teachers are white, and of those, about 80% are middle-class women. This essentially means that teaching is a profession for white, middle-class women. Though this number has only slightly declined in 25 years (from 91% in the mid-1980s), the percentage of non-white students in public schools continues to grow – in fact most public schools in America are now over 50% non-white (yes, when it comes to race in this country, us people of color fish do tend to swim together). This is significant information. Mainstream think tanks take a look at this aggregated information and think, "Holy shit! We better educate the savages, lest our country face another dire economic collapse! Here comes China! We need malleable and complicit worker drones for Techmerica! Quick! Grab the Common Core!"

I don't really give a shit about the future of capitalism nor do I care about America's certain economic collapse. This country's prosperity came as a direct result of slavery—an institution which pretty much created racism as we know it. The only history lesson one needs for context here is this: Black people were seen only as property. We were tortured, beaten, murdered and raped and our labor was free. Our free labor created enormous capital gains, which are still seen today. Indigenous people on this land mass were seen as savages to eradicate. The point here is that the effects of the institution of racism continues to reverberate throughout our communities and through society.

See, I'm still focused on how racist this shit is, and I'd like to see it ended sooner rather than never. The main way (aside from audio/visual media) that social norms are passed on is through our experiences in school. Sometimes kids do or say fucked up things, hurtful things, racist things, but how we address these things—or don't—in school informs how students will move through the rest of the world in the future. It has been established that public school has traditionally been taught by white women, but this one fact alone does not explain how racism is allowed to proliferate. One must think a little deeper. White and middle class women teach our kids. Their experiences, their lives inform how they do so. Aside from churning out good workers, public school also churns out people with a desire to attain middle-class status, which is of course, the status quo in America. Middle-class status is largely an invention designed to promote consumerism. I don't mean to go too far off the mark here. What this means is that aside from Reading, Writing and Math, public schools have been steadily teaching white social standards, white ways of being, white expectations. White standards have not changed all that much, even with great advances in technology. This means that when white teachers step into classrooms full of non-white students, those students are already at a serious disadvantage because these teachers don't have an understanding of where their students are coming from or where they're going. More to the point, if their students don't share their teachers same cultural norms, goals and expectations, the kids are fucked. (And before you get all "It's not my fault I'm white/I was born this way," let me point out that it is your responsibility to help rectify this shit. Absolutely.) This is very significant because when white people are bringing white standards and white expectations into the classroom, they're bringing along (usually) unpacked and unchecked racism—what we in the trades call Implicit Bias. This essentially means that even though these teachers were told to be colorblind and may even *believe* that they're not racist, white teachers—or more explicitly non-Black and Brown teachers—are color-coding each body they see and often sending the darkest bodies to the scrap pile, whether they know it or not.

Anecdotes and Evidence

One of my titles at the school I work at is "Behavior Coach". I fucking hate that title, but it's attached to me forever at this point. What people who used to have my job did was ask Teacher A what they wanted Kid X to do. Then they would attempt to get Kid X to conform to Teacher A's standard, often leveraging something like recess, calls home or their interpersonal relationships. I'm far less concerned with standards than I am with seeing that kids are getting their needs met, so my approach is different. For the most part, I check in with kids and teachers, and help kids and teachers come to agreements about what they each need to work on in the classroom so that needs can be met. I work with tons of kids in a school of almost five hundred, however the majority of kids I work with around comprehensive behavior issues (what we call "Tier 2") are Black kids referred to me by their teachers. One teacher just kinda hands them off to me at the beginning of every school year. This year I started compiling stats so that when I talk about this shit y'all can stop looking at me like I've been scarred by years of micro-aggressive racism (which I have been, but that's no reason to discount the evidence).

One of my co-workers on the district's Restorative Practices team (with whom I work very closely to help dismantle the dominant paradigm of discipline=punishment/everything is racist) shared yesterday that at her daughter's school, she is perceived as a stereotype of sorts—she's loud, she's often angry (because the school is incompetent when it comes to her daughter), she's poor (because she works for the fucking school district); thus she is treated like a caricature of a big Black woman instead of as a concerned mother, and her daughter, instead of being treated like a kid at school, is treated like a Black kid from the ghetto, which is to say, she is treated as less than human. As she shared this story, another co-worker/homey for life in that meeting was crying. She's fifty, Black, gorgeous from the inside out and tends to find silver linings everywhere she looks. She was just like, "Is this shit every going to change?" It's a sobering question.

I mentioned before that most of our students are English Language Learners. Our kids speak various dialects of Spanish, Cantonese, Vietnamese, Tagalog and Black English (which amazingly is still not considered a language, even though y'all can't even understand it.) Our students are immigrants or the children of immigrants. Their lives and experiences cannot begin to be understood or taught to unless teachers (and support staff) are ready to address what I recently heard someone call "the cultural gap." Merely saying it exists doesn't automatically start to repair it. Teachers (and really everyone) need to start being braver than they have ever been (yes punx, you too). Folks need to start acknowledging that racism is alive and well and resides in all of us in various forms.(**) We need to stop being afraid of being a "bummer" or "alienating people" by talking about race and class in America, and we need to do it all the time. We who work with kids need to encourage each other to talk openly about our mistakes so that they can stop being made. Of similar importance, I think that when folks start agitating against or for public education, the arguments need to be framed in a way that makes known that the root of the evil in public schools isn't the newest curriculum or the lack of arts funding; it's racism. Institutional, structural, fundamental racism.

Good luck.

(*) *I'm not claiming to have pioneered this field; I'm merely expressing how I've experienced it.*

(**) *I want to be clear that what I'm saying is that, while racism lives in me, it's because it's internalized bullshit, not because I have the institutional power to oppress non-Black people which is different from racism living in white people—y'all have a lot of work to do. Racism is a system of oppression that white people in this country have exclusive access to.*

From the editor: I am an activist, a punk, and an aspiring teacher. I am constantly searching for ideas/inspiration on how to radicalize and subvert teaching pedagogy (the science, art, and philosophy of education) to better understand and elevate my students. As mentioned earlier, this column is designed to provide a platform for radical, subversive teachers/educators to share their ideas and draw attention to important issues around education; particularly compulsory- and community-based education. If you are a teacher (anywhere in the world) for students of primary or secondary school ages (K-12), Community Colleges, or alternative learning arrangements such as collectivist free schools, and you want to submit an idea for a column, please write an email to teachingresistance@gmail.com

—John No, *Teaching Resistance* editor

GEORGE TABB IS...
THE FIFTH RAMONE

This will be George Tabb's final column for MRR. *April Fool's? That's for us to know and you to find out.*

(Continued From *MRR* 382)

"So the reason I'm here," explains GG Allin to my wife and I, "is that I'm here to tell you the real…"

"Meaning of Christmas," I say to the bald stinky man. "I've seen the movie a thousand times. Even probably read the book in school."

Jett and Rocket bark in agreement.

"Duh," says GG. "No, Tabby, that's not it at all."

"Then what?" asks Elena, more than a bit frustrated.

"The reason I'm here is to tell you," starts GG.

"Go on," I say.

"Quit interrupting me," explains GG. "It makes me lose my place and then I have to start all over again."

"Sorry," I say.

"For what?" asks GG, "Did you fart? Shit your pants? I always do that."

"Huh?" I say, really lost now.

"GG was about to tell you the real reason he is here," barks Rocket, bored with the whole thing.

Somehow we all can understand what the dog is now saying. Kind of figures, I suppose. I mean, ghosts of dead people having silly conversations. Ghosts that smell? The whole thing stunk to me.

"So what is the real reason you are here, GG," I say, now actually about as excited as when I hear that *Maximum Rocknroll* has a new editor. Which isn't very. It seems they only seem to last a year or two and then quit. Of course they aren't paid, really can't survive or get what they need, and they have this whole outdated idea that people should spend all their time working for free so they get sick and have no energy to do anything.

Actually, I think it's that they think they are going to be helping the world, which they are, but then they grow all powerful in their minds and start fucking up, then leave the magazine in worse shape than when they started. Only a couple of editors in the last couple of years really did a good job. They know who they are.

"Aren't you gonna say anything, Tabb?" GG asks.

"It was your turn to talk," I say, noting that a few paragraphs back, I started to say something.

"Oh, yeah," says GG, "The reason I am here is to tell you the true meaning of *punk rock*!"

"Huh?" both Jett and Rocket say, as well as Elena and myself.

"Yeah," says GG, "You know, that music you love so much?"

"Uh huh," I say. "What about The Punk Rock?"

"Well," starts GG, "You got it all wrong writing for that magazine you can't even touch because you are allergic to all their cheap ink."

"I know the one," I say.

"Yeah, well," says GG, "those little kids aren't Punk Rock. They're kids who are following in the footsteps of already well worn paths. They make up rules that may have made sense at the time but don't anymore. Everything must be put in context with time," he explains.

"Holy shit," I say, "you're smart!"

"Look, Tabby," GG starts again, "If you were a kid today, would you follow in the steps of something your parents fucking did? No! Even if your parents weren't 'Punk Rock', it's from their generation. The best thing you could do is carve out your own path like we did. Find new ways of being creative. Sure the music is awesome and fun to write about. But they should also write about their experiences, the trials and tribulations of life, not just for themselves, but to remind others of things they maybe went through, or possibly are!"

"Umm, " I stammer.

"Tabby," he says, "You are a great writer. I get why you are writing for the magazine. You really care about those kids. Yeah, yeah, I know they visit you from all over the world and you know someone in almost every country, and that's awesome. And I also know that somehow your life's experiences translate into theirs, and they can relate, and you do help them. They always thank you with letters and emails, but, really, is this really what you want to with your life? Just help kids survive?"

I think long and hard about what GG just said.

Elena does as well.

Jett barks for food, and Rocket barks at his mother for attention.

"Ssssh," whispers Elena.

"GG," I start, "That's exactly what I want to do, help kids survive!"

"Well then," says GG, "If I were you I'd really think about that outlet you spill your blood for. Really. Are they about the same thing? It's your call…"

MOM, LOOK, I'M IN A MAGAZINE!!
GUEST COLUMN
SEX PISTOLS
A
B
C

We fucked up and left out a Top Ten from the year end issue! See Cabeza from CVRecs' list here. Lo siento mucho!

Top Ten Of The Year 2014

So here I am, late as usual. Writing about the top ten records and tapes that made me happy this 2014. I quit my job, so between cover letters, resumes and top ten lists I started this year unemployed, busy and happy. Here are my top ten for 2014 in no particular order:

AUSENCIA – demo tape (Verdugo Discos / Silenzio Statico)
When I leave work really tired and a band still makes me scream at the top of my lungs with my eyes shut, that means that the band has to be fucking awesome. AUSENCIA plays a sing-along kind of punk that was big in the '80s in Argentina. A brand of punk that is meant to put you in party mode but fully aware of the sadness of the daily routine. Bands of that era would take the COCK SPARRER/BUZZCOCKS sound and mix it with the Argentinian way of seeing things. Argentinean punk is really particular, it is hard to put it into words…but AUSENCIA could be easily on the legendary *Invasion 88* comp LP, one of the best comps in the world. AUSENCIA managed to release the best demo of 2014 and just be such chillers. Songs like "Me Opongo" or "Sombra de Exilio" will be remembered as South American classics in the future. Thank god they don't have a football song. If they start doing that I could kill myself.

BLAZING EYE – *Blazing Eye* EP (Overdose)
Just when I thought that hardcore was dead in North America, these four punks come and just destroy everything. Maybe it is my stupid prejudice against North American hardcore, but really, every band nowadays sounds like an SSD fart to me. "Meat and potatoes," "sketchiness," "freaks"…BLAZING EYE has shit to do with trends. They play Japanese hardcore in the tradition of bands like SODOM, ZOUO, KURO or even early G.I.S.M.. I don't know shit about Japanese hardcore, just the basics, but I know when something is cool and BLAZING EYE is. Live they were equally awesome. This band has a ton of personality. The bass player with a gimp mask, Austin's pogo dance… don't know what it is… but it just feels like a full monster that wants to kill me and that makes me happy. An example of how punks can still take old stuff and make new things out of them. Pogo not mosh.

ORDEN MUNDIAL – *Obediencia Debida* 12" (La Vida Es Un Mus)
This band released one of the best 12" back in 2012. Now in 2014 they come back with a monstrosity of a 12". Many bands try to emulate the Italian brand of hardcore but few achieve that level of "epicness" that ORDEN MUNDIAL has. These good looking people from Mallorca have *riffs*, something that modern hardcore misses. They don't depend on the fucking amp power (even though they are one of the loudest bands in the world) to transmit their passionate anger. I love it when my friends tell me they are "just ok." They don't get it! Because ORDEN MUNDIAL is not an accessible band and my friends are not punks, just pop lovers in disguises. Best example of this is in the song "Fosas Abiertas," just a simple military roll that loops for two minutes and explodes in a quirky, unorthodox, anti-musical way that only the highest Italian hardcore bands could pull off. A masterpiece!

GENERACION SUICIDA – *Todo Termina* 12" (Going Underground)
GENERACION SUICIDA is one of the best bands in the world right now. Even though they took their name from the VICIOUS (a band I really like), GS has their own sound. They take the Californian Rikk Agnew trade mark guitars, the melancholic Latino lyrics, the RAMONES drum beat/speed, mix it all together and make it their own, not emulation but an amalgamation of everything that is good in rock'n'roll. *Todo Termina* is a one-sided 12" full of heart, with a deep meaning that gets more exposed with every listen. Just listen to the title song "Todo Termina" and tell me these people are not feeling the death of close friends? I was blown away by how good and fast Kiwi can go on the drums. She is one of the best drummers in the world. When I see girls approaching her after their set, labelling her a badass, I just think punk is not dead.

PIÑEN – *Aborto Sonoro* tape (self-released)
All my friends in Barcelona have told me how concerned they are about punk dying in Barcelona these days. Even though three of the bands from this list are from there, I kind of get it, things have changed. But here comes PIÑEN to save hardcore from its dark times. PIÑEN is infectious music for the desperate and degenerate. The drummer is a badass lady originally from Chile. The guitarist is a good looking guy that has been part of all my favorite bands in the last 5+ years. If there is something that Barcelonan bands don't miss is idealistic, passionate people and PIÑEN is an excellent example of this. These two punks are in love with Euro hardcore from the '80s and the Medellin sound from the early '90s. I tried to do a North American version of this tape but they said that they want "every tape to be made by themselves." True hardcore.

POOR FORM – demo tape (self-released)
Pop punk is not my expertise at *all*. I actually don't like this kind of music that much. POOR FORM made me change my mind one show at a time. Not only because they are one of the best bands alive in my boring city. But also because people just get crazy at their shows. I just like the vibe of their concerts; people are not caring about their fucking hair, dropping names in every conversation or the stud positioning in their jackets. POOR FORM shows are just full of losers that don't fit in anywhere. Vancouver is dark, boring and lonely, but these people just make others happy and I like that. You just have to accept that something is good when it is this good. Their tape just got a vinyl press on Kingfisher Bluez so try to get it this year! Did I mention their songs are *awesome*?!

NANCY – *Rock and Roll the FMU* tape (Eat the Life)
Another one I would have never expected to be in my top of the year. I don't really love English as a language for punk these days, but I just have to accept that there is some stuff that is just meant to be played in English. NANCY plays punk, like the RAMONES or the SPITS. NANCY plays catchy tunes with proper rock'n'roll riffing and catchy vocals. NANCY is here to make you jump around. This quirky and lovely duet from New York via Chicago made a little tape I got in a pen-pal trade. The cover has a dude playing the saxophone and just says "Rock"—awesome! These stupid songs about stupid shit that happens in their life got stuck in my brain for all of 2014. All these songs are recorded live at a radio show called "Distort Jersey City." On the A-side of the tape are thirteen rock'nroll classics and on the B-side there is an interview I just skip every time because it makes me feel dumb. NANCY is probably the whitest thing in the world and somehow I love it. Take that as the biggest compliment in the world you NANCY boys! Also thanks for bringing moustaches back to punk!

CIEMO – *Mierda Total* tape (Cintas Alta Intensidaz)
If you want to get angry, I have CIEMO for you. Two of the four members of CISMA started this new band that is high on anger and good tunes. They live in a group of islands close to Africa called "Islas Canarias" (Canary Islands in English). A group of islands that have been part of Spain for the last 500 years. Actually people (Europeans) use to believe that the world ended in Islas Canarias, that that was the last bit of land that existed in the west. From there, on top of its volcanoes, CISMA calls for anarchy, but not for a selfish, personal anarchy, but for a revolutionary call to arms! They just want to start a fire where "the world ended." Inspiring, as expected from Alta Intensidaz and Mr. Teodoro Hernandez. Music wise, these songs are intense and antagonistic, threatening your concepts of musical ignorance. Awesome!

GOOD THROB – *Fuck Off* 12" (Sabermetric / SuperFi / White Denim)
Three really angry ladies and a boy grab instruments and sing about why they are so irritated. Pretty basic, no? But it seems to be somehow "ground-breaking" for the boys club that is punk these days. GT sounds to me like a hardcore version of the APOSTLES, one of my favorite bands. To others it sounds post-punk (???). Their songs are based on scratchy, repetitive, lovely guitar leads over punk bass lines that keep playing the same over and over again while the vocal shouts cut through, creating a complex melody of its own. I love GOOD THROB for what they are: a girl band with great songs. One of the worst, most entitled things someone can say is "I don't see gender." For you poseurs, GOOD THROB wants to make sure you know three things: That they are girls, that they are really angry and that they are sick of you! So you "see no gender"? Does it make you uncomfortable to talk about this stuff? Imagine what it's like feeling gender inequality every fucking day. Fuck Off!

DEMONIOS SALVAJES – *Maqueta* tape (Sangre Azul)
I am biased and confused by this band. The bass player used to play in a hardcore band with me back in Venezuela. But now he got together with three squatter freaks from Barcelona and started an awesome dark hardcore band. I love the label description, that goes something like "DEMONIOS SALVAJES is made out of immigrant punks that volunteer at the door at shows because they have no money to get in," just scummy immigrants trying to get things for free…*get a job*! But DEMONIOS SALVAJES would answer, "Fuck you" to my paternal/yuppie

opinions. As a hypocrite, dirty unemployed immigrant myself, I find that DEMONIOS SALVAJES plays a magnetic kind of hardcore that keeps you hooked, coming back for more, like a fly to shit or dirt to fingernails. Very simple and catchy like the old Finnish bands from the '80s. But let's talk about the vocalist; he is the one who makes this band stand from the other million hardcore bands on the planet. He is so intense and original it makes me forget the terrible name this band has. Me = like.

Close contenders: TERCER MUNDO 12" (Dave van a estar en todas las listas, por eso nos los puse, pero ustedes son la major banda del mundo), SACRIFICIO 7" (Chicos su 7" me llego tarde!), GAS RAG 12" (send me money and I will make you popular), FRAU 7" (I listed you guys last year, please stop making awesome records and let other people have their turn!), LUMPY & THE DUMPERS 12" (Your band is just too famous Mr. Lumpy), SHIT – *Feeding Time* 7" (*WOW*!), DESTRUYE Y HUYE – *Oscura Sociedad* 7" (got it too late!), the two CONEHEADS demos (probably the best releases this year, but got them too late) and XM2 demo (I think this hasn't even come out, but this is *awesome*!)

LET'S EAT SOME GOD-DAMN ICE CREAM
WITH GRACE AMBROSE

1. ***Merci beaucoup.*** A million thanks are due to Alex Simon, our resident French punk correspondent and the guest coordinator of this issue of the magazine. Alex skillfully wrangled dozens of contributors to put together what you're holding—this is his work, we're just the muscle that put it together on the excruciatingly slow *MRR* computers. (In the Bay Area with a computer you wanna unload? Get it touch. Tax-deductible!) I'm particularly enamored with Emma Kohlmann's contribution, Lisa Yuskavage meets Raymond Pettibon, and the painting submitted by her some-time collaborator, Sara Abruña.

I bought a piece of art recently, from Bay Area punk pop provocateur Jess Scott's recent exhibition at Partisan Gallery, a solitary seated skinhead floating in blank space. I love Jess' use of color and I'm glad I get to look it every day until the end of time. My resolution for 2015 is to support more of the things that emerge from insurrectionary minds that *aren't* bands. I'm excited by the art shows springing up in conjunction with fests, demands for limited edition prints instead of limited edition records, Jim Shomo's West Philly rowhome one-night exhibitions, Jason Lee's forthcoming laborious wood-cut zine. Muster as much excitement for the gallery as you do for the pit.

2. ***A Lifestyle Free of Bullshit Poseurs.*** Merm is back in town. She's recording a radio show right now, soundtracking my last minute column-writing with the best from the new bins. She's been around for a couple of days and it's been great, lots of kitchen table reflections on reactionary punks and hardline politics and late night post punk show love advice. We never overlapped at the compound, but it feels like I have known her for a long time. I'm feeling grateful for the strange family you're thrown into when you enter the *Maximum* orbit. It's a fucking weird life we live here and there's nothing better than riffing on it with someone who's also been through the shit. Grateful to each and every one of the shitworkers near and far who suspend disbelief with us long enough to get this shit put together and out the the door every month. Print magazine about punk and hardcore based in 2015 San Francisco should be the punchline of a joke, but instead, somehow, it's reality. Thanks to everyone who makes it that way.

3. ***Drive This 7" Wooden Stake Through My Philadelphia Heart.*** I visited my former home for a week this month, my last chance to get away from professional punk life until we find a suitable replacement for Lydia. (Is that replacement you?!) I missed knowing a place like the back of my hand; I didn't miss the soul-sucking winter temperatures. Long-running house show spot Golden Tea House is no longer; longer-running community space and sometimes show spot LAVA is in precarious financial straits. Consider throwing some money their way, so they can keep the lights on, and the doors open for the members of the community who depend on their library, internet access, and warm(ish) place to sit. (lavazone.org)

Essential sounds will be emerging from that town soon—I'm eagerly awaiting Chondria, featuring the brains behind Batty, Zombie Dogs, Sorrows, Curmudgeon, and more, and the forthcoming sounds from Blank Spell and the genius mind of Cassidy McGinley. I won't be abandoning jean jacket weather any time soon, but I'm already looking forward to my next visit.

4. ***We Are the World.*** I keep joking that *Maximum* is throwing the "punk Live Aid." That's not quite right, but it touches on what we are doing: May 16th we're throwing shows in as many cities all over the world as we can, to benefit and raise awareness for the magazine. As of a few days ago, we've got people signed on to help on every continent. Do you wanna book a gig in your town? Get in touch.

5. ***Ice cream eating motherfucker.*** I dated someone who owned an ice cream company once. It didn't work out. When things ended, someone asked me, "Are you gonna be sad every time you eat ice cream now?" to which I responded, "Who the fuck do you think I am?" I'll be eating ice cream 'til I'm in the grave. In honor of Alex's beautiful rendition of yours truly at the top of this column, I've been playing Delta 5's "Mind Your Own Business" on repeat, tied with Eddy Current Suppression Ring's "Cool Ice Cream" for the title of the two best punk songs ever written to mention the frozen treat.

6. ***This Is For the Outcasts.*** Long live G.L.O.S.S., the band the entire world went nuts for over the past month, and rightfully so. I'm grateful to the Bay Area punk community for the gigs this past weekend—the Friday night benefit for Latinx Punk Fest and Think and Die Thinking Fest was one of my favorite shows in recent memory. Corey and Chelsea (of Pig DNA) are the two sickest drummers in the game—they made me wanna stop at the practice space on the way home and smash some shit out. It was heartening to see a pit full of queers and femmes and I hope we can carry that feeling forward, taking back space at shows that don't set out to make that space for us.

A new trans* hotline has been popping up on my social media feeds over the past few days, and I'll share it here, for anyone who doesn't yet know. Trans Lifeline is a crisis line for trans* people staffed by people who identify as trans*. See translifeline.org for full info and share the information with your comminities.

Fully formed paragraphs return next month. In the meantime, write to grace@maximumrocknroll.com with love notes, hate mail, questions, and concerns.

LYDIA SEZ: I AM THE BOSS
AMEBIX

I'm flying over Reykjavik right now. The temperature outside is -59° C and from my window seat I can see a plump duvet of white clouds covering everything in sight. My mp3 player is out of battery so I have some random classical music station playing from the "in-flight entertainment system" (Hayden's "Finlandia in D" apparently—how fitting) I wish I could see the landscape beneath us. Turbulence is frequent, the air dries up my nostrils and eyes and, even though we are traveling in "a flying Datsun" as by friend Bakalis calls SAS airplanes, at almost 2000 km an hour, none of that has yet deterred me from enjoying air travel. "I'm probably tempting fate," I'm quick to second guess myself, as the seat belt sign flashes on again. How determined we are as humans to go places…

I just left Athens, Greece via København, Denmark, where I spent a night at a quaint and colourful hostel, and will be changing yet another flight from Newark to SF after that. The holidays had been long anticipated and with good reason: it was the first time to go back home after 2.5 years. I realize that's not such a long stretch of time in the grand scheme of things, but sometimes we miss the things we expect least, the things we once ran from.

It's been an exhaustingly fun month, if not only because of the excess late nights, drinking and smoking in bars (Yes, both. Inside. At the same time.) but also thanks to being with my nutty but very loving family again—all five of us together again, ready to hug and weep, as we are ready to bicker and disagree. We excel pretty well at both.

I promise I will write about the Greek situatio at some point, however right now I would be doing everyone a disservice, as my humble opinion would be rather skewed compared to that of an expert—or in the very least someone who hasn't spend the last month under a proverbial rock, indulging in excess and gluttony, a womb of impropriety and shamelessness. Or what I like to call home.

The day after I arrived in Athens, Greece I went to the dentist to get a whopping great bit molar with a root at a 90-degree angle taken out of my mouth—exciting stuff. (It cost about a third of the price compared to such dental work in the US.) Soups and puree were on the menu for me, which was not so bad, as the rest of the time I stuffed my face with whatever food was put in front of me. I drank less coffee than I usually do, which was somewhat due to the fact that Greece has shitty filter coffee and even worse instant. So I cranked up my nerves with Freddo Cappuccinos (one of Greece's finest inventions) and chain-smoked rollies because tobacco is so damn cheap back and I'm a lousy quitter. I triangle-commuted between three completely different parts of town—a bus, a metro, a train; more buses, more walking, another train—feeling like my nomad teenage self again, walking *a lot* despite the freezing cold, stopping to sit in sun patches to smoke, letting the busy patterns of the city whoosh around me like a flock of dirty pigeons; tracing the cracks in the road as I sit red-eyed and drunk on the owl bus, dangling my legs off the overpass bridge, smoking a joint and feeling the planks shake underneath me as the trains rattled through, just below my Chucks, content with the notion that all the possessions I needed in the world at that moment could fit in my pockets. Free to roam, fine to dwell. I closed down the bars I went to (many of them operated by killer bartender friends...) and got away easy with only one major hangover (tip: after four Appletinis and two Espresso Martinis "because your hangover is kicking in," a White Russian is probably a bad idea...) However, I saw some friends I hadn't seen in half a decade or so and caught up with others as if I had only seen them yesterday. Passionate discussions around empty coffee cups about the Greek situation and elbow bending at the bar while measuring up life's greater challenges were the MO.

Some things had drastically changed: my friends now running their own businesses, others with newborn children, friends and relatives developing cancer, a seemingly inexplicable explosion of bakeries and coffee shops. While other things had remained exactly the same: the empty store fronts by my downtown flat, the patchy green view from my parent's house, the constant barrage of propaganda in the media, the calming cycle of lapping waves on an empty beach in winter, the crappy but history-drenched sidewalks and abandoned neo-classical mansions downtown. Things ending and things beginning, a constant reminder of the duality of life and how fucking short it is.

The country *is* in crisis, and it's not the only one, societal depression casting a dark shadow—though some wouldn't want to admit it. Perhaps because then the reality would sink in further, forcing them to take a long, hard look at their lives and make some tough choices. Or perhaps because at this point people are so sick and tired of discussing the fact that there *is* a crisis (and of being the bad, disobedient child in the EU family) they would rather focus on something less passé than self-pity—after all, they're a proud lot, even if prone to making bad decisions from time to time. Like many of those neo-classical buildings laying to waste in downtown Athens: there's an exterior façade scribbled with political slogans for the world to see, but inside nothing but a hollow shell, the foundations crumbling, the beams of support crooked or broken, the last layers of optimism peeling away like old paint.

There were only a couple of days that I actually had to myself and I made sure to spend them as deep in the heart of the city as I could. On one of the nights I stayed downtown—still suffering jetlag that had me napping from 8-11 pm, then feeling wildly awake until 4-5 am—I left the house as the sun was rising above the apartment blocks, and just started walking. Patision, Eksarhia and Monastiraki, resting on benches in Evangelismos, sipping cheap-as-fuck coffee, reading the headlines from newspapers that hung up outside the *periptera* kiosks, old men in Trilbys and women with bags of groceries briefly pausing to look, then shaking their heads in a "bah humbug" sort of way and going about their day. The weather ranged from sun with teeth, to snowy, to grey and rainy to sunny and mild again, so being outside was in itself an intensely enjoyable experience. I listened to what people were saying as I sat on the bus, had the radio on all the time when at home, the soundtrack switching between "Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree" and loud debates about the future of the country. Elections were coming, and I wasn't going to be there to witness whatever surrealism was to surely take place in their wake.

So I spent as much time as I could with friends and family, kept a strict schedule to ensure I would have time for everyone and everything and sucked out of them as much of my old self as I could. My punk neighbour whose balcony is literally a stone's throw away from mine we could practically tightrope across the street into each other's houses for morning coffee and cigarettes, the bakery below my house always smelling of *spanakopita* and fresh bread, occultism and conspiracy talks with my metal friends from a few lifetimes ago, coffee in my neighborhood square waiting an hour-and-a-half (I kid you not) to be seen at the bank for a transaction that took all of two minutes. Beers on a bench overlooking the city up north, spontaneous 4am drives to Piraeus down south and its myriad little piers and wharfs, the land of fish and fairy lights. Treating my jetlag with booze and *Downton Abbey*, slipping in the snow after too much wine with my sisters, seriously shedding a tear after what tasted like the perfect *kalamarakia*. Tickets to shows at big ass venues as a gift versus shows with no ticket at squatted farms in sub-zero degrees, drinking flat beer trying to fathom where pretentious people come from versus dancing in the pit with my friends, pogoing and dancing like here's no tomorrow. I went to an Asteras Exarhion footie match and it was so comforting to freeze my toes off on a Saturday morning, watching a relatively jinxed third league football team run it out for 90 minutes to what is left of their fan-base, most supporters either too busy working, or moved away, or unavailable for political reasons, or dead, or simply ephemeral spectators who've moved on to something else, like extreme knitting.

The *Mountza* zine boys and myself were also invited to talk about *MRR* and the significance of zines in today's digital era, and surprisingly, it went really well. It was hosted by fanzines.gr, a zine archive focusing on Greek zines, and Arxeio 71, a squatted self-run space in Exarhia. I have the whole thing on tape so will soon dedicate a column to that evening, along with notes and afterthoughts.

Talking with people, the one question that came up the most was, "Is it better there?" Trying to pin down what core differences exist, without wanting to allow them to define or suggest one or either as a winner, I constantly remind them that it's useless to compare any two countries, let alone the US to a small village like Greece. In some cases it's about what you want to do with your life, what you want from a place and what you want your role in it to be; what you are willing to compromise and sacrifice and what you end up carrying in your heart no matter where you end up call home.

***

OK, the Greek situation. A lot of you have been asking me what's going on, and seeing as the propaganda machine and the powers that be project, predict and warn about such scenarios as irrational as going back to the drachma, as unrealistic as exiting the Eurozone and as ominous as the whole Euro collapsing as a currency causing the eventual fall of economies as powerful as America, the truth is that these long-term scenarios have already been discussed with furrowed brows behind heavy closed doors. The potential dissolution, or in the very least deep reformation, of the EU's various structural operations and financial "mechanisms of support" seems to be an entertaining idea to some, and perhaps SYRIZA's message of defiance, which some found rash and others brave, might inspire other countries such as Spain, Italy and Portugal, to have a go at a game of "David versus Goliath." It is rather flattering that a country as small as Greece might be the first brick in the wall to fall, but I kinda doubt that is going to be permitted. It'll all have changed to some capacity by the time you read this, so here are some quick basics:

Greece has effectively been ruled by a dual-party system since the end of the military coup-d'état in 1974, ending fourty years of the same two parties/families dominating Parliament—supposedly social democratic PASOK, of the Papandreou family, and unabashedly liberal-conservative New Democracy, or ND for short, of the Karamanlis family. The fact that SYRIZA won in this election points to many things, two of which are the following: one, a segment of PASOK and ND followers were displeased with their party's performance and perhaps switched to a different model, and, two, that another, different segment of PASOK/ND supporters are now absolutely seething that SYRIZA is ahead—even if failing, apparently and predictably.

Since the early 20th century, the Greek left wing has lived in a bubble of dusty delusion and outdated rhetoric, to the point that they've even been criticized for having their heads stuck in the clouds—or in the ground; either way out of touch with reality. This could explain why Tsipras had visions of tearing up all arrangements previously made between the Samaras government and the country's overlords (European Union, International Monetary Fund, European Central Bank, European Financial Stability Facility, the list goes on), dreams of erasing the country's debt as if it were a number on a chalkboard, giving electricity back to households now without it, hiring back fired. The joke arose that ATM machines would be sprouting out socks and cheese-pies instead of money.

The fascist party Golden Dawn rose from a paramilitary group of thugs founded in 1985, to a minority political party of thugs lumped in with "Others" on the results board (their own percent amounting to less that 0,8% of the vote) to gaining a whopping 18/300 seats in parliament in 2012, to getting elected third in the recent January elections—only losing one seat in the process, despite the fact that a number of its members have been accused of—and some charged with—acts of violence, including murder, and irreverent of the supposed rise in "neo-left" voters. Some poisons run deep.

PASOK went from governing party in 2009 (with over 33% of the vote) to only 33 seats in 2012 after ND won, to 13 seats in 2015 (Papandreou Junior in the dunce corner) making it a Papandreou-free parliament for the first time in fucking decades. How the mighty have finally fallen. ND is gaining supporters and assimilating party members left, right and centre, literally. Laughed so hard when Samaras, the ND president and former PM in the previous coalition government, that "we never lied to the people, never stole." Politics: an endless source of entertainment.

Alexis Tsipras, the new PM, is the youngest person to be elected for the job since 1865. His active political background, mullet haircuts and teenage political rally videos seem to have won over the public and it appears a majority of "new" voters aka students went with Tsipras, despite the fact that the previous government tried to prevent exactly this by "cutting off" voter rights to young adults just turned 18, under the pretense that their voting info hadn't yet been process. Either way, victory, bad haircuts and all, Tsipras has been overshadowed by his finance minster. A man whose fashion sense seems to be of more interest to the media than his rather impressive resume—for a politician at least. Also, he looks uncannily like an old boss of mine, which is just weird.

Yanis (one "n") Varoufakis—or, as we've come to call him, Yianis Varoufucker—is an economist and professor, and was often a go-to person for financial analysis on Greek affairs. I remember reading his articles and listening to his eloquent English in videos going back as far as the Greek 1993 elections. In December 2012 he stated that he would never go into politics and would rather be an active commentator and academic. I don't know what or who or how he changed his mind but a lot of people are wishing he would have kept his word and stayed out of it. I will admit, he's an interesting character, at least for recent Greek standards. He declares his theory to be rooted in Marxism (or some reactionary effort to work against it anyway) and even though I'm not an economist neither a Marxist, some of the things he says are not completely untrue: a viscous cycle of austerity doesn't and hasn't worked. This was one of the focal points of the SYRIZA campaign, and, while a lot of people know how the whole elections cycle goes, the fact that SYRIZA chose an economist with no political background to deliver information from what seemed to be his field of expertise, seemed to be…well, rather too rational for Greek politics, which are so prone to comedic absurdity, profound corruption and outright opportunism.

It is not a publicized or perhaps much cared about fact, but over a 33-year period, from 1974 (after the Colonel's dictatorship fell) to 2007 (just before the big financial flop) the percentage of people in Greece who decide *not* to vote has steadily increased. It hovered at a steady-ish 18-19% for three decades or so, then it rose to a quarter of the voting body in 2009, eventually surpassing 26% in 2012. It is no secret that parties will pay to bus and ferry voters out to their villages and islands to cast a vote in their favour, and typical reasons and bullshit government explanations for these numbers representing abstention in the past were things like inability to access the voting station, health reasons, old age, etc. However they wish to frame it, it would still not explain why this year abstention spiked at 35% of the voting population in large cities where voting stations were in abundance. No, unlike what they would have you believe, this doesn't point towards some *apolitique* mass of people. Instead it would indicate that 4,000,000 people feel there is no one suitable to represent them, or they fully deny the whole system at its core. Parliamentary democracy is not for everyone.

What Varoufakis and the government he now represents would actually like to see put into place instead of the current system (as opposed to what *will* actually be put into effect after negotiations are over) is a topic of much debate, and it is the hot potato currently going around the room in the top EU offices. Perhaps the banks were bailed out again this time because the ECB I guess can't afford for them to default, but not the state. That state is still very much in debt. Right now Greece has been given an extension until June, then more negotiations will follow. Like a well-trained politician dog, SYRIZA waged its tail for the big bosses instead of biting the hand that feeds. Whether they have other, hidden cards up their sleeve is yet to be seen, because I doubt the overlords are suddenly going to deliver softer lashes of the whip. Perhaps to some extent this new breed of left truly does believe it can make some kind of change; it's not as if we have a recent history log of how it went down the last time a left-wing party was in power. Opening a metaphorical battlefront with Europe obviously sounds like a financial inconvenience and geopolitically lethal idea (either because it could drag more European countries down with it or because it could shake political tea-tables further beyond the EU border), but to some it also sounds like a "ends justifies the means" sort of nobility crusade. I bet Putin wouldn't mind acquiring a seaside resort like Greece. Lucky for the Greeks, I guess the safety-conscious Americans keep a close eye on the region.

We shouldn't forget that Greece is still pretty much totally broke and, while Tsipras' plans may have seemed like ambitious pipe dreams to some, the fact is that SYRIZA, a left-wing party, is effectively in power now, so EU getting hot under the collar no thanks to negotiation balls-ups and SYRIZA basically declaring they would like to turn Greece and maybe even the whole EU around, it's not too surprising really that Greece is in the spotlight right now. Sure, it was a disappointing surprise that SYRIZA agreed to form a coalition government with Golden Dawn, the fascist party, but really not as surprising as the very fact a left-wing party broke through and was elected into an almost complete majority in the first place.

Everyone has been discussing, if not waiting, for this summersault movement with baited breath; that triumphant "ha ha, told you so!" moment—even though the point proven is a sad and, unfortunately, not entirely unpredictable one. So cynical have voters become they expect no less than disappointment from the people they elect as leaders. I think those who prefer to elect others to govern them deserve the governors they get, Stockholm syndrome and all. So what about those four million who don't partake in this whole thing called voting? Well, we better be working on something of our own, because their system sure sucks.

ENDNOTES:

In the abstractive music corner: I've been listening to Bristol's Antoni Maiovvi LP *Avrokosm* on repeat; minimal, atmospheric house "cosmosis" which could beautifully score a John Carpenter movie, or the weekend e-binge from my dreams. (Not Not Fun Records) Also, on heavy rotation is the Ciudad Lineal LP, from Barcelona, titled *El Nuevo Hombre*; minimal, electronic cold wave with new wave and punk touches and enough pop sensibilities to engrave itself in your brain as something you've been listening to forever. (La Vida Es Un Mus Discos)

And from the red carpet: I watched the Alan Turing movie, *The Imitation Game,* and the WikiLeaks movie, *The Fifth Estate,* and felt oddly inspired by both. Note that I have no allegiance to government agencies, but getting inside information on Bletchley Park from my grandfather who was a decoder there during the war against the Germans, did give me a different insight into things. *Birdman* I found underwhelming, *Blue Jasmine* is only worth it for Cate Blanchett, and *Grand Budapest Hotel* was fun and classically Wes Anderson.

Meanwhile, back in Malaka Land: …it's almost Easter, which means 40 days of fasting is almost over, which means Clean Monday with its delicious food and weird kite-flying tradition is also over; which means the Carnival weekend of excess drinking and drug use has been and gone (bad techno music and whistles included), which means so has *Tsikopembti,* the Thursday before Carnival starts, when people indulge in too much grilled meat and wine, streamers and confetti. Wacky Greeks, but hey, the food is always delicious!

Dream Baby, Dream: I am hella stoked (to use a local phrase) to be going to NYC for four days in early March, for a Suicide show (yes, *the* Suicide). I have no idea what it's going to be like, but I'm prepared to be blow away by whatever they decide to expel that evening. Whatever the result, I'm sure it will suit me just fine. I'll report back on it next month!

Pisces rule: I want to wish a very happy birthday to my sisters Danae and Chloe, and to Mariam and Danny, Diana and Emma!

Yeah!: This issue would not have been possible without Mr. Alex! Thank you! Also, MRR Worldwide Shows, May 16 2015. Get in touch!

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IN ORDER* OF APPEARANCE:

• JIM SHONO - SARA ABRUÑA - REUBEN STOREY - TEODORO HERNANDEZ - TARA BURSEY - ABRAHAM DIAZ - PAYTON LOWER - DIANE MALATESTA - ANDREW SCULLY - BEN FORDREE - JUARMA LOPEZ - J·M BERTOYAS - SHIVA ADDANKI - EUGENE TERRY - GRIMOIRE - EMMA KOHLMANN - JACK HAYDEN - HECTOR SUDOR - CHICO FÉLIX - IVAN BRUN - ROBIN WIBERG - ANNA VO - ALEXANDER HEIR - CRAOMAN - CHRISTOPHER NHDIYSTREC - ANNA HAIFISCH - LUCA RETRAITE - MAREN KARLSON - SUZY X - MATT CRABE - JEFFREY MAHANNAH - FREAK CITY - HEATHER BENJAMIN - DUSTIN MCCHESNEY - JULIEN DUPONT - LAURA PALLMALL - RUBEN DAHLSTRAND - NATHAN WARD - MAR ESTREMA - SAPIENS - MENGZHU FU - KARISSA SAKUMOTO - PYOTR MULINOV - JYRKI NISSINEN - LUIZ BERGER - LUIZ GUSTAVO VARGAS - YECATL PEÑA - ZOE BURKE - ANNIE MOK - MARISSA PATERNOSTER - EMMA MAATMAN - RUDY LOEWE -

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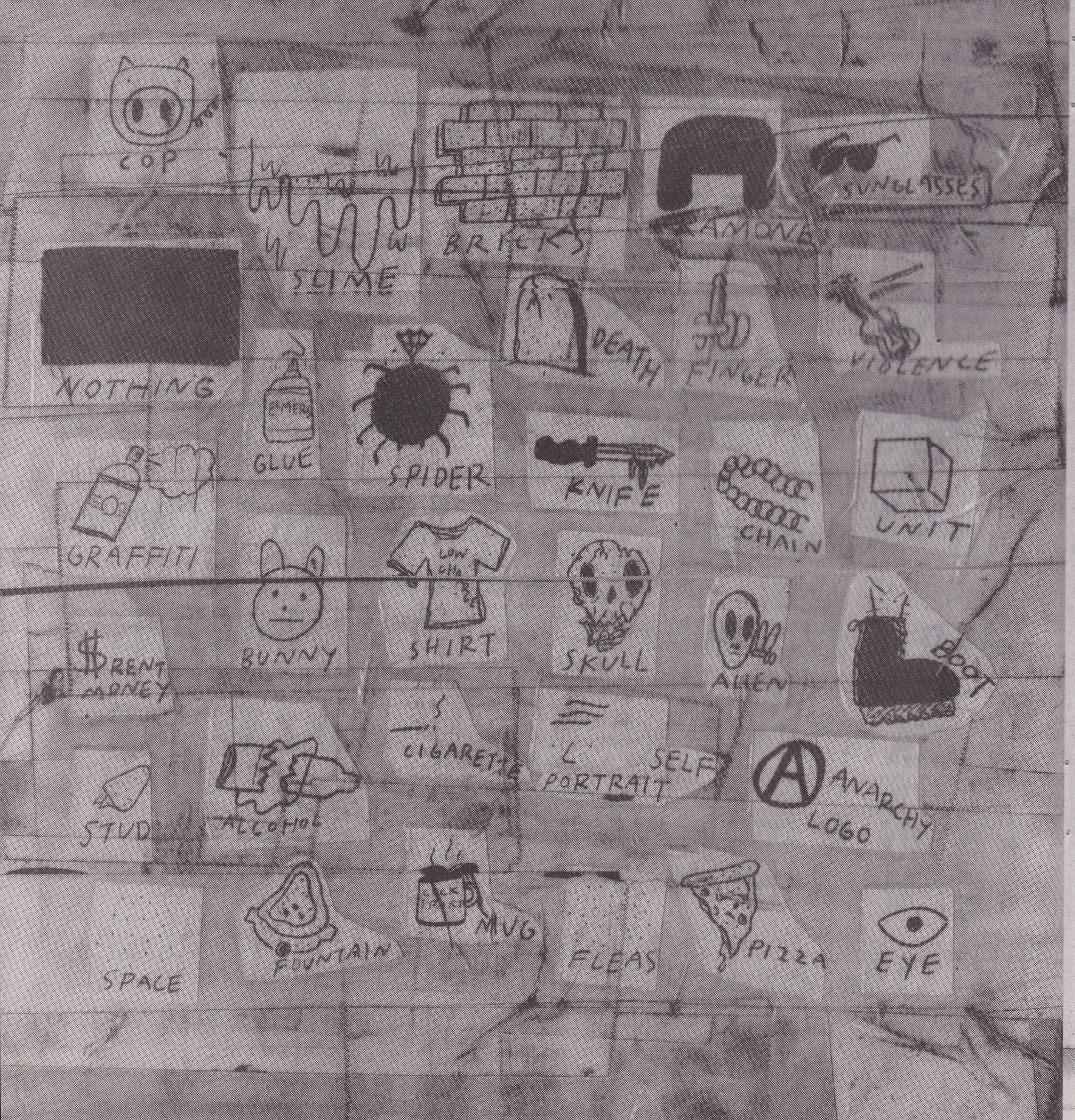
*= NOT PUNK

things I thought to draw for maximum rock and roll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BUNNY
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CIGARETTE
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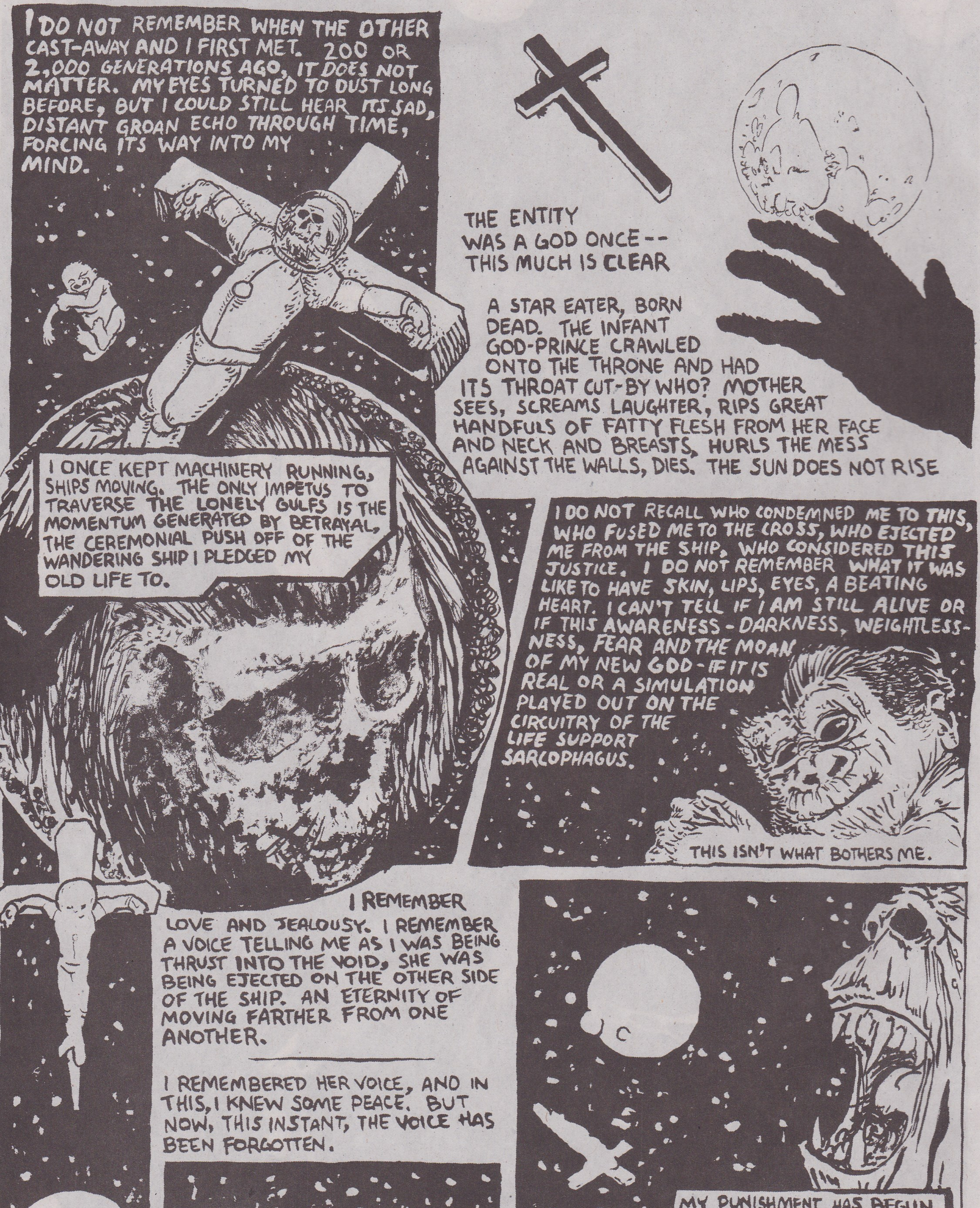
I DO NOT REMEMBER WHEN THE OTHER CAST-AWAY AND I FIRST MET. 200 OR 2,000 GENERATIONS AGO, IT DOES NOT MATTER. MY EYES TURNED TO DUST LONG BEFORE, BUT I COULD STILL HEAR ITS SAD, DISTANT GROAN ECHO THROUGH TIME, FORCING ITS WAY INTO MY MIND.
THE ENTITY WAS A GOD ONCE-- THIS MUCH IS CLEAR
A STAR EATER, BORN DEAD. THE INFANT GOD-PRINCE CRAWLED ONTO THE THRONE AND HAD ITS THROAT CUT-BY WHO? MOTHER SEES, SCREAMS LAUGHTER, RIPS GREAT HANDFULS OF FATTY FLESH FROM HER FACE AND NECK AND BREASTS, HURLS THE MESS AGAINST THE WALLS, DIES. THE SUN DOES NOT RISE
I ONCE KEPT MACHINERY RUNNING, SHIPS MOVING. THE ONLY IMPETUS TO TRAVERSE THE LONELY GULFS IS THE MOMENTUM GENERATED BY BETRAYAL, THE CEREMONIAL PUSH OFF OF THE WANDERING SHIP I PLEDGED MY OLD LIFE TO.
I DO NOT RECALL WHO CONDEMNED ME TO THIS, WHO FUSED ME TO THE CROSS, WHO EJECTED ME FROM THE SHIP, WHO CONSIDERED THIS JUSTICE. I DO NOT REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO HAVE SKIN, LIPS, EYES, A BEATING HEART. I CAN'T TELL IF I AM STILL ALIVE OR IF THIS AWARENESS - DARKNESS, WEIGHTLESSNESS, FEAR AND THE MOAN OF MY NEW GOD - IF IT IS REAL OR A SIMULATION PLAYED OUT ON THE CIRCUITRY OF THE LIFE SUPPORT SARCOPHAGUS.
THIS ISN'T WHAT BOTHERS ME.
I REMEMBER LOVE AND JEALOUSY. I REMEMBER A VOICE TELLING ME AS I WAS BEING THRUST INTO THE VOID, SHE WAS BEING EJECTED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHIP. AN ETERNITY OF MOVING FARTHER FROM ONE ANOTHER.
I REMEMBERED HER VOICE, AND IN THIS, I KNEW SOME PEACE. BUT NOW, THIS INSTANT, THE VOICE HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN.
MY PUNISHMENT HAS BEGUN.

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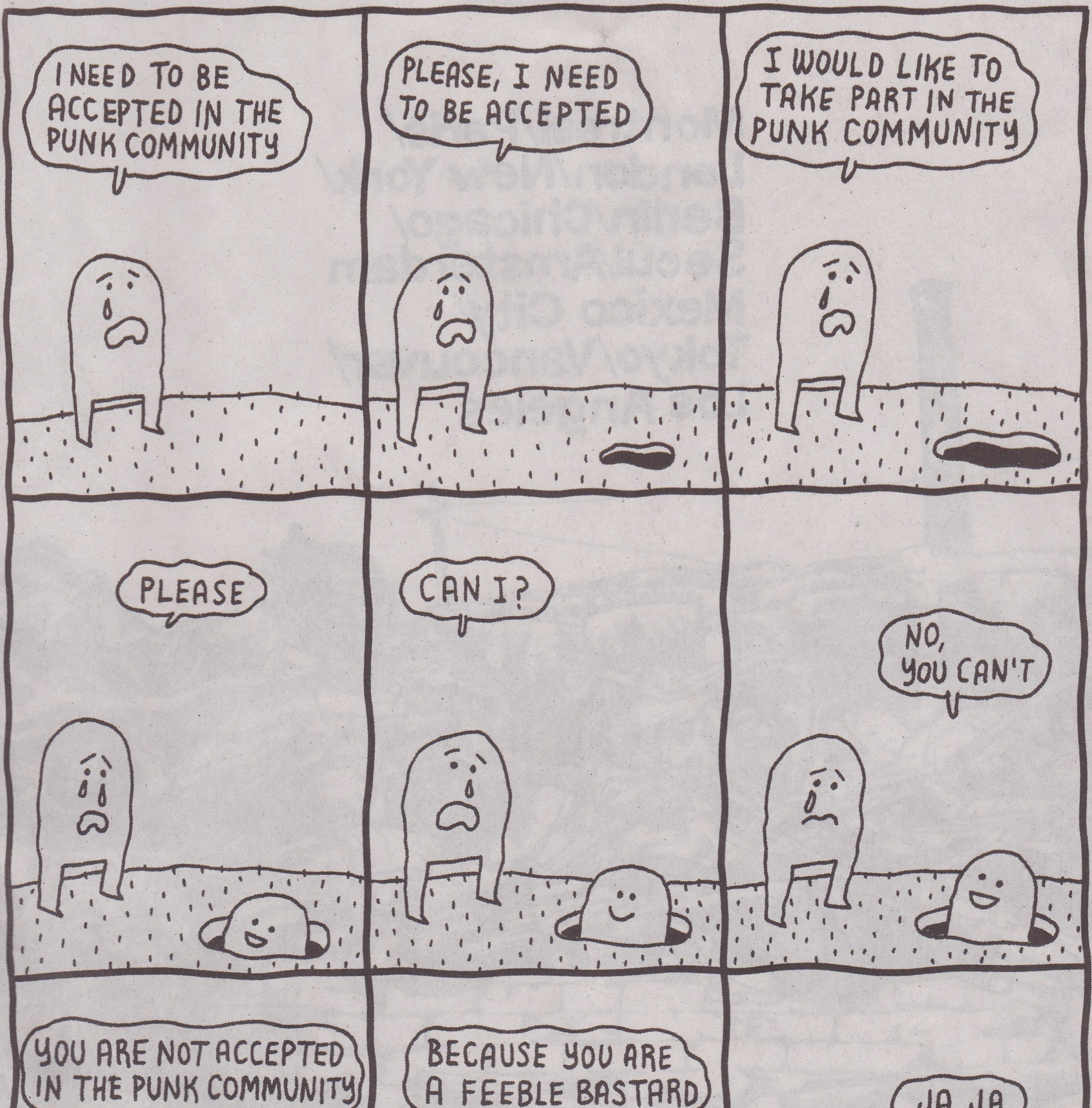
I NEED TO BE ACCEPTED IN THE PUNK COMMUNITY
PLEASE, I NEED TO BE ACCEPTED
I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE PART IN THE PUNK COMMUNITY
PLEASE
CAN I?
NO, YOU CAN'T
YOU ARE NOT ACCEPTED IN THE PUNK COMMUNITY
BECAUSE YOU ARE A FEEBLE BASTARD
JA JA
FIM

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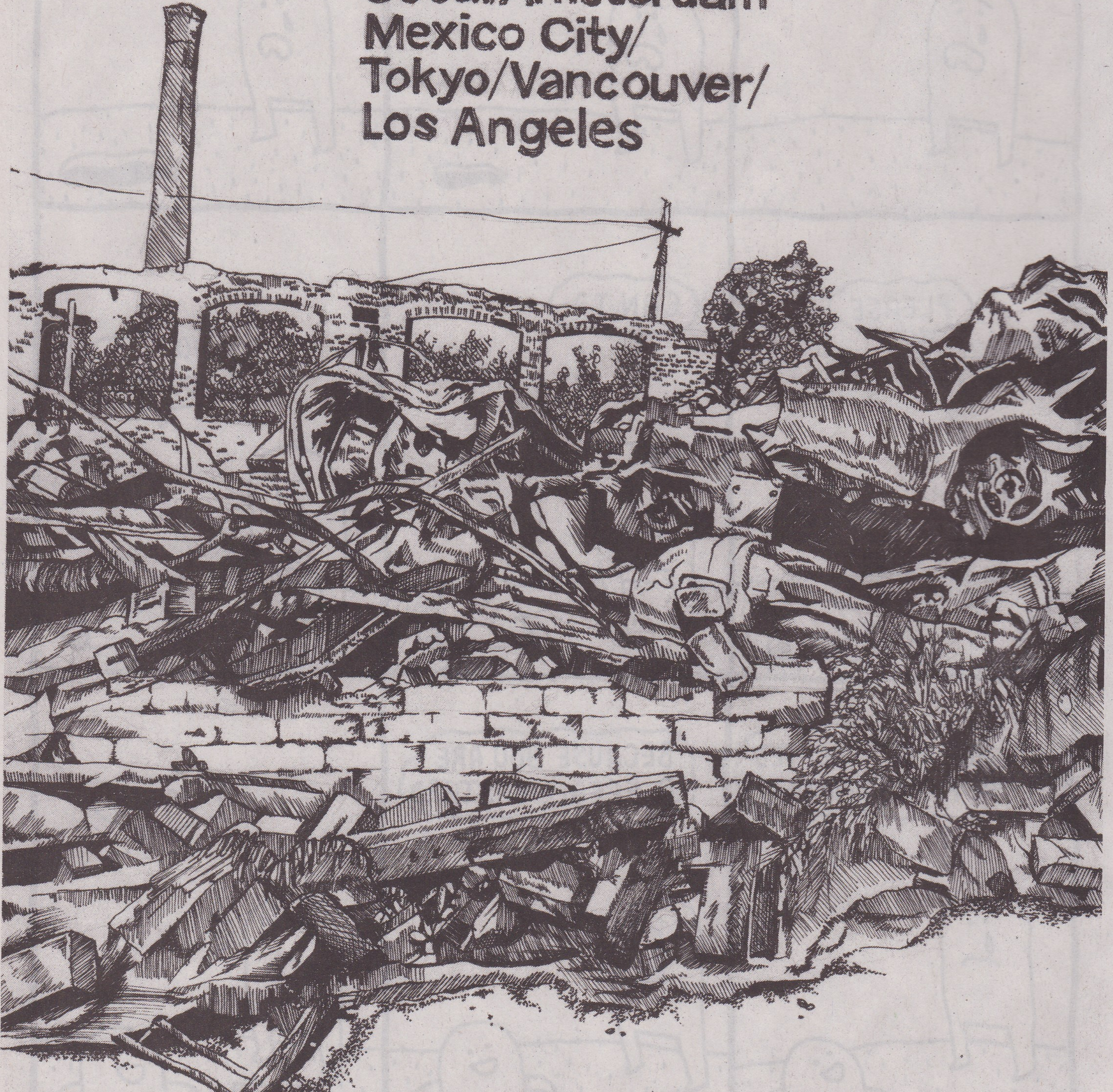
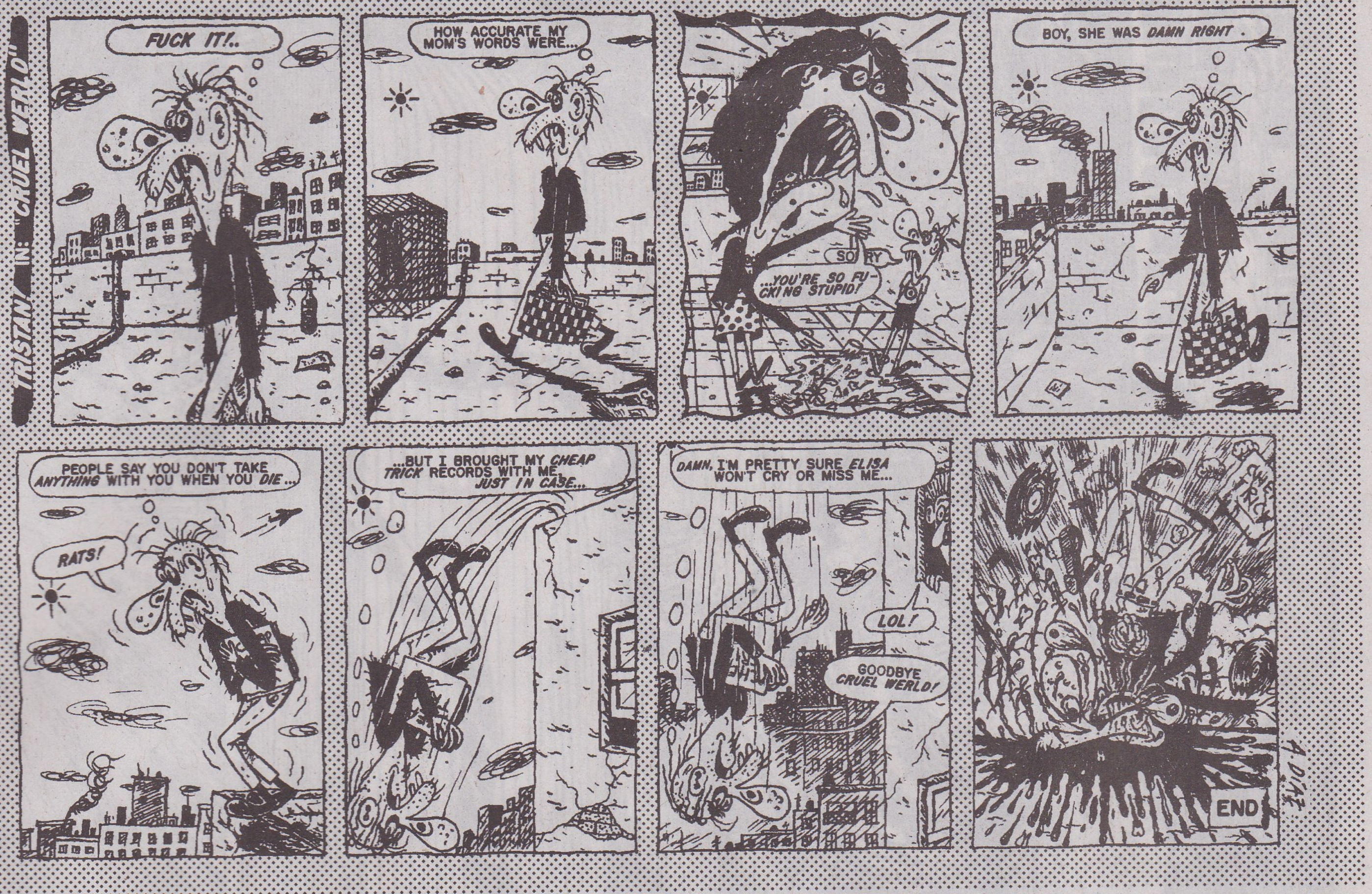
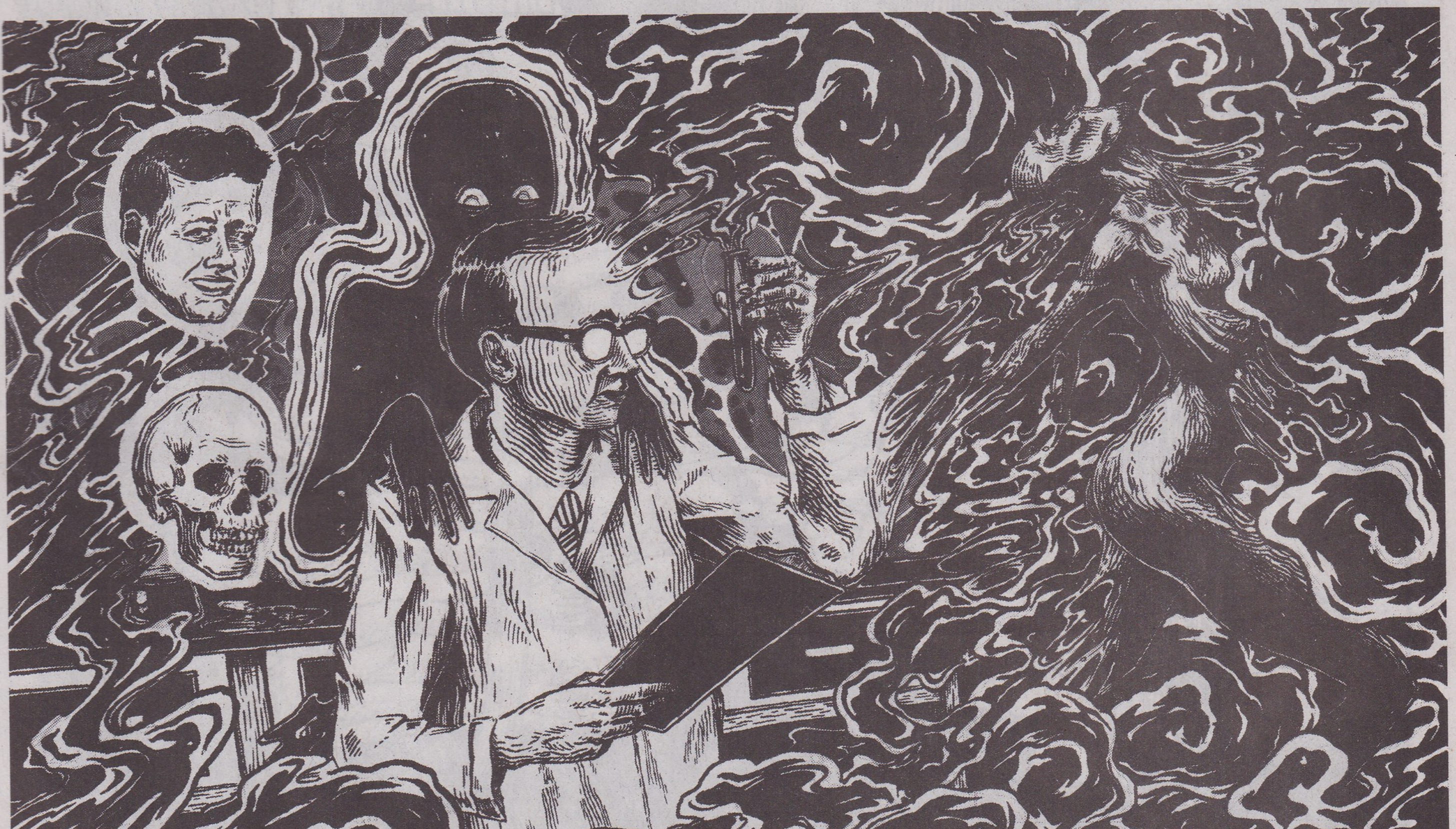
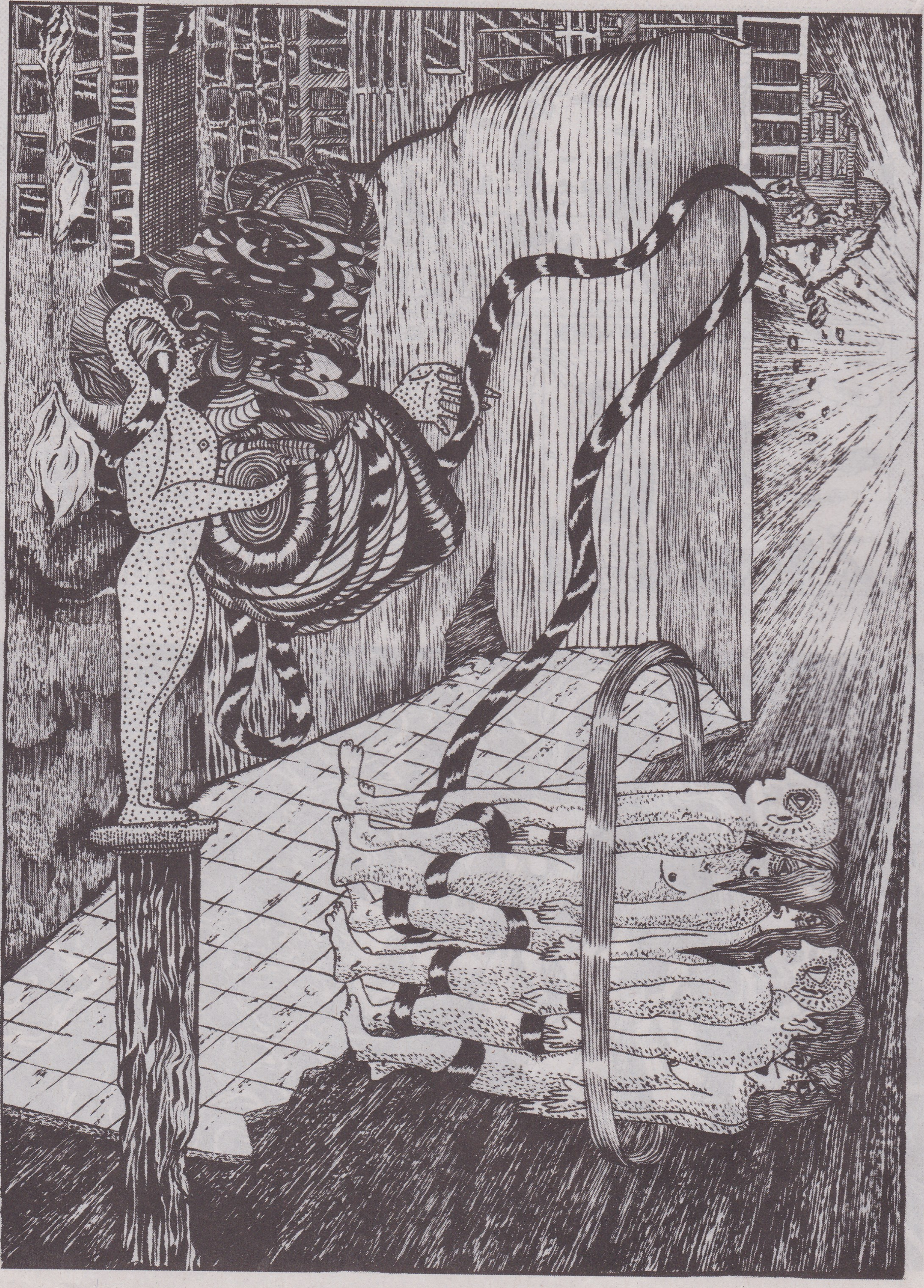
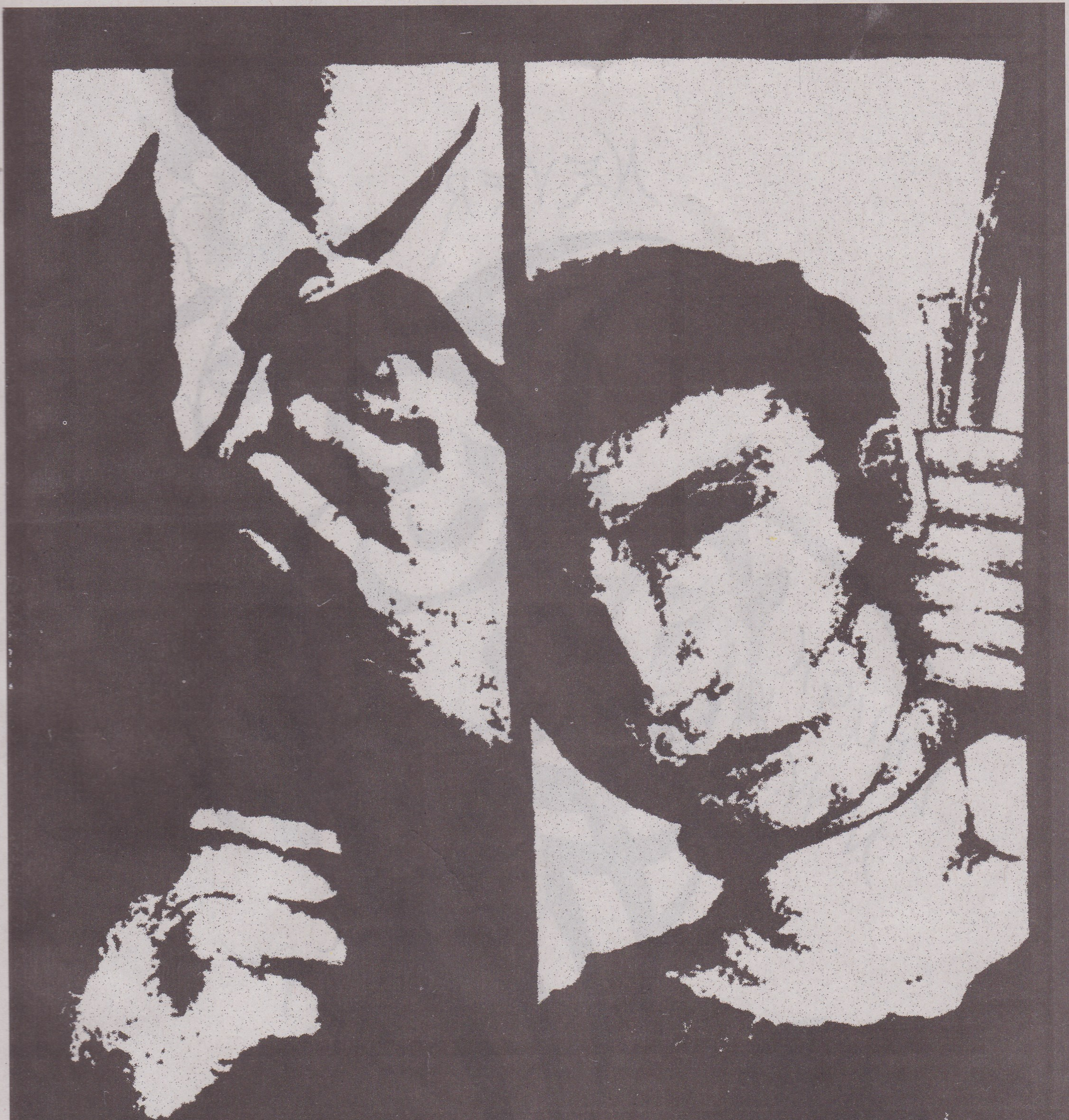



TRISTAN! IN: "CRUEL WERLD"
FUCK IT!..
HOW ACCURATE MY MOM'S WORDS WERE...
SORRY
...YOU'RE SO FUCKING STUPID!
BOY, SHE WAS *DAMN RIGHT* .
PEOPLE SAY YOU DON'T TAKE *ANYTHING* WITH YOU WHEN YOU *DIE*...
RATS!
...BUT I BROUGHT MY *CHEAP TRICK* RECORDS WITH ME, *JUST IN CASE*...
DAMN, I'M PRETTY SURE *ELISA* WON'T CRY OR MISS ME...
LOL!
GOODBYE *CRUEL WERLD!*
TRICK
END
A. DIAZ

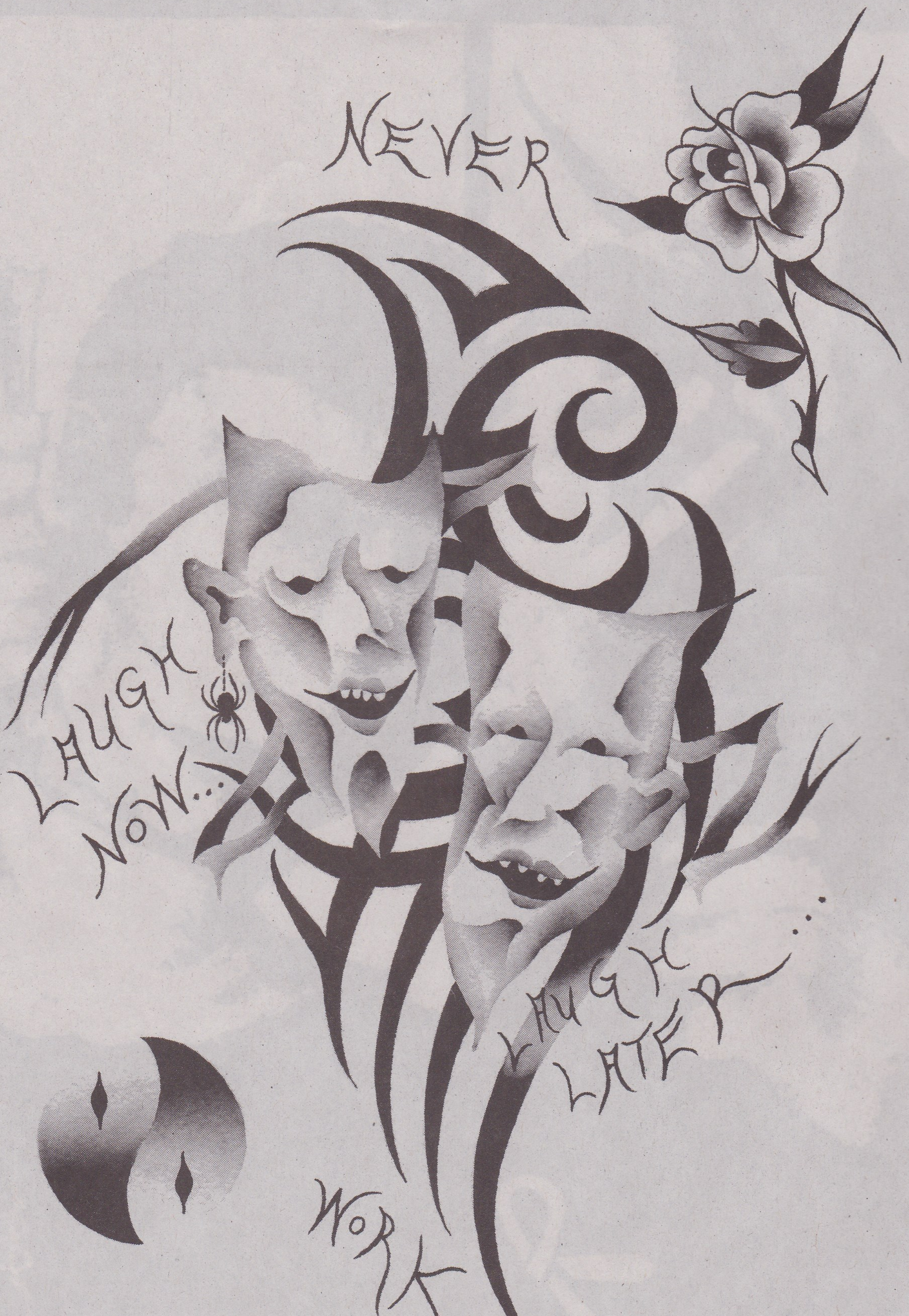






AS YOU FIT YOUR TIE... YOU ONLY TIGHTEN THE NOOSE AROUND YOUR NECK

ANDREW SCULLY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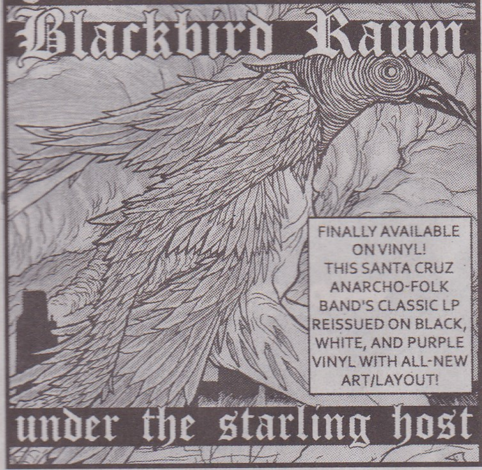
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"Blood is the New Black" 12"

LOST TRIBE
"Solace" LP

SIERPIEN
"Zawsze Nasze" LP

POPULATION
"Beyond the Pale" LP

SHADOWHOUSE
"Hand In Hand" LP

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Bad Penny
FATE VS FREE WILLY
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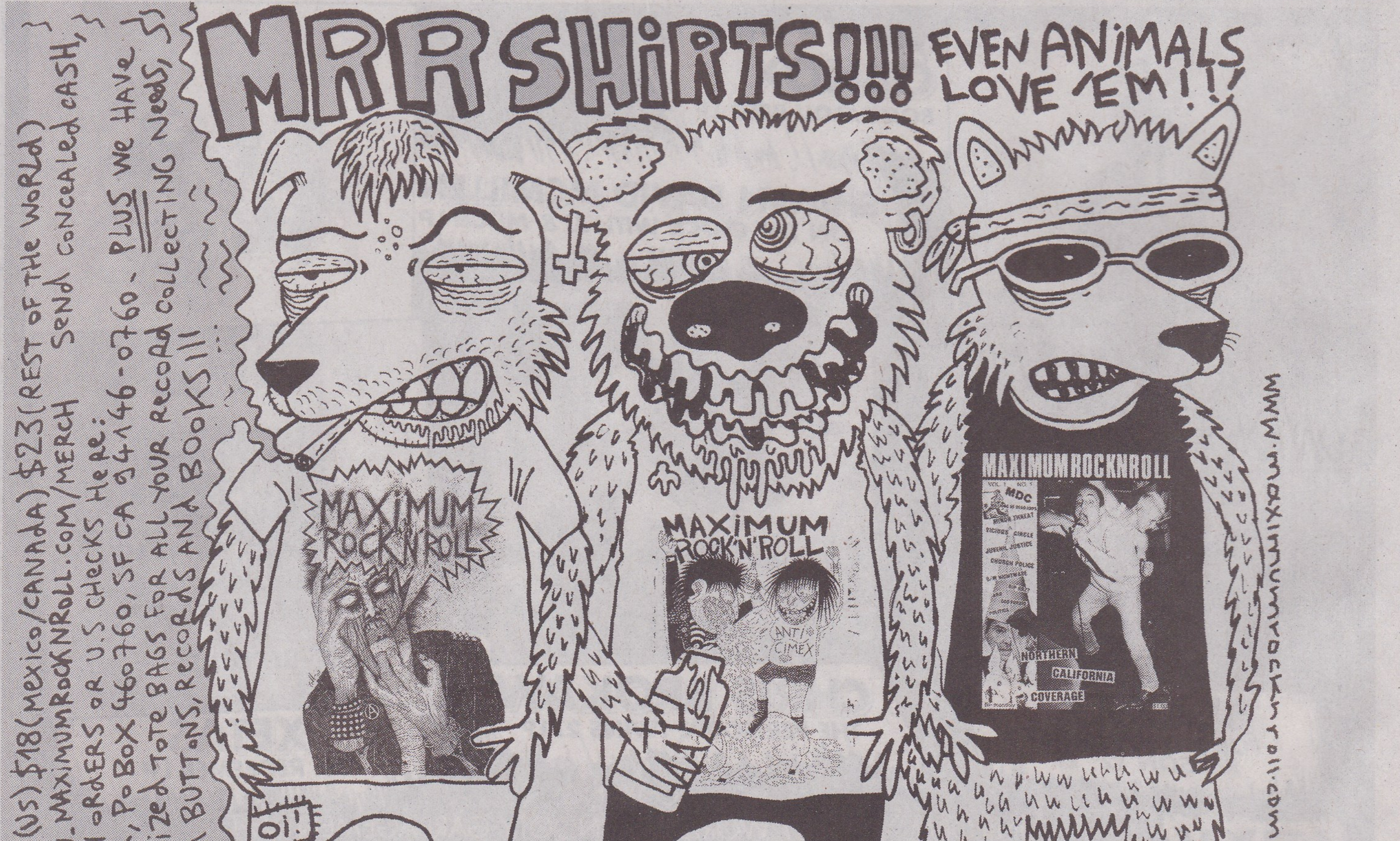

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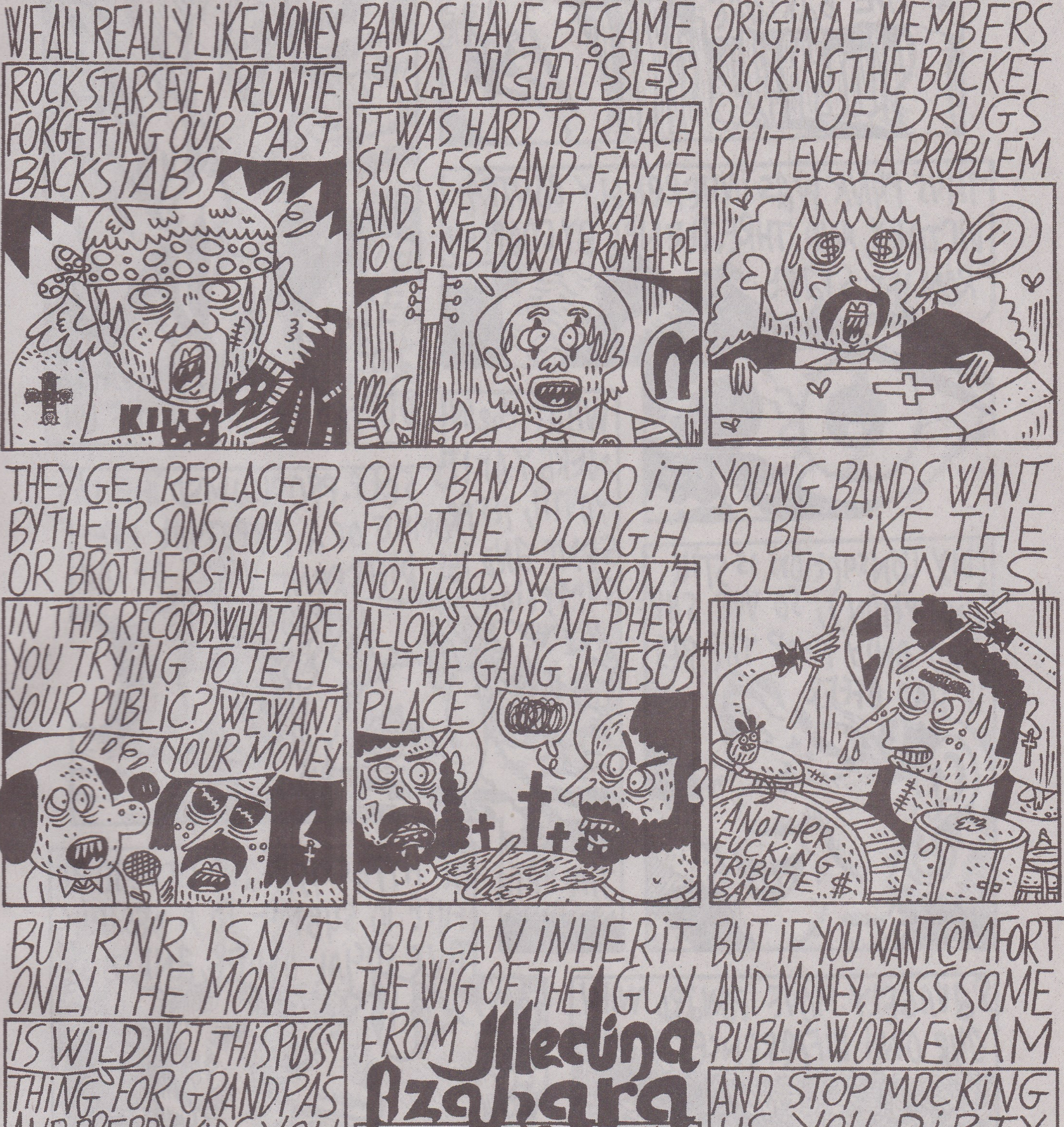
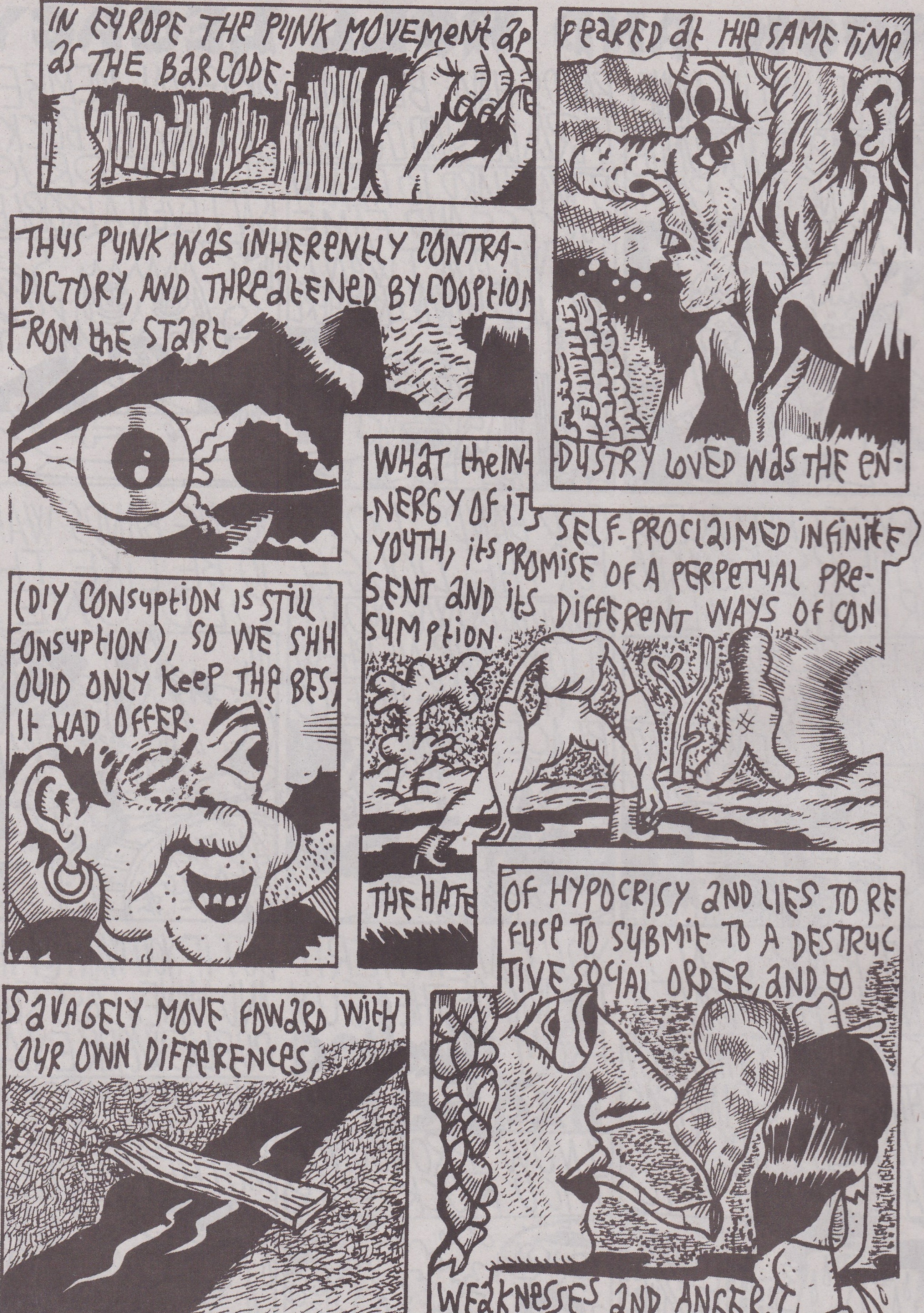
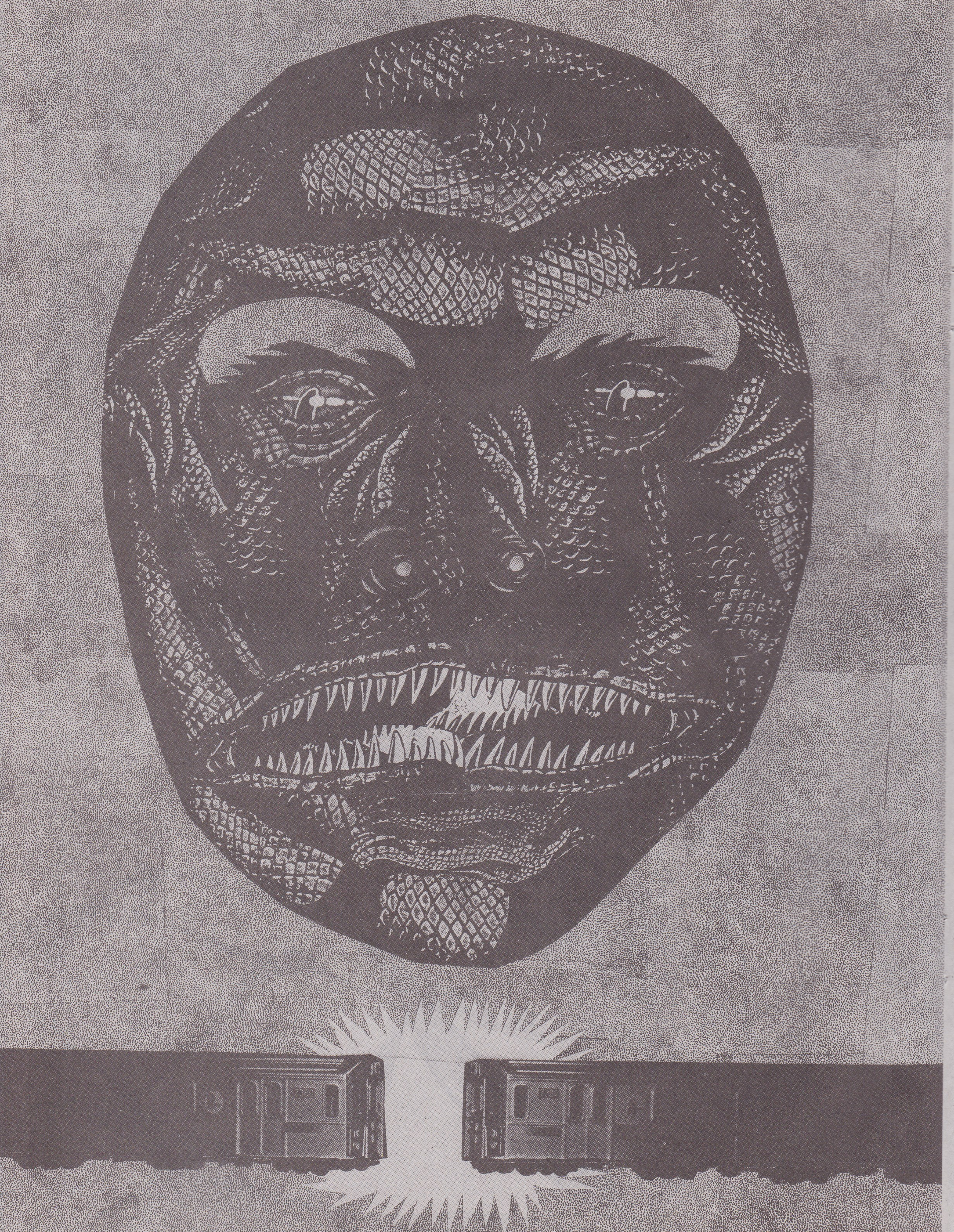
ROCK AND ROLL LEGACY

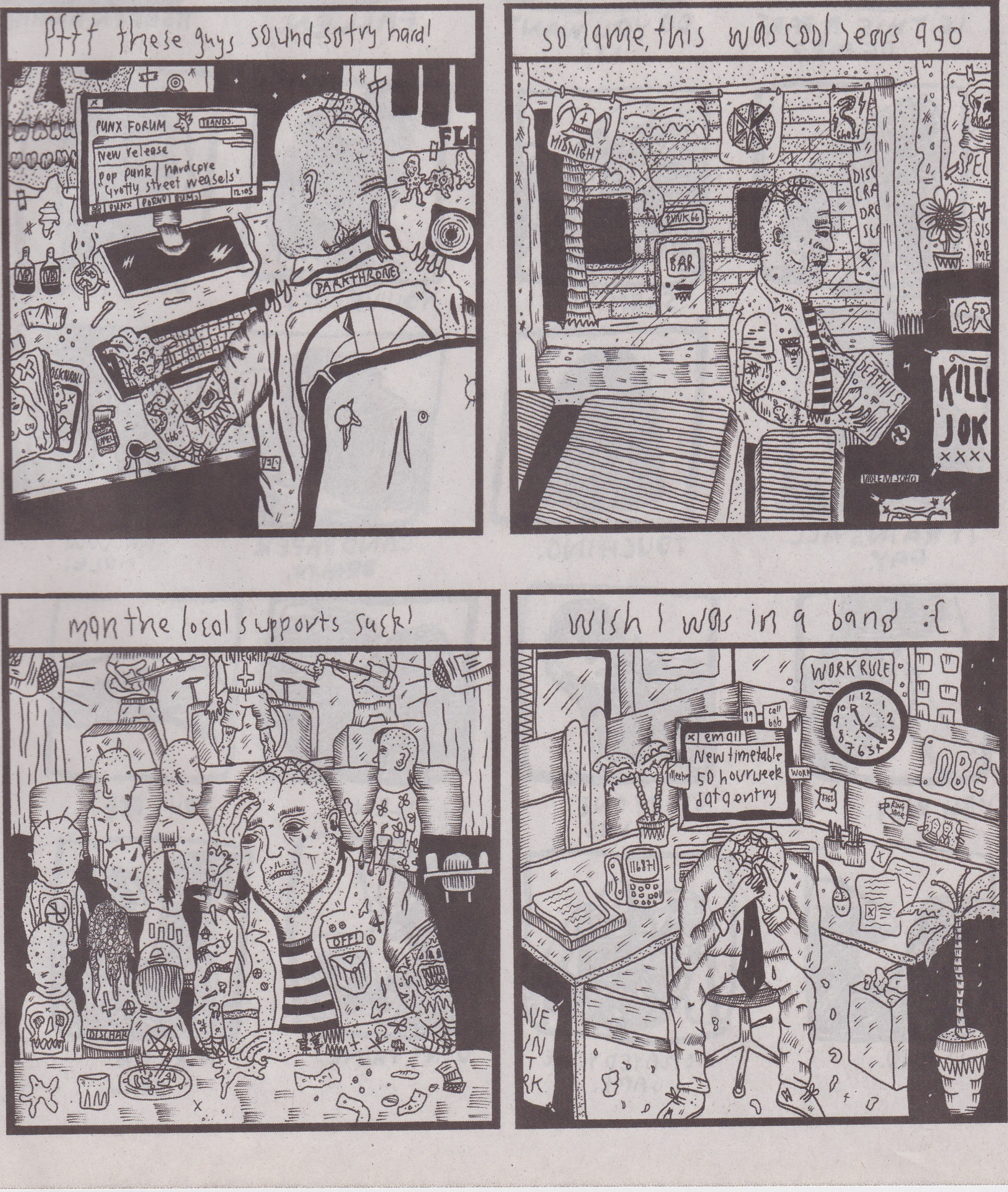

WE ALL REALLY LIKE MONEY
ROCK STARS EVEN REUNITE FORGETTING OUR PAST BACKSTABS
KILL
BANDS HAVE BECAME FRANCHISES
IT WAS HARD TO REACH SUCCESS AND FAME AND WE DON'T WANT TO CLIMB DOWN FROM HERE
M
ORIGINAL MEMBERS KICKING THE BUCKET OUT OF DRUGS ISN'T EVEN A PROBLEM
THEY GET REPLACED BY THEIR SONS, COUSINS, OR BROTHERS-IN-LAW
IN THIS RECORD, WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL YOUR PUBLIC?
WE WANT YOUR MONEY
OLD BANDS DO IT FOR THE DOUGH
NO, Judas
WE WON'T ALLOW YOUR NEPHEW IN THE GANG IN JESUS' PLACE
YOUNG BANDS WANT TO BE LIKE THE OLD ONES
ANOTHER FUCKING TRIBUTE BAND $
BUT R'N'R ISN'T ONLY THE MONEY
IS WILD NOT THIS PUSSY THING FOR GRANDPAS AND PREPPY KIDS YOU HAVE TURN IT INTO
YOU CAN INHERIT THE WIG OF THE GUY FROM Medina Azahara
I NOW PRONOUNCE THOU ROCK STAR
BUT IF YOU WANT COMFORT AND MONEY, PASS SOME PUBLIC WORK EXAM
AND STOP MOCKING US YOU DIRTY MOTHERFUCKERS
♡Juarma

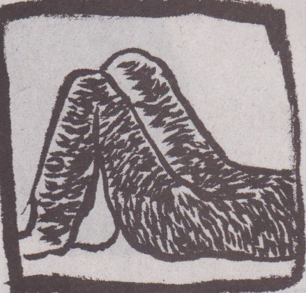

IN EUROPE THE PUNK MOVEMENT AP
PEARED AT THE SAME TIME
AS THE BARCODE-
THUS PUNK WAS INHERENTLY CONTRADICTORY, AND THREATENED BY COOPTION FROM THE START.
WHAT THE IN-
DUSTRY LOVED WAS THE EN-
-NERGY OF ITS
SELF-PROCLAIMED INFINITE
YOUTH, ITS PROMISE OF A PERPETUAL PRESENT AND ITS DIFFERENT WAYS OF CONSUMPTION.
(DIY CONSUPTION IS STILL CONSUPTION), SO WE SHHOULD ONLY KEEP THE BEST IT HAD OFFER.
THE HATE
OF HYPOCRISY AND LIES. TO REFUSE TO SUBMIT TO A DESTRUCTIVE SOCIAL ORDER AND TO
SAVAGELY MOVE FOWARD WITH OUR OWN DIFFERENCES,
WEAKNESSES AND ANGER!!
JMb

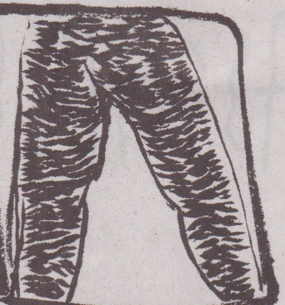


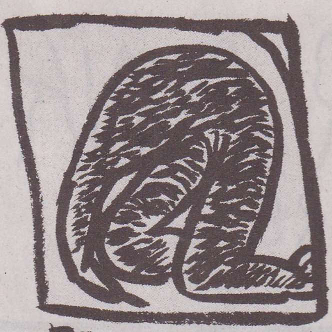
BITTER PUNK ASSHOLE

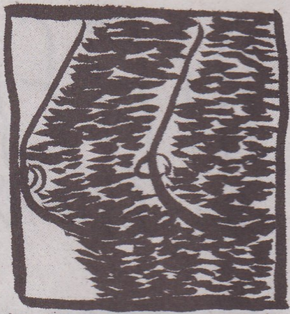
BY GRIMOIRE.

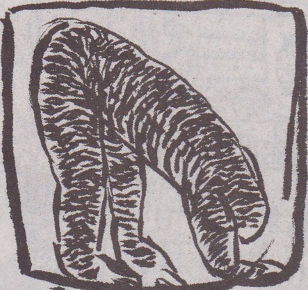

Pfft these guys sound so try hard!
PUNX FORUM
BANDS
New release
Pop punk | hardcore
"Grotty street weasels"
PUNX | PORNO | BUMS
12:05
DARKTHRONE
666
so lame, this was cool years ago
MIDNIGHT
PUNK66
BAR
DEATH IS
KILL
JOK
man the local supports suck!
DISCHARGE
OFF!
wish I was in a band :(
WORK RULE
email
New timetable
50 hour week
data entry
call bob
OBEY
116871

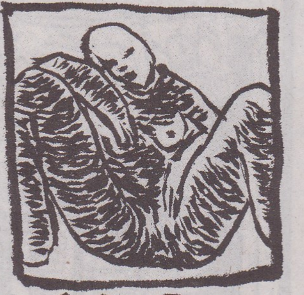

IS THIS A PART
OF ME?

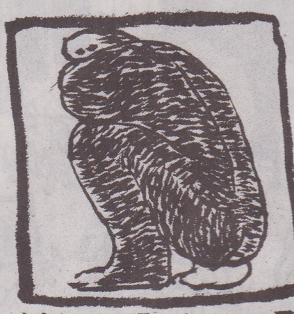

DO YOU WANT
IT?

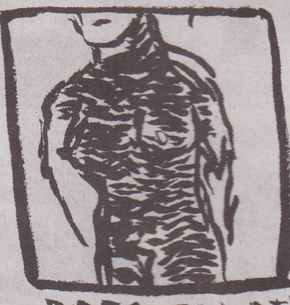

FALLEN.

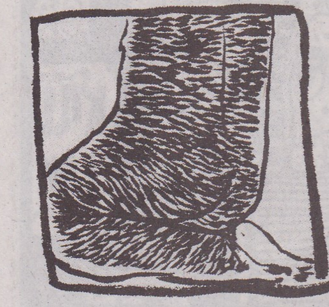

ITS BEEN AWHILE

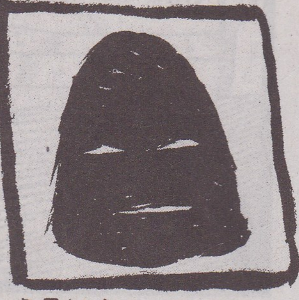

TURN ON.

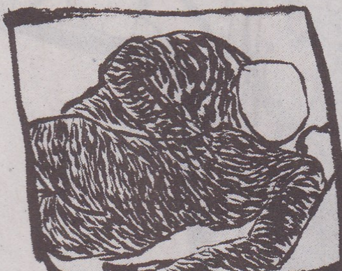

SUBMIT.

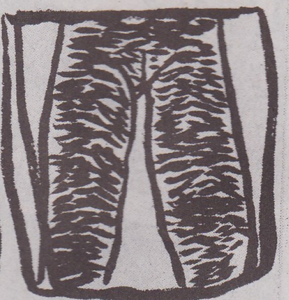

YOU'VE LOST IT.

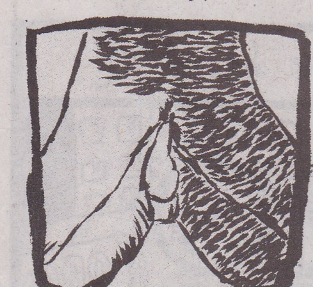

DOES IT HURT?

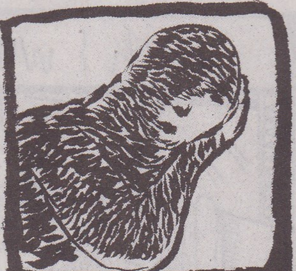

IT RAINS ALL
DAY.

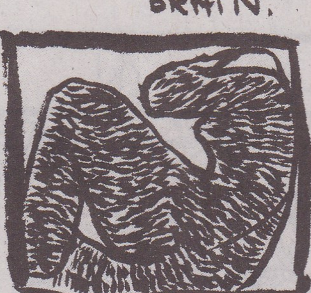

TOUCHING.

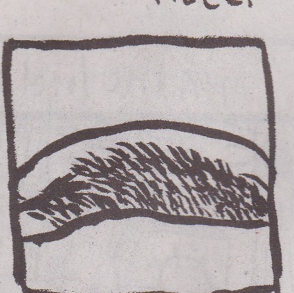

SANDPAPER
BRAIN.

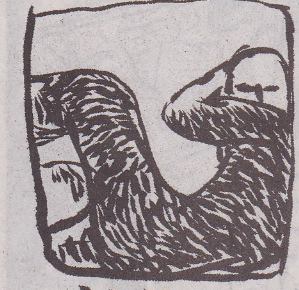

HALLOW
HOLE.

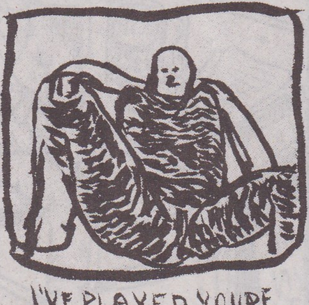

YOU WIN.

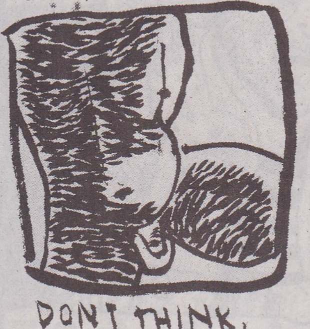

EVERYONE
TALKS.

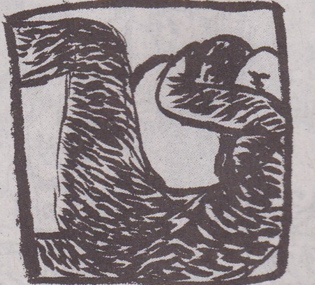

SILENT.

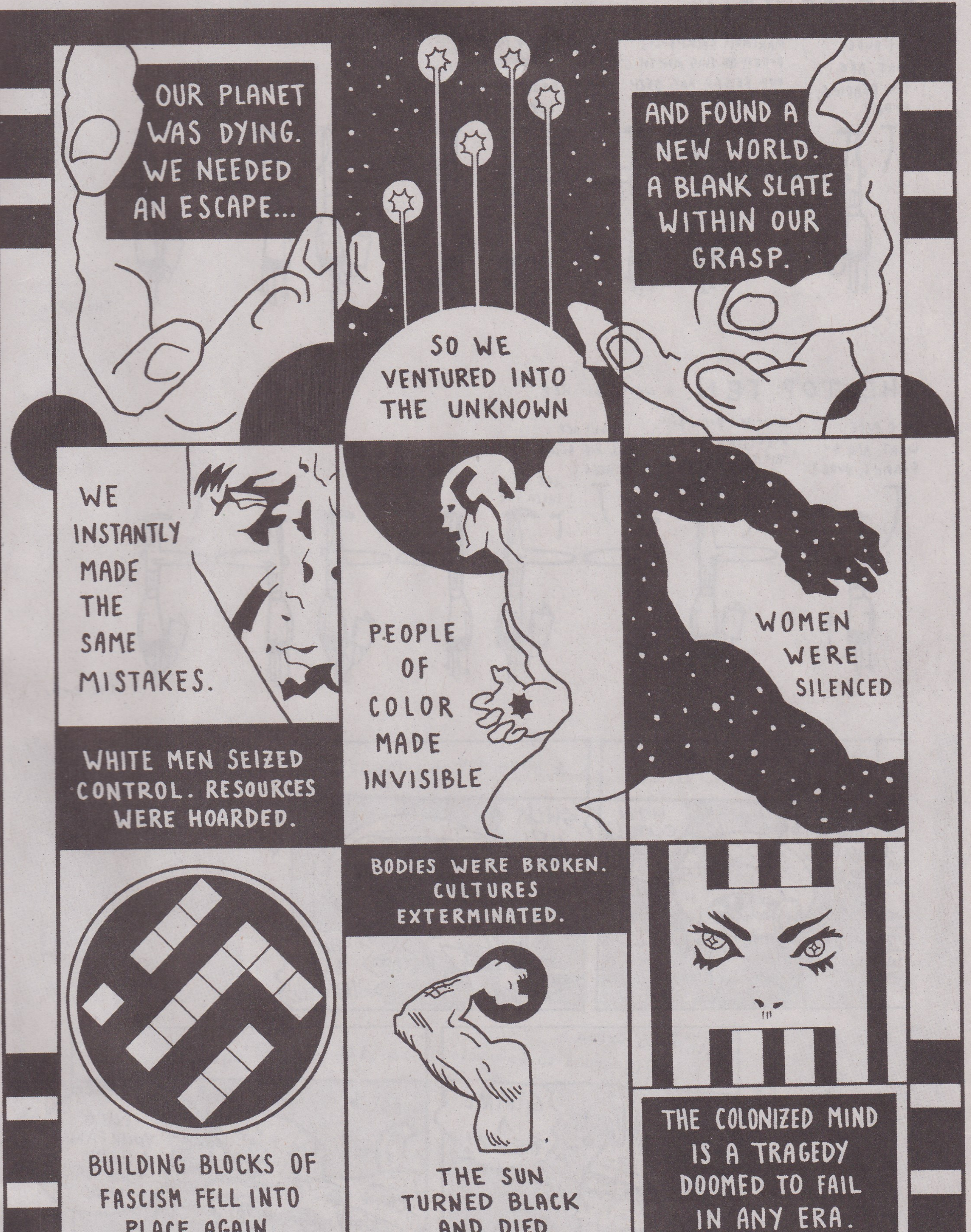

YOU LOSE.


IT DIED.

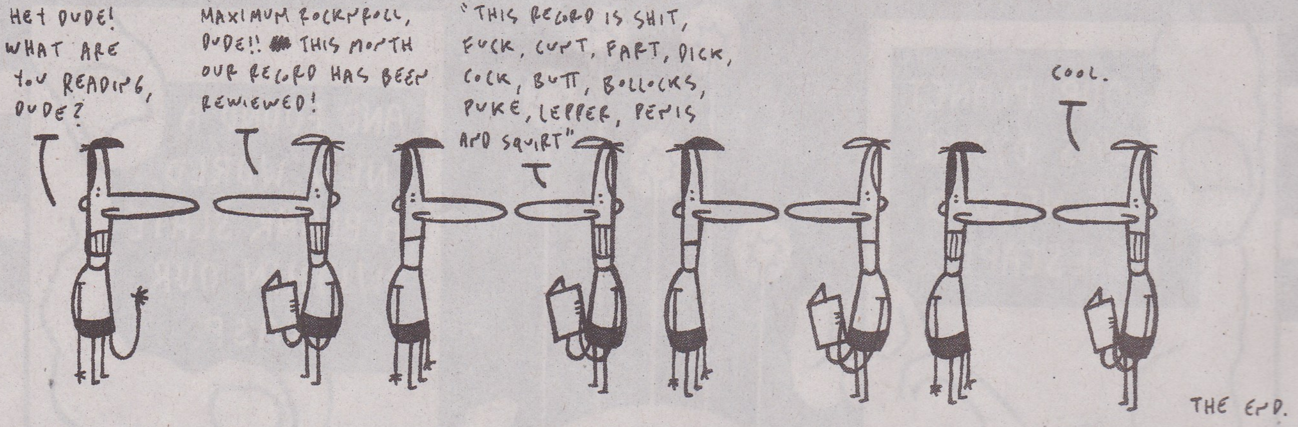

I'VE PLAYED YOURE
GAME.


DONT THINK.

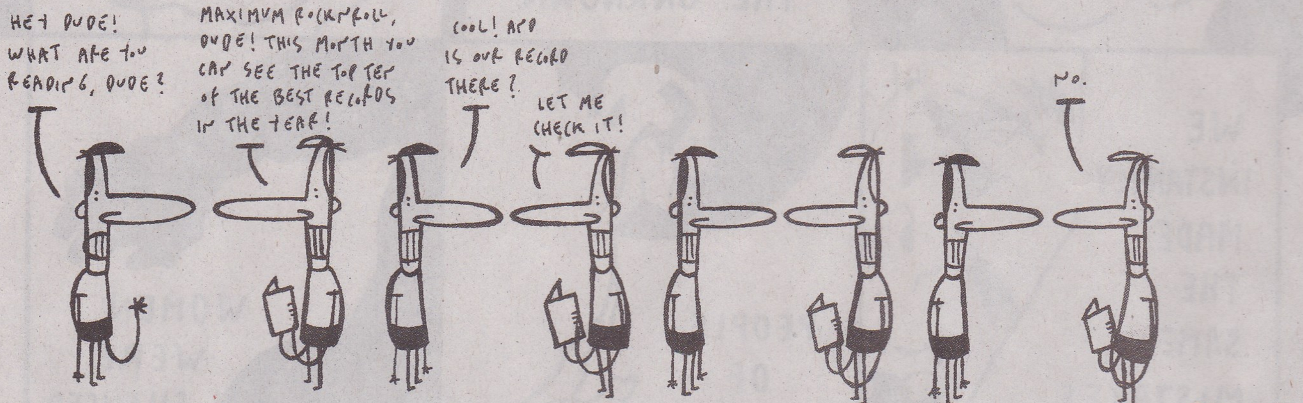

DARKEN
SOUL.

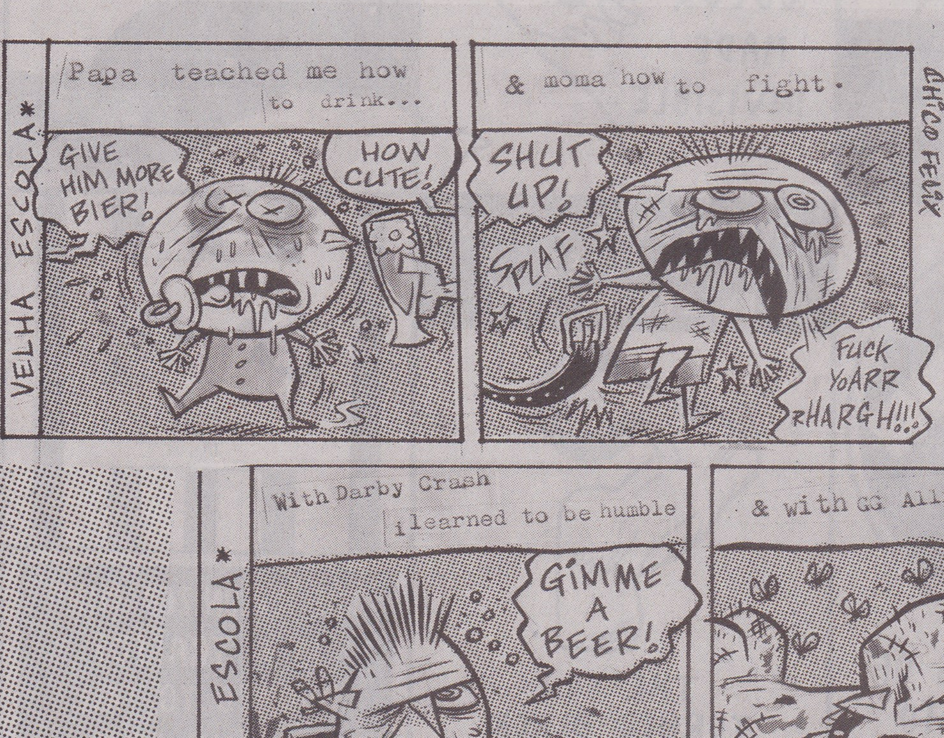

OUR PLANET WAS DYING. WE NEEDED AN ESCAPE...
SO WE VENTURED INTO THE UNKNOWN
AND FOUND A NEW WORLD. A BLANK SLATE WITHIN OUR GRASP.
WE INSTANTLY MADE THE SAME MISTAKES.
WHITE MEN SEIZED CONTROL. RESOURCES WERE HOARDED.
PEOPLE OF COLOR MADE INVISIBLE
WOMEN WERE SILENCED
BUILDING BLOCKS OF FASCISM FELL INTO PLACE AGAIN.
BODIES WERE BROKEN. CULTURES EXTERMINATED.
THE SUN TURNED BLACK AND DIED.
THE COLONIZED MIND IS A TRAGEDY DOOMED TO FAIL IN ANY ERA.
JWH 2015

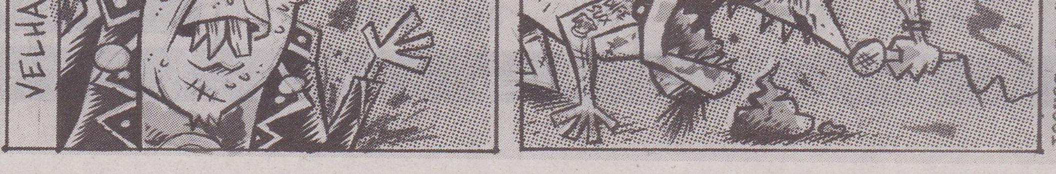
THE REVIEW! BY HEZ.


HEY DUDE! WHAT ARE YOU READING, DUDE?
MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL, DUDE!! THIS MONTH OUR RECORD HAS BEEN REWIEWED!
"THIS RECORD IS SHIT, FUCK, CUNT, FART, DICK, COCK, BUTT, BOLLOCKS, PUKE, LEPPER, PENIS AND SQUIRT"
COOL.
THE END.

THE TOP TEN. A COMIC BY HEZ.


HEY DUDE! WHAT ARE YOU READING, DUDE?
MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL, DUDE! THIS MONTH YOU CAN SEE THE TOP TEN OF THE BEST RECORDS IN THE YEAR!
COOL! AND IS OUR RECORD THERE?
LET ME CHECK IT!
NO.
THE END.


VELHA ESCOLA*
Papa teached me how to drink...
GIVE HIM MORE BIER!
HOW CUTE!
& moma how to fight.
SHUT UP!
SPLAF
FUCK YOARR RHARGH!!!
CHICO FELIX


VELHA ESCOLA*
With Darby Crash i learned to be humble
GIMME A BEER!
& with GG Allin, equality.
FUCK YOUR FATHER & FUCK YOUR MOTHER TOO!
old school*

HALO OF FLIES

coming soon:

CLOUD RAT
Qliphoth LP

SUFFERING MIND / LIFES Split 7"

out now:

KHMER
Nubes Que Anuncian Tormenta LP

SVFFER
lies we live LP

PYRAMIDO
Saga LP

PROTESTANT
in thy name LP

SUFFERINGMIND-split 7"
GUANTANAMOPARTYPROGRAM

PRIMITIVE MAN
HEXIS Split 10"

LOCKTENDER / AMBER split 7"

RUINS/USNEA split 7"

CLOUD RAT
moksha LP
fourth pressing!!!

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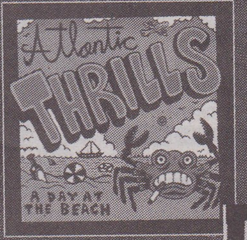

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PUKE
PUNK
PUKING!

SNEAKY PINKS
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WHOOOO
the FUCK are the
WHOOSIE
WHAT'S IT'S?

THE WHOOSIE WHAT'S IT'S
OWL SYSTEMS GO!!!

New Self-Produced 9 Song LP full of Sizzling Owl-core from the SF Bay Area! Check this SHIT out on Bandcamp, iTunes and FuckFaceBook

---

Occult Whispers Records

Salome's Dance // Sierpien split tape
St.Petersburg dark-punk / Moscow positive-punk

Possessor "Electric Hell" tape
Occult Doom metal from London

Krang "Bad Moon" LP
Chicago Crust Crushers, best record yet

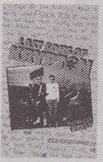
"Segregation Anxiety" Volume 1
Chicago punk: Population, Moral Void, Krang, Cemetery, +more

Worship at the Altar of Death

Coming soon on Occult Whispers:
Air Hunger 7" .. Dark Punk compilation LP
Annex 7" .. Kreativ In Den Boden LP

BIGCARTEL//FACEBOOK//BLOGSPOT//DISCOGS

***** OUT NOW!!! *****



Last Sons of Krypton
Teenage Trash cassette
Legendary lo-fi trash rock'n'roll band from Wisconsin. Twenty killer rare and demo outtake tracks, plus a hidden bonus track!
100 hand-numbered copies on green shell, with insert.

Fire Retarded
Live At Turkeyfest 2014 cassette.
Thirteen gut-busting tracks recorded live by Bobby Hussy!
100 hand-numbered copies on solid green shell.

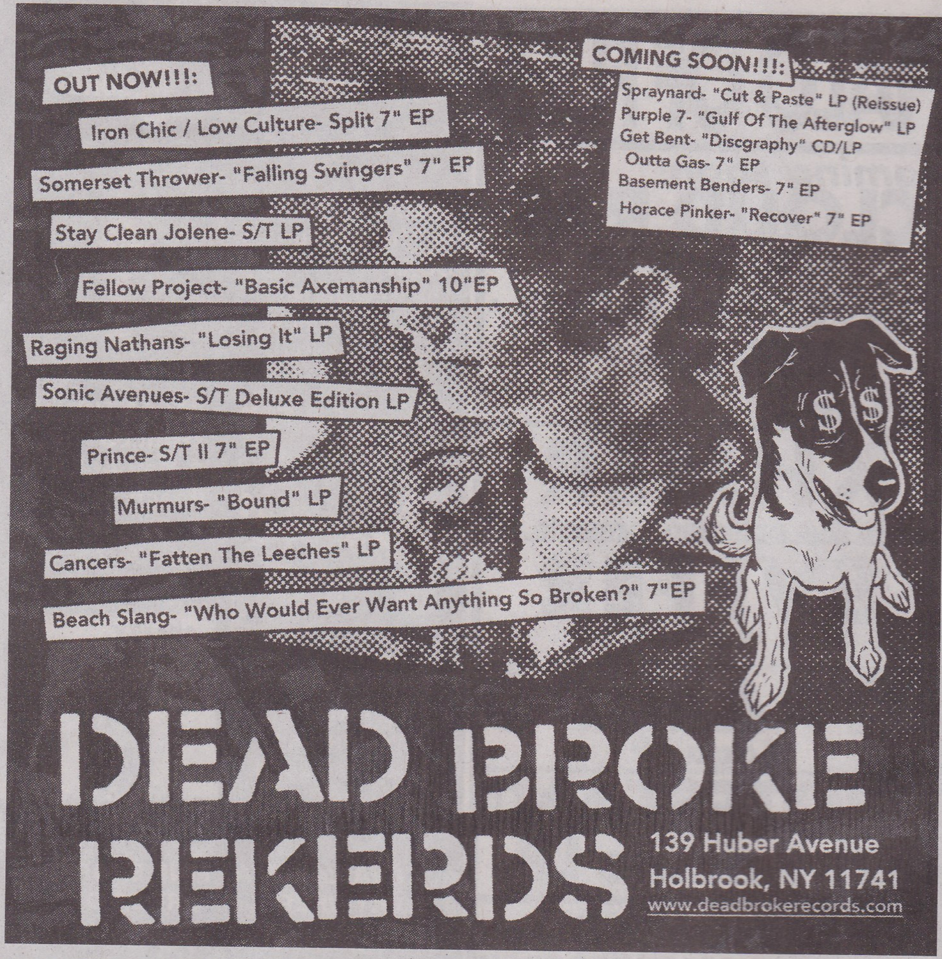
Fire Retarded
Scroggz Manor cassette
Cassette version of their acclaimed Scroggz Manor LP.
100 hand-numbered copies on red shell.

The Hussy
Live on WFMU cassette
Madison, WI duo, The Hussy, performing two sessions LIVE on Terre T's Cherry Blossom Clinic. 22 tracks total!
200 copies on solid blue shell.

Brimstone Howl
Magic Hour cassette
The final BH sessions. Eleven ripping tracks recorded by Jim Diamond back in 2009!
100 hand-numbered copies on solid red shell, with insert.

It Really Is
Self-Titled cassette
Sioux City, IA miscreants offer up 9 tracks of Rock N Roll trash on this blistering debut!
100 copies on black shell, with download code.

Tapes: $5 / 7inches: $5 / LPs: $10
www.rainyroadrecords.com



OUT NOW!!!:
Iron Chic / Low Culture- Split 7" EP
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Stay Clean Jolene- S/T LP
Fellow Project- "Basic Axemanship" 10"EP
Raging Nathans- "Losing It" LP
Sonic Avenues- S/T Deluxe Edition LP
Prince- S/T II 7" EP
Murmurs- "Bound" LP
Cancers- "Fatten The Leeches" LP
Beach Slang- "Who Would Ever Want Anything So Broken?" 7"EP

COMING SOON!!!:
Spraynard- "Cut & Paste" LP (Reissue)
Purple 7- "Gulf Of The Afterglow" LP
Get Bent- "Discgraphy" CD/LP
Outta Gas- 7" EP
Basement Benders- 7" EP
Horace Pinker- "Recover" 7" EP

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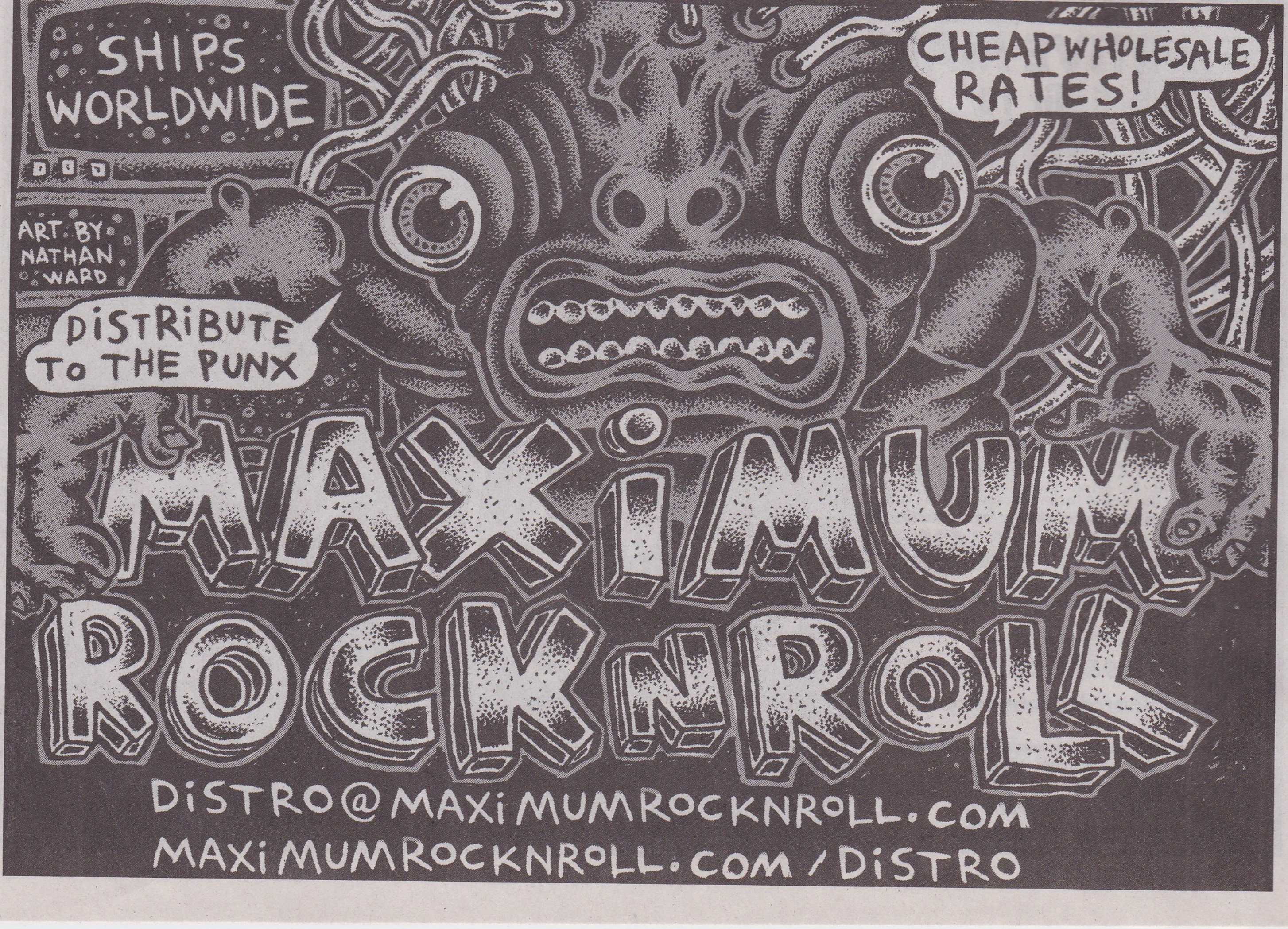
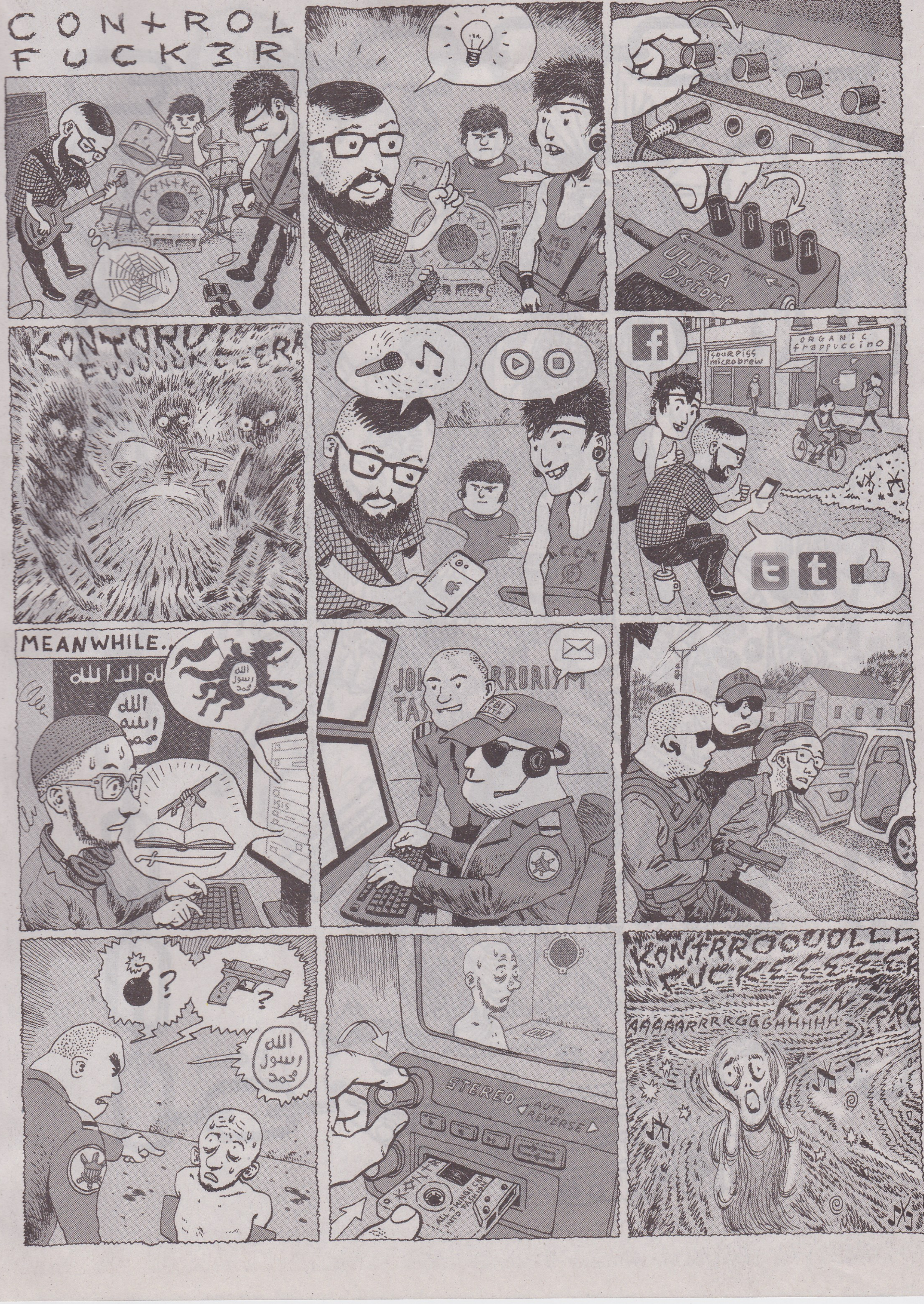
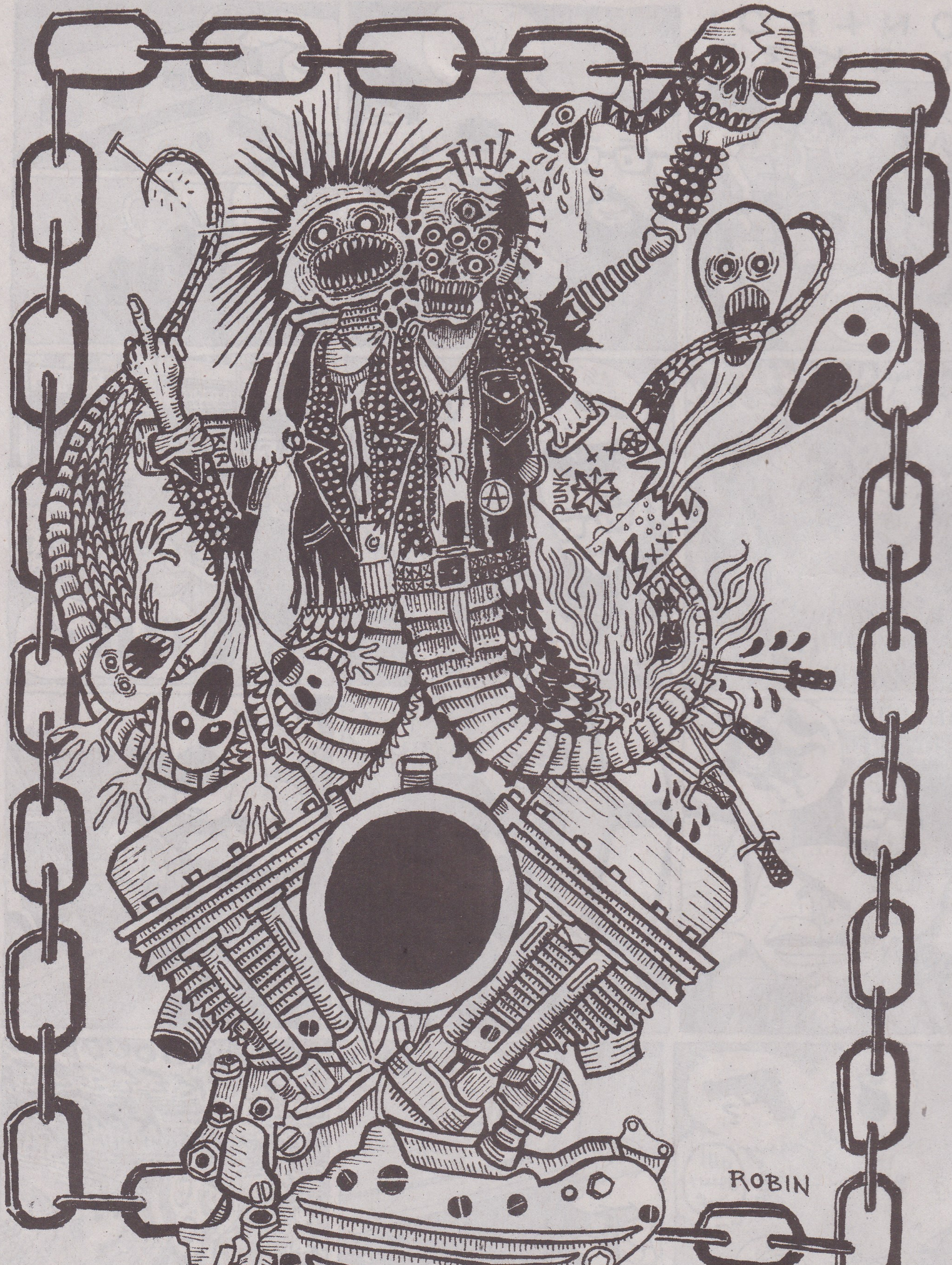
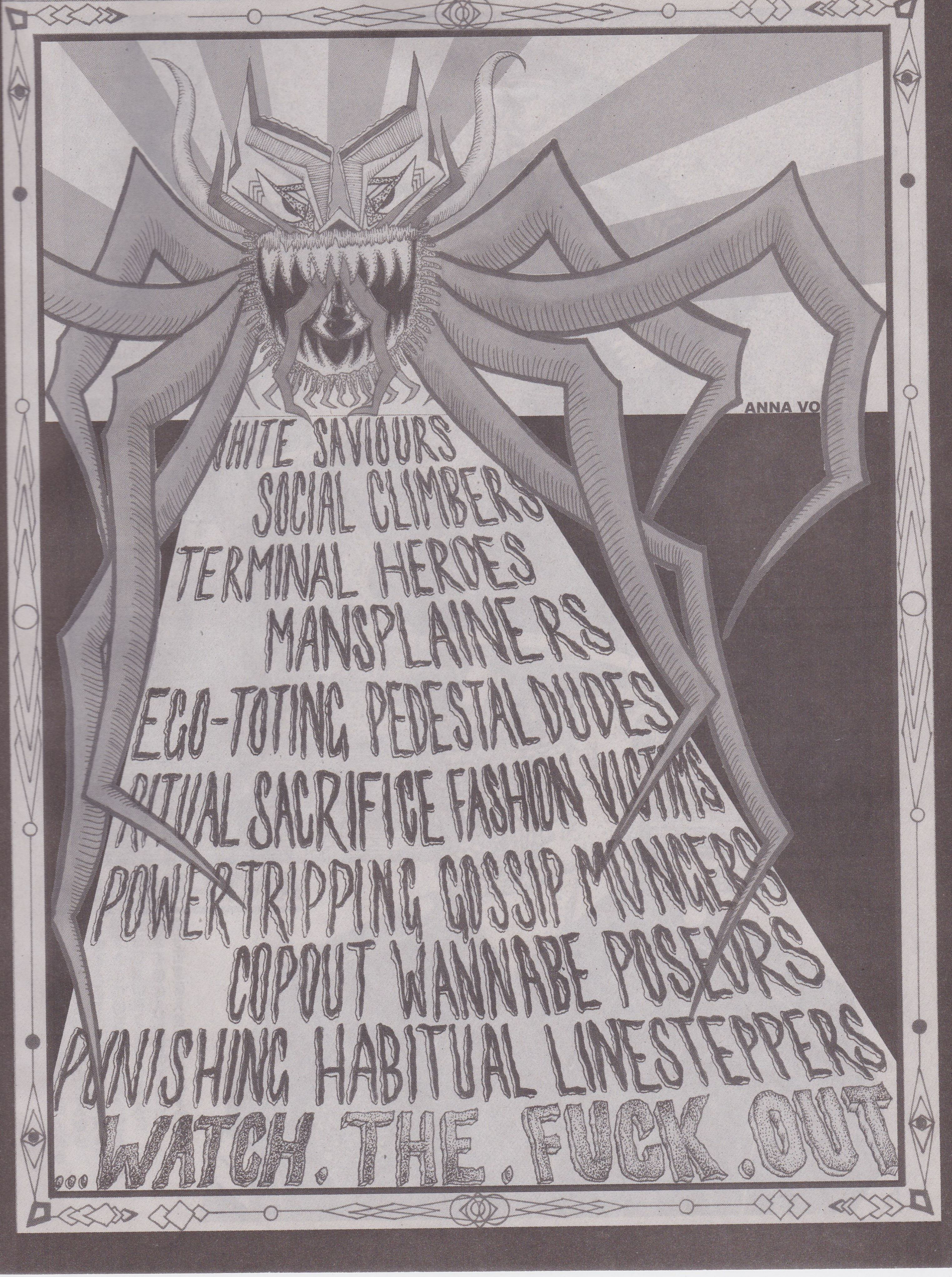


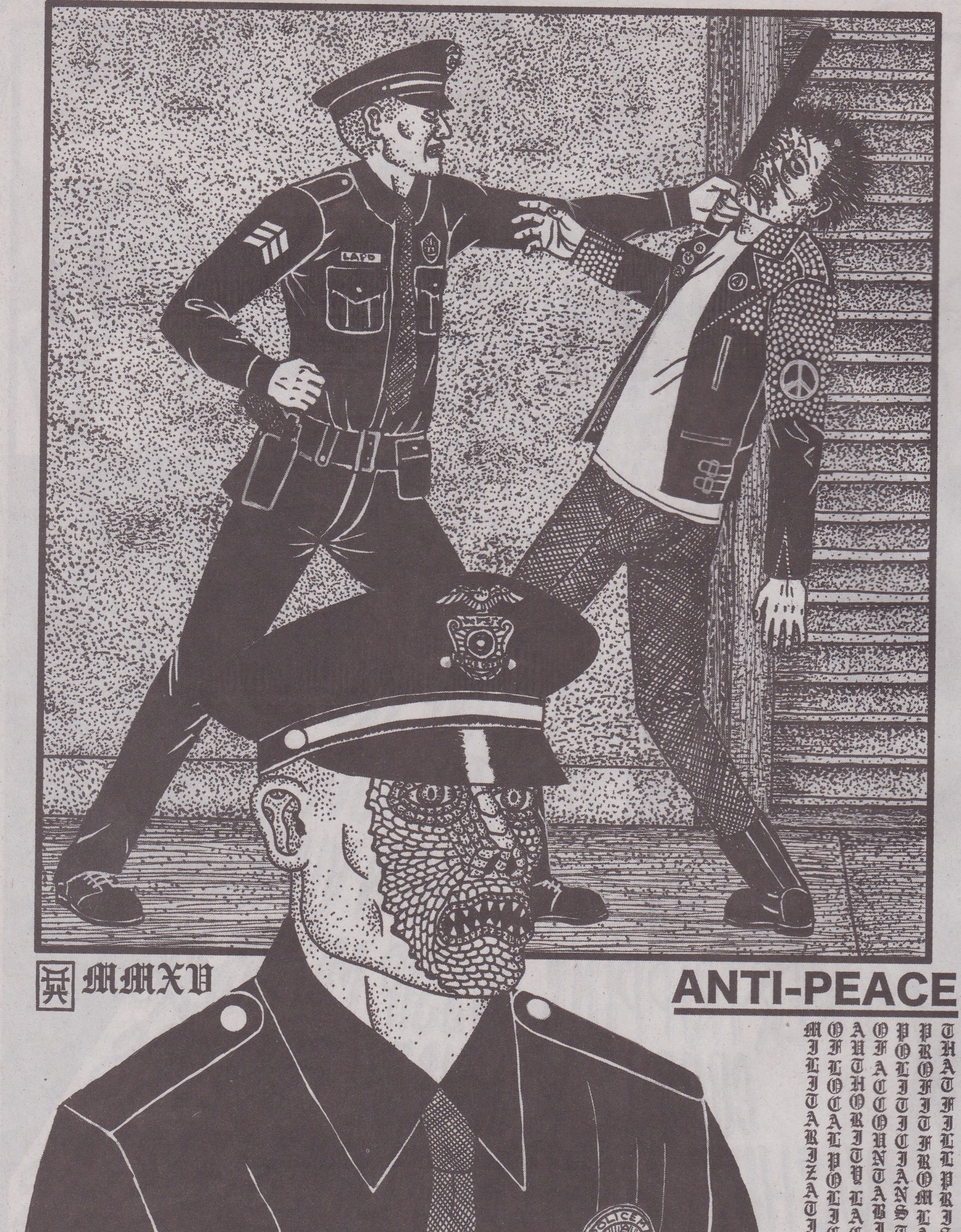
CONTROL FUCK3R


KONTROL FUCKER
MG 15
output
ULTRA Distort
input
KONTROLL
FUUUUKEERR
C.C.M.
sourpiss microbrew
organic frappuccino
MEANWHILE...
لا اله الا الله
الله رسول محمد
ISIS
JOINT TERRORISM TASK
FBI
FBI
JTTF
الله رسول محمد
STEREO
AUTO REVERSE
KONTR
ALL THINGS CH
INTO FASHION
KONTRROOUULLL
FUCKEEEER
KONTRO
AAAAARRRRGGGHHHHH


OI
RRR
PUNK
ROBIN


WHITE SAVIOURS
SOCIAL CLIMBERS
TERMINAL HEROES
MANSPLAINERS
EGO-TOTING PEDESTAL DUDES
RITUAL SACRIFICE FASHION VICTIMS
POWERTRIPPING GOSSIP MONGERS
COPOUT WANNABE POSEURS
PUNISHING HABITUAL LINESTEPPERS
...WATCH. THE. FUCK. OUT

ANNA VO


LAPD
POLICEMAN
AUTHORITY
1984
MMXV
ANTI-PEACE
MILITARIZATION
OF LOCAL POLICE
AUTHORITY LACK
OF ACCOUNTABILITY
POLITICIANS THAT
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HOLLYWOOD HIGH
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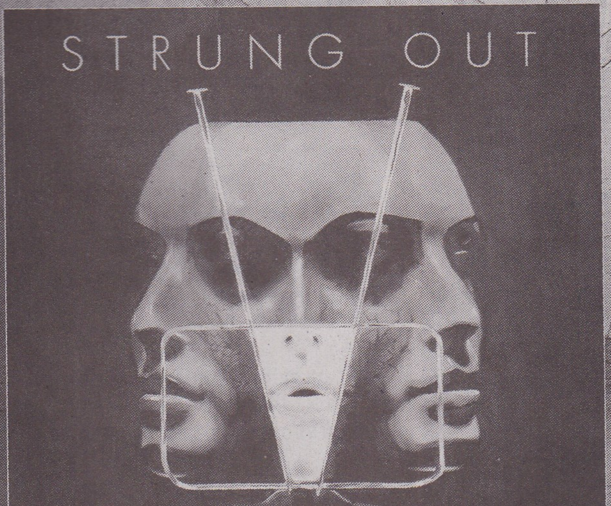
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Austin, Texas weirdout powerviolence hardcore group put together their opus. Think Gasp meets Swans meets Killing Joke all blended with some Man Is The Bastard.

FISTULA - Vermin Prolificus LP

TLAL's first sludge release and this one will melt your face. In the vein of 16 and Cattle Press, Fistula bring a handful of new tracks that twist and crush. 15 years as a band and still killing it.

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- Various Artists

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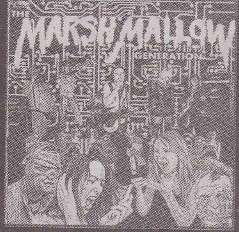

The Marshmallow Generation LP
-Various Artists

Unreleased Melodies, Demo Cuts and The NOW Sound.
9 Ontario cities / 14 Ontario bands.
(ITS-002)

Excelsior-Punk Floyd EP

Live , wild rawk n roll outta the Forest City. 4 tracks
(ITS-003)

Heart Attack Kids-S/T EP

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(ITS-004/SCR-004)

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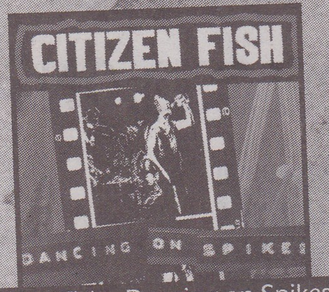

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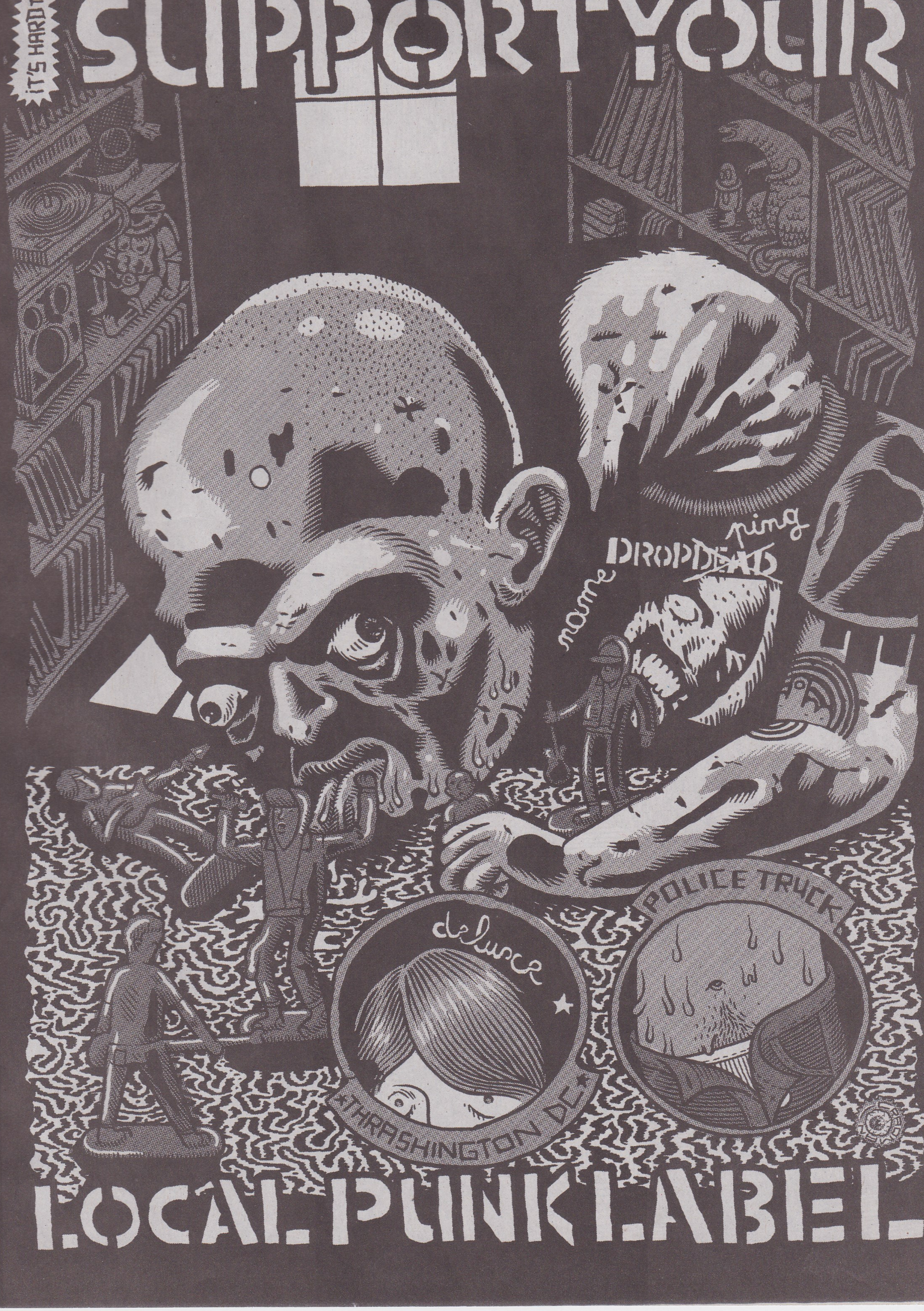
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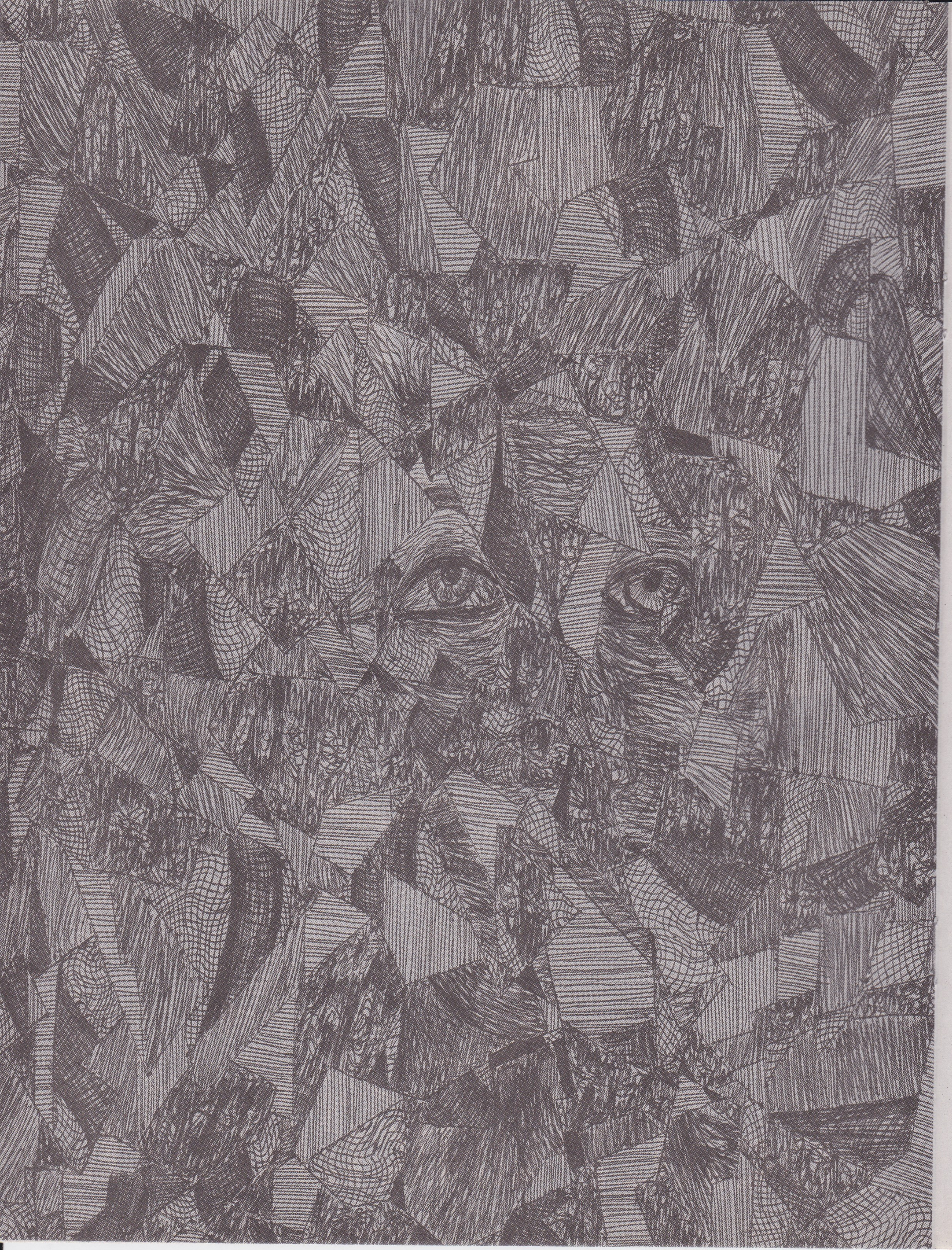

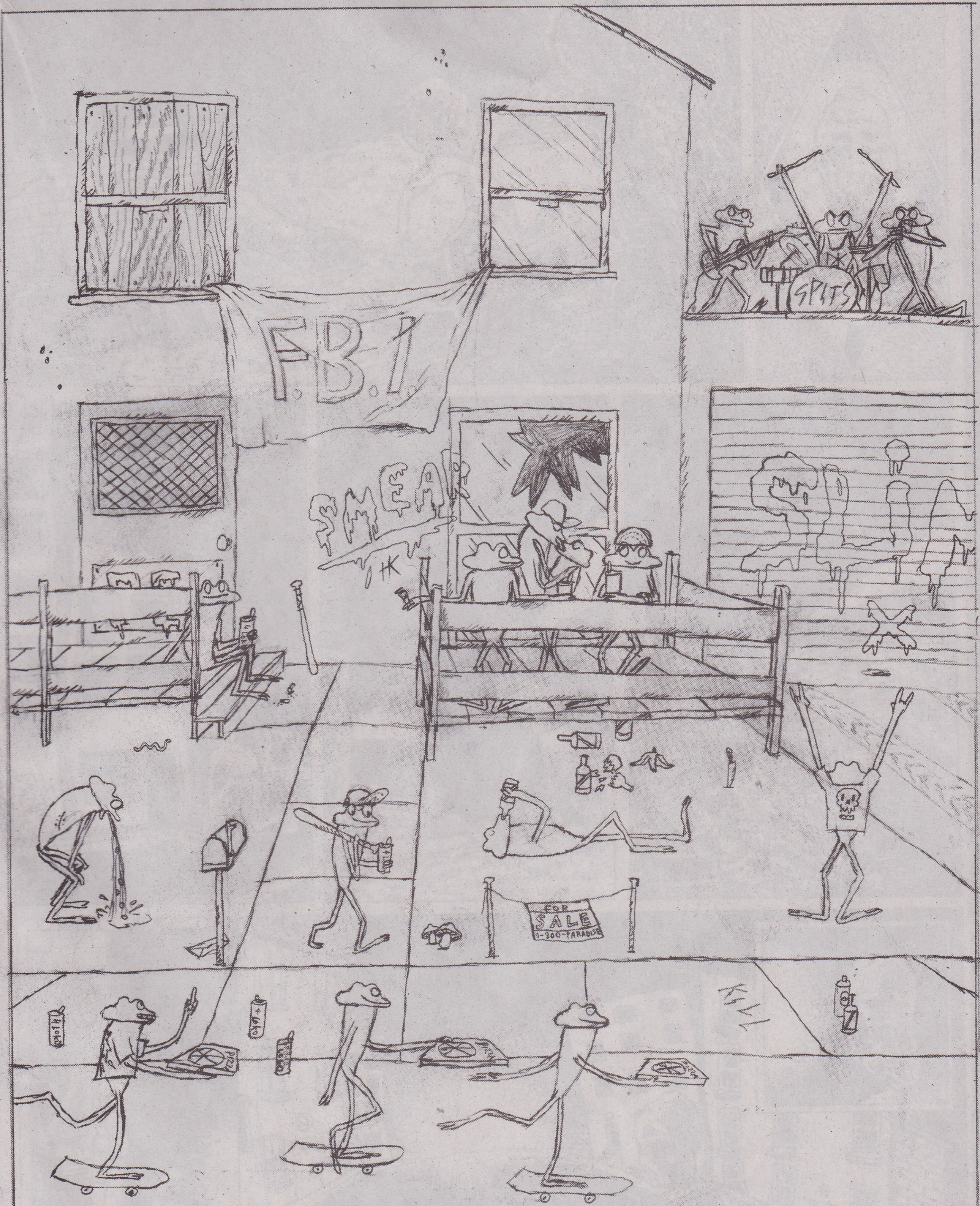
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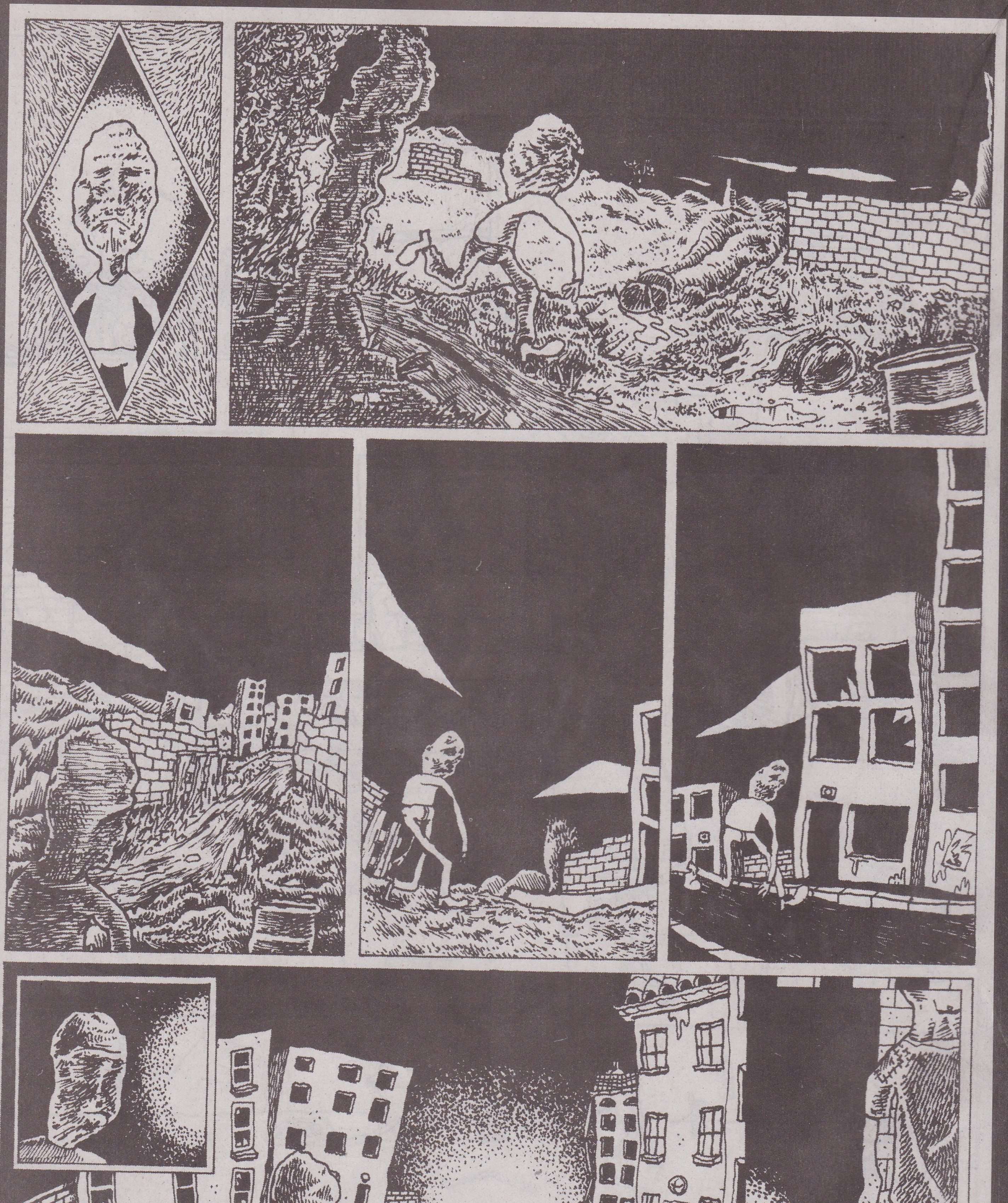
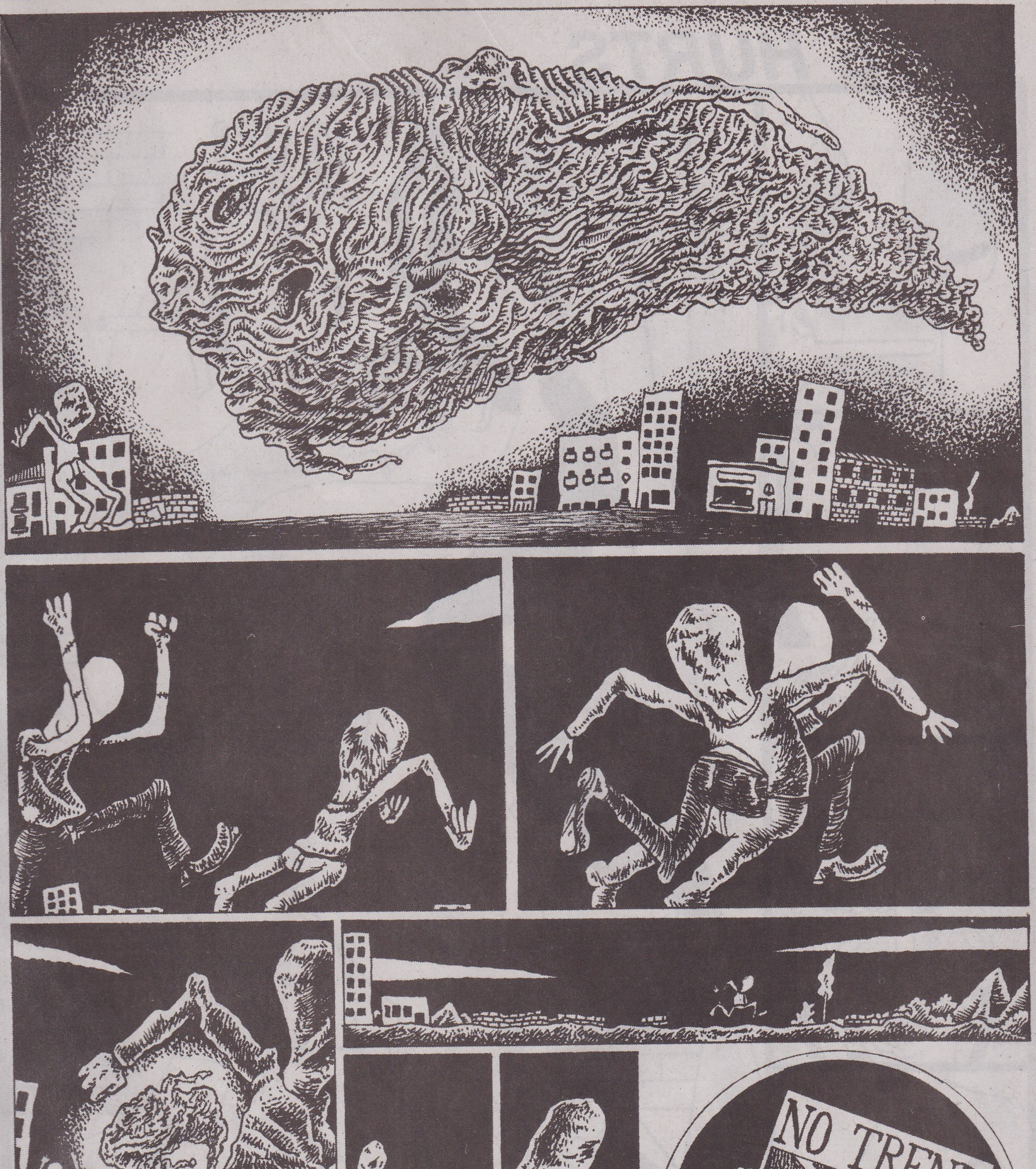
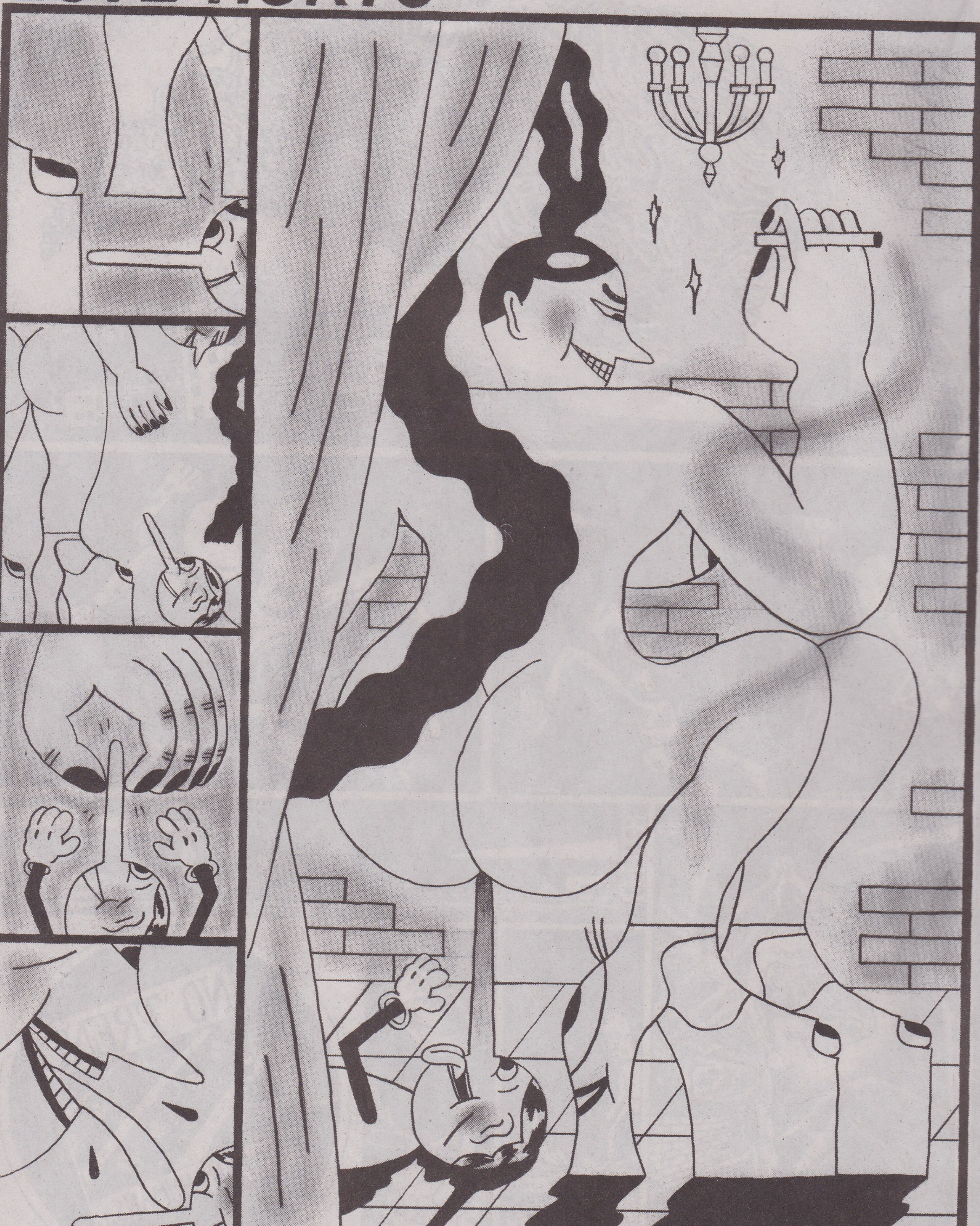
MRR2015 ANNA HAIFISCH

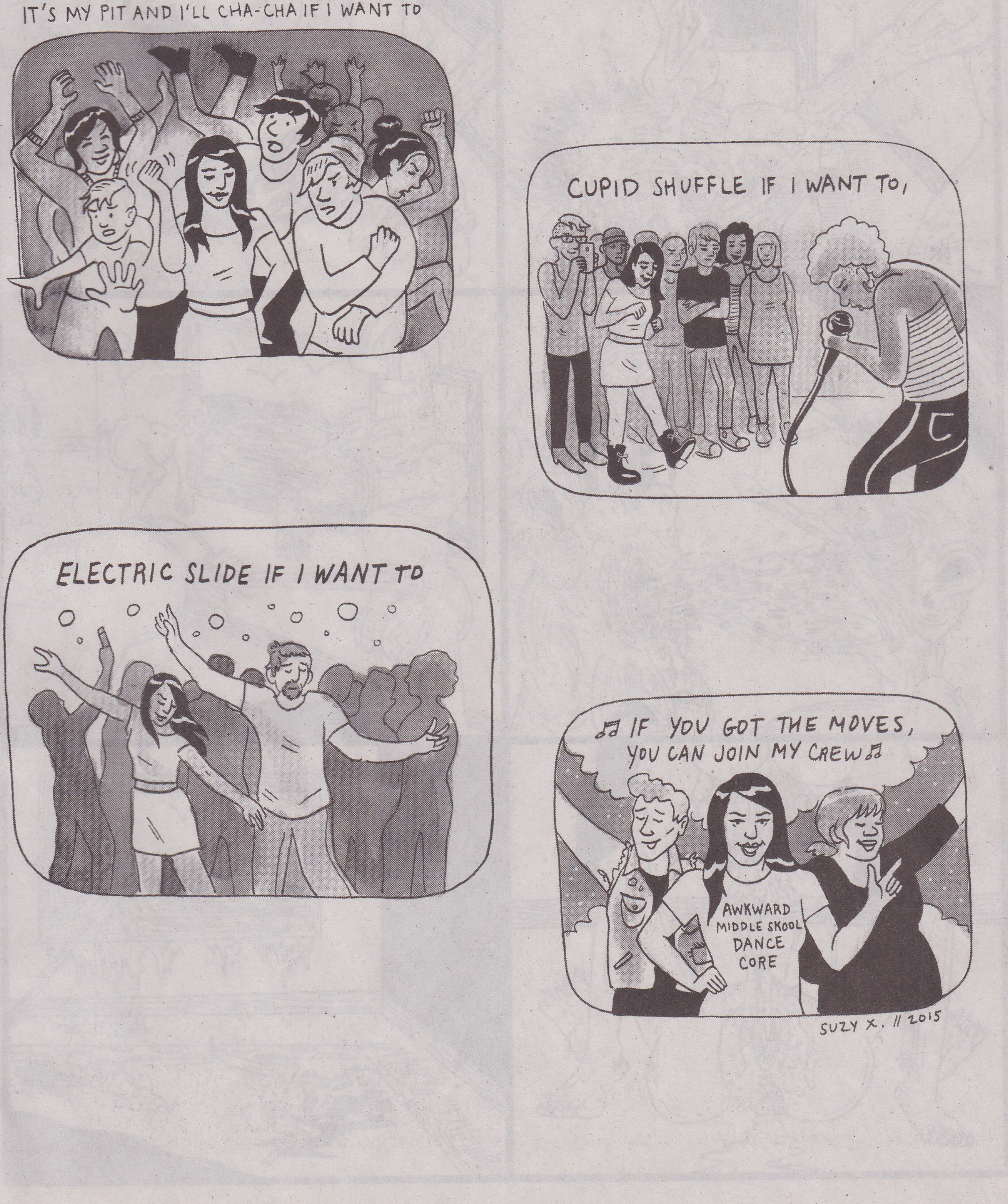



NO TREND
TOO MANY HUMANS...

LOVE HURTS



RIP LESLEY GORE ♡


IT'S MY PIT AND I'LL CHA-CHA IF I WANT TO
CUPID SHUFFLE IF I WANT TO,
ELECTRIC SLIDE IF I WANT TO
♫ IF YOU GOT THE MOVES, YOU CAN JOIN MY CREW ♫
AWKWARD MIDDLE SKOOL DANCE CORE
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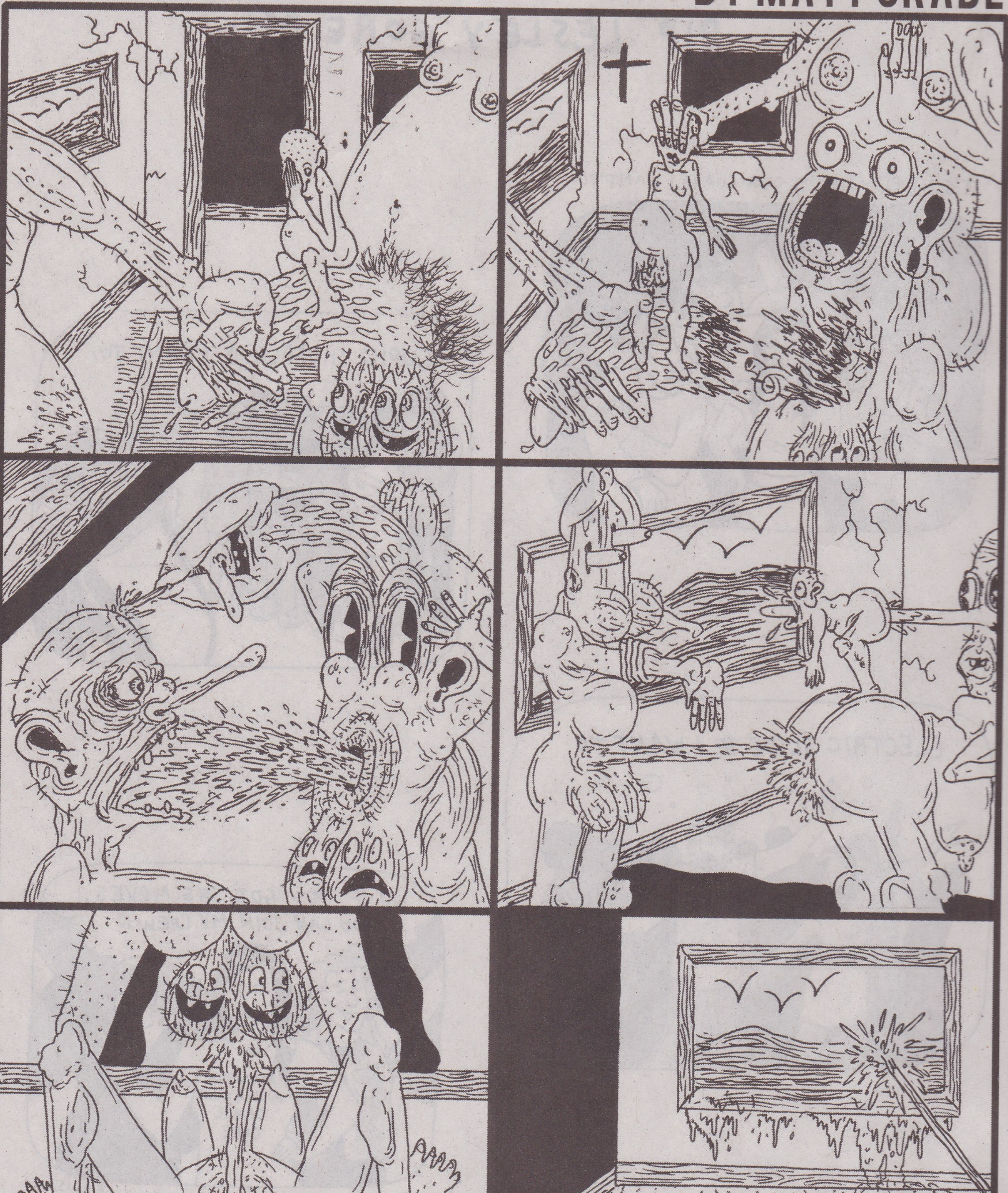
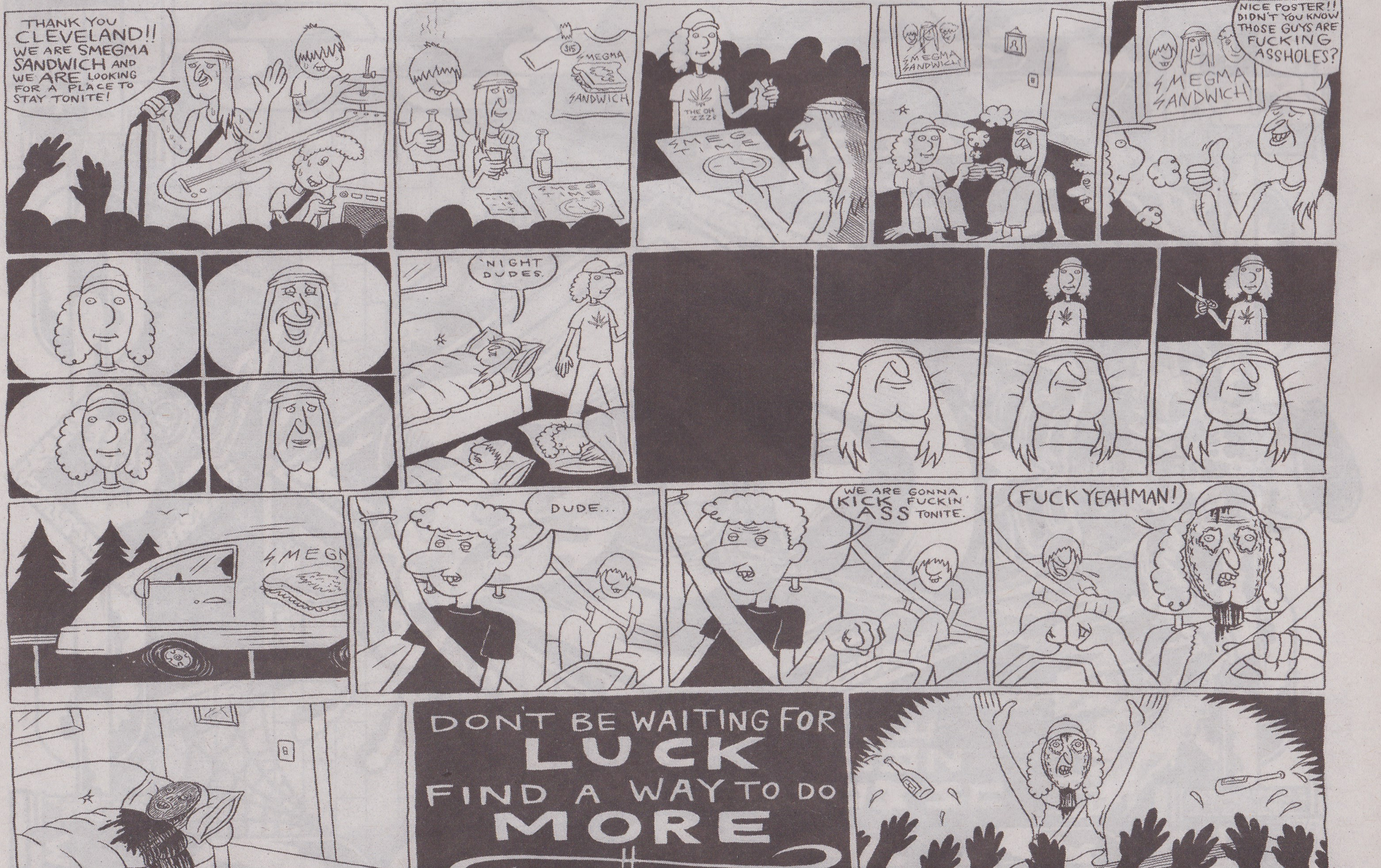
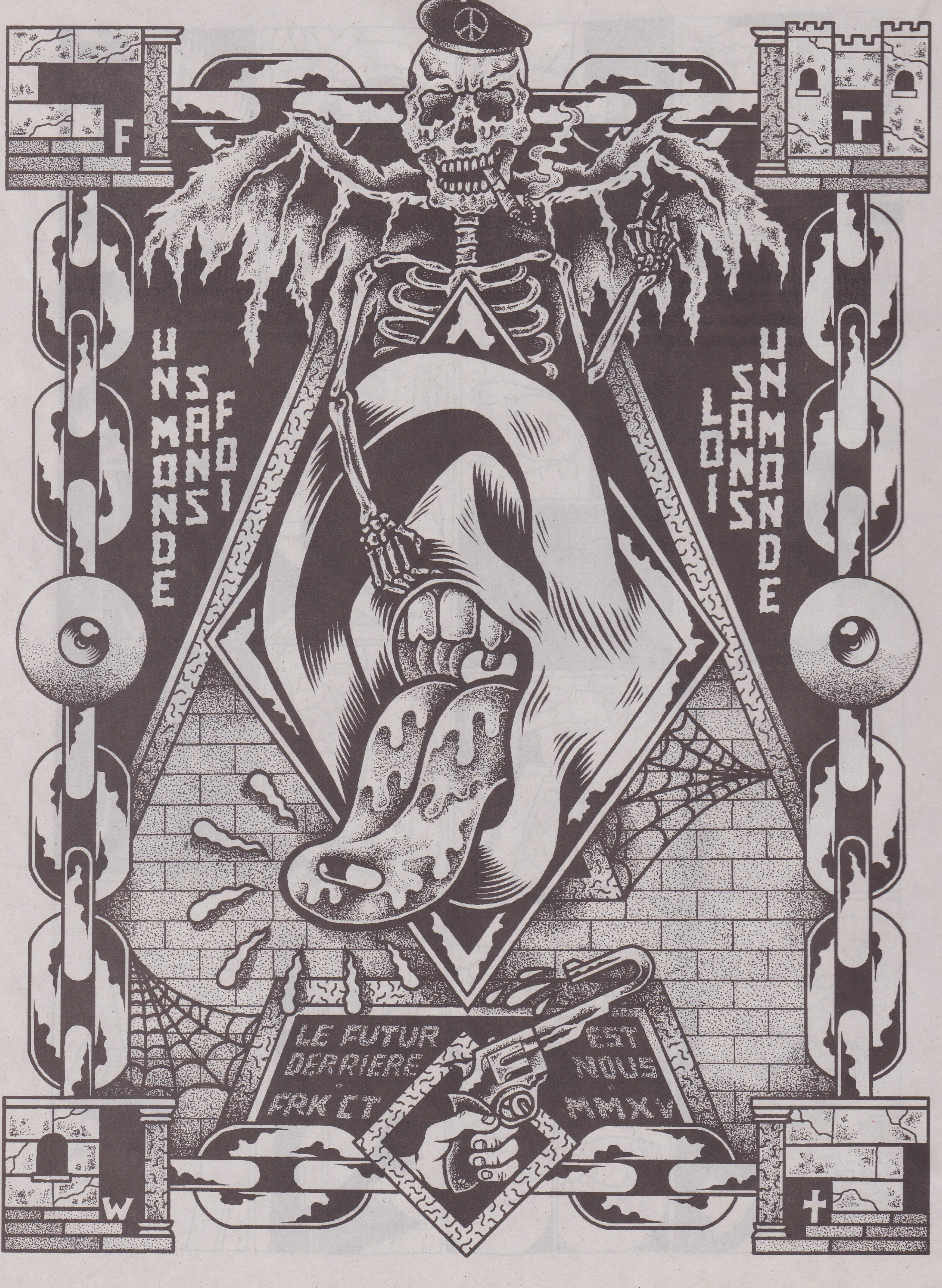
#1 PARTY

BY MATT CRABE




THANK YOU CLEVELAND!! WE ARE SMEGMA SANDWICH AND WE ARE LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO STAY TONITE!
315 SMEGMA SANDWICH
SMEG TIME
SMEG TIME
SMEGMA SANDWICH
NICE POSTER!! DIDN'T YOU KNOW THOSE GUYS ARE FUCKING ASSHOLES?
SMEGMA SANDWICH!
'NIGHT DUDES.
SMEGM
DUDE...
WE ARE GONNA KICK FUCKIN' ASS TONITE.
FUCK YEAH MAN!
DON'T BE WAITING FOR
LUCK
FIND A WAY TO DO
MORE
JEFF MAHANNAH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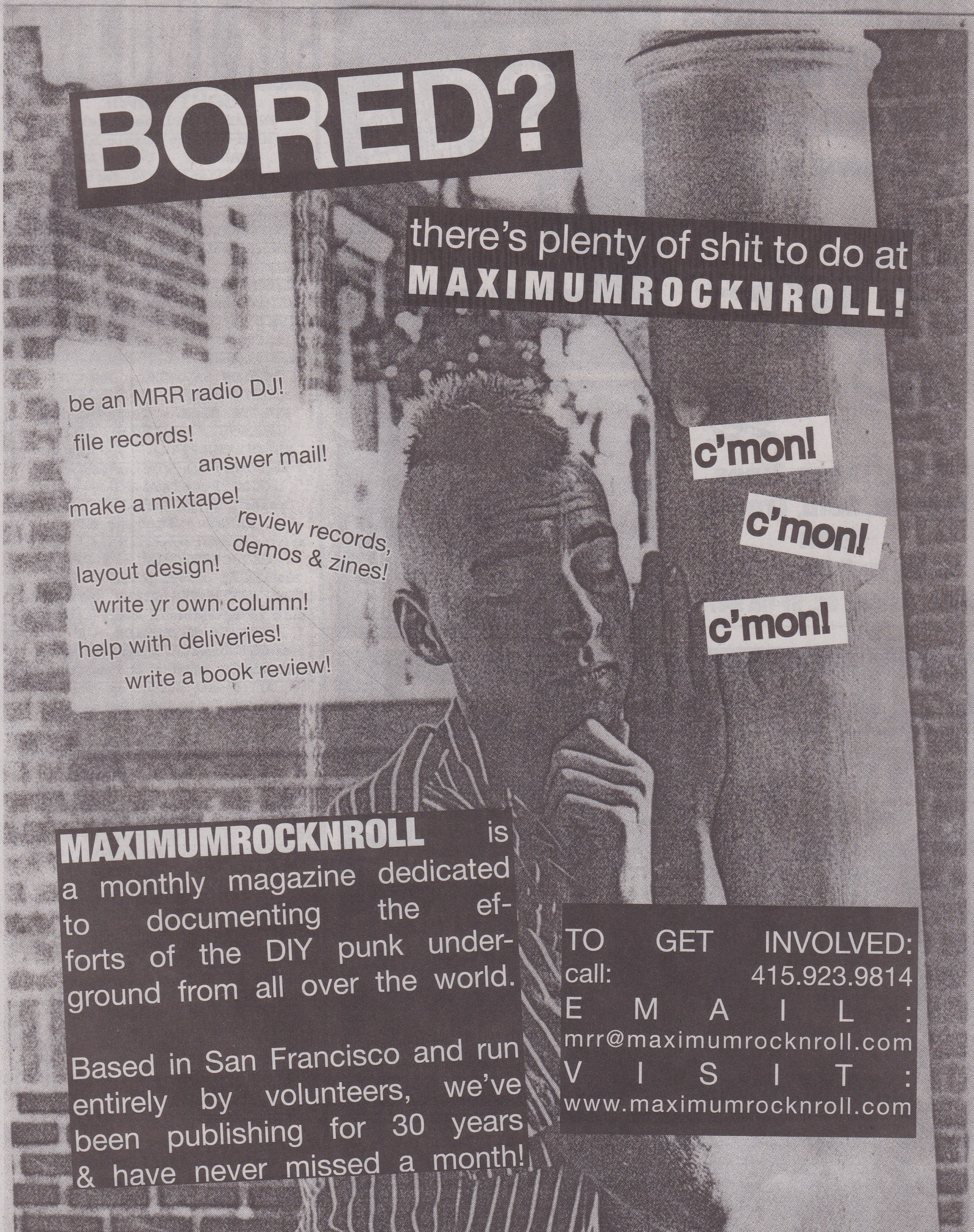

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c'mon!

c'mon!

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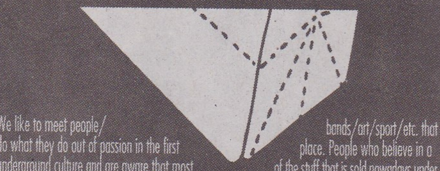

We like to meet people/ bands/art/sport/etc. that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in a underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that flag is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

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MELLOW HARSHER - Demo EP
Brutal blasting! Members of SFN
KUNGFU RICK - 2xCD Discog
Legendary blasting from Chicago
SLIGHT SLAPPERS - Ashita LP
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IRON LUNG/SHANK CD-Audio Brutality
BREAKFAST 2nd LP:Tokyo skate-thrash
SECOND OPINION - CD High Energy thrash
BARBARIC THRASH CD COMPS:Euro,CaliComps
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MACHINEGUN ROMANTICS-CD:Pre-HATRED SURGE
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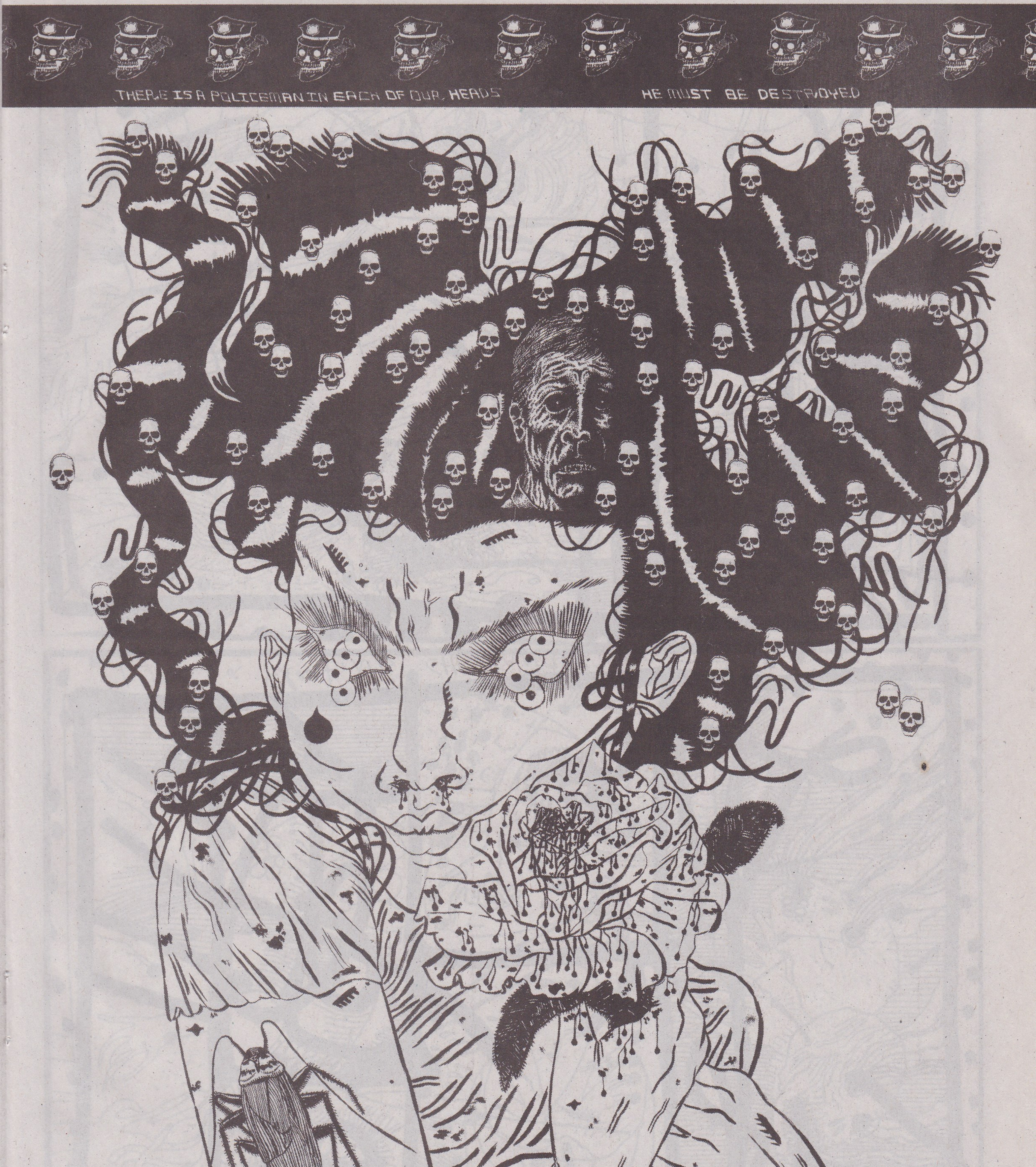
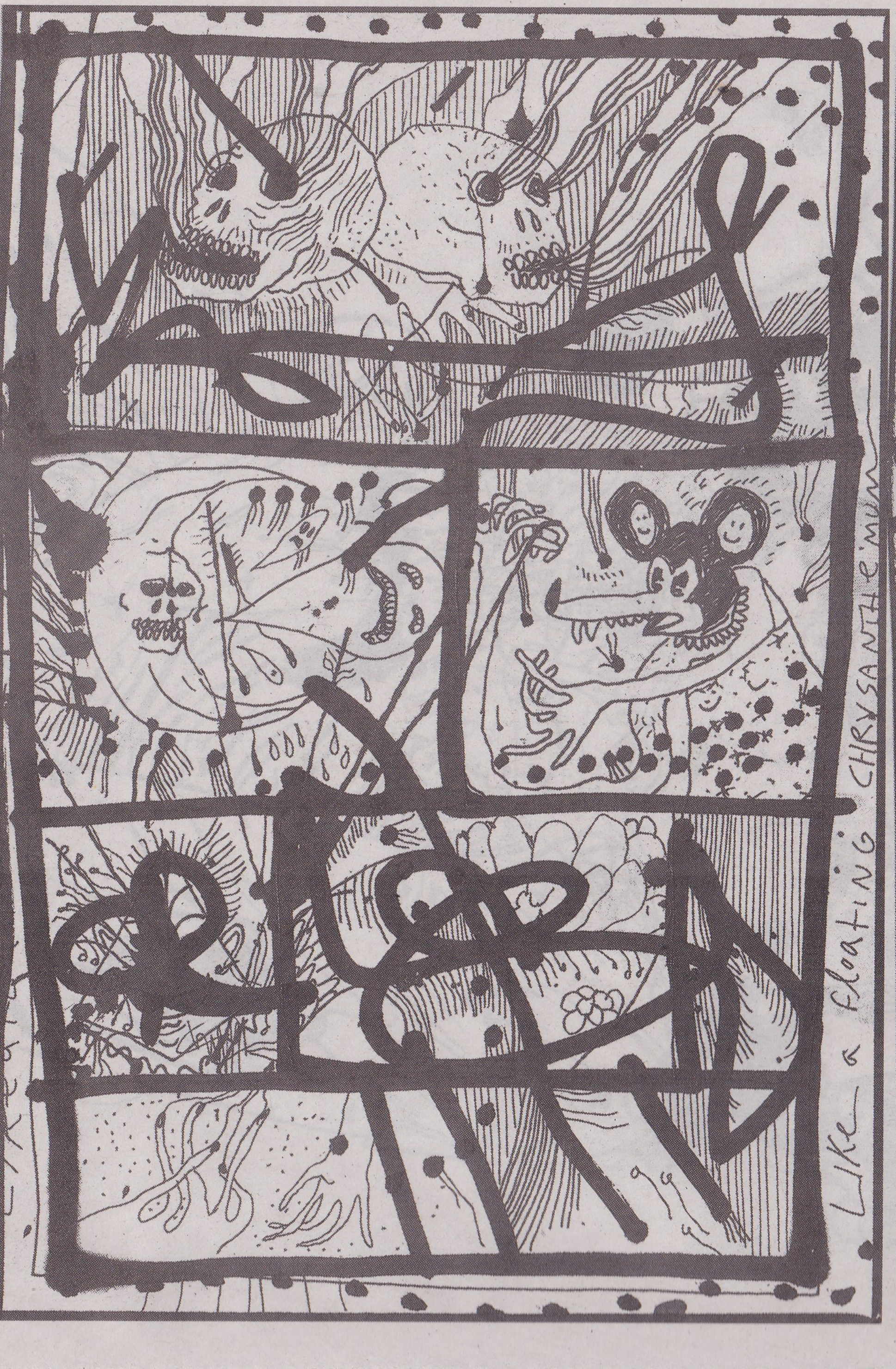
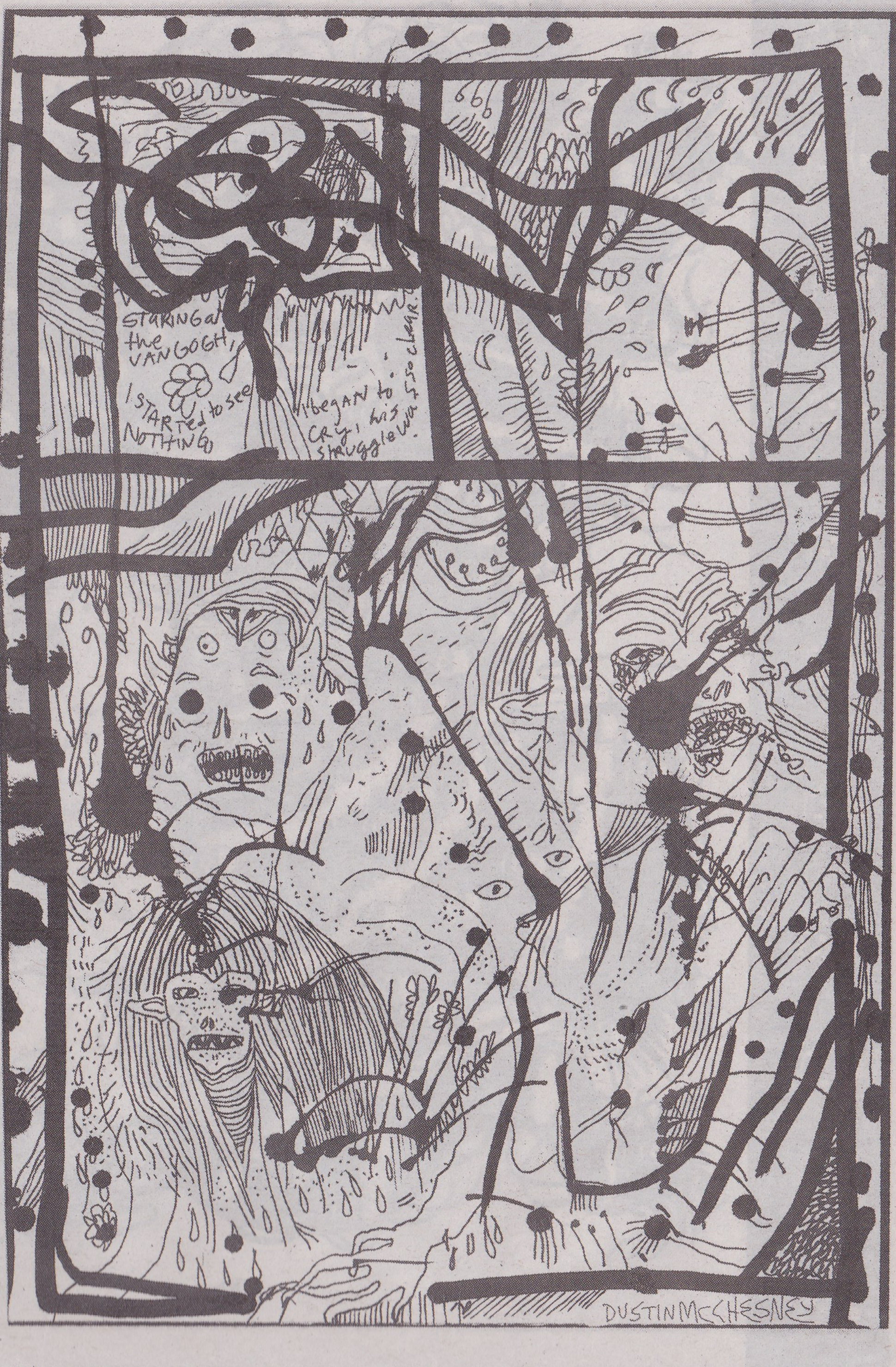
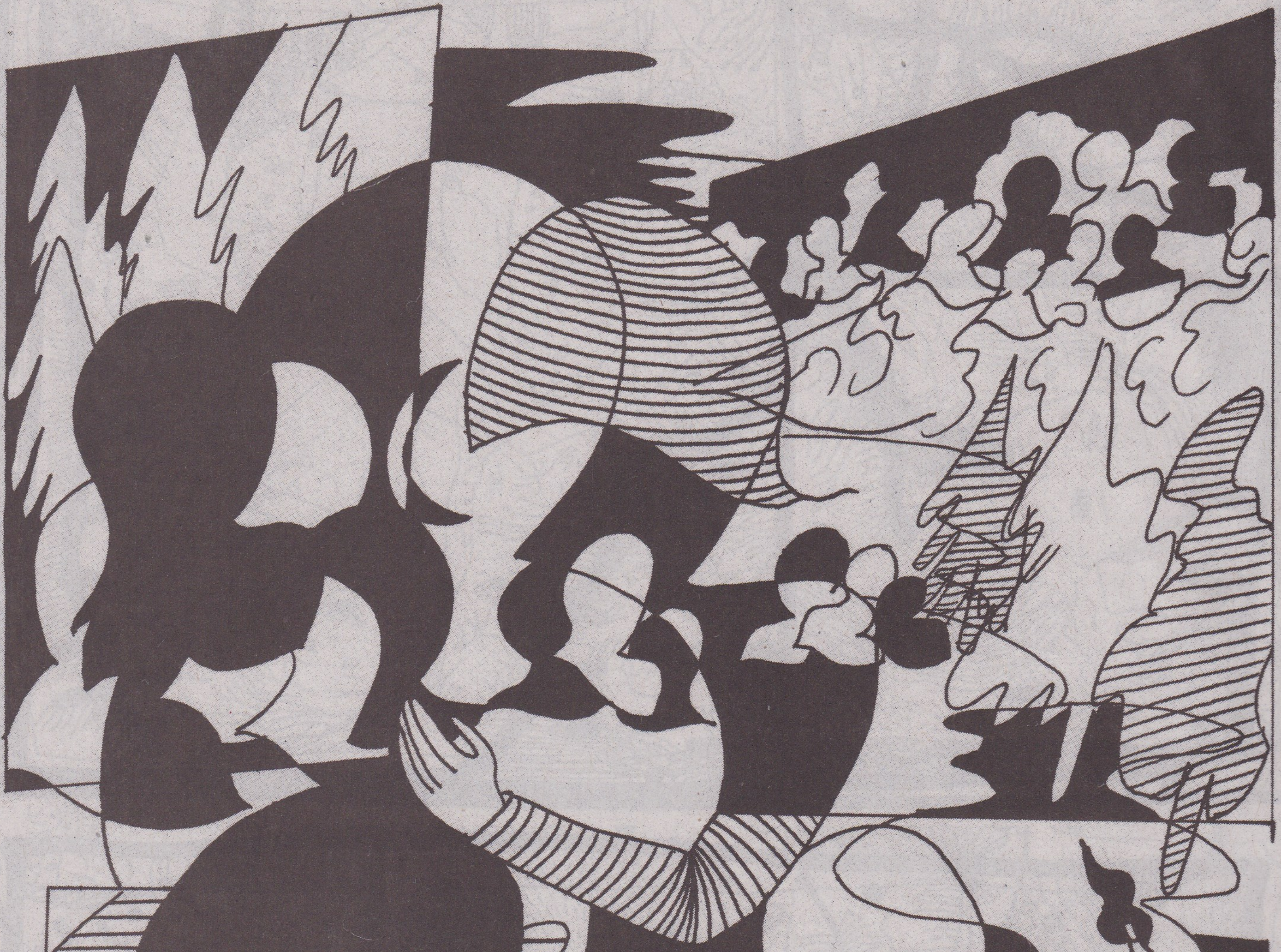

THERE IS A POLICEMAN IN EACH OF OUR HEADS
HE MUST BE DESTROYED


LIKE a floating CHRYSANTHEMUM

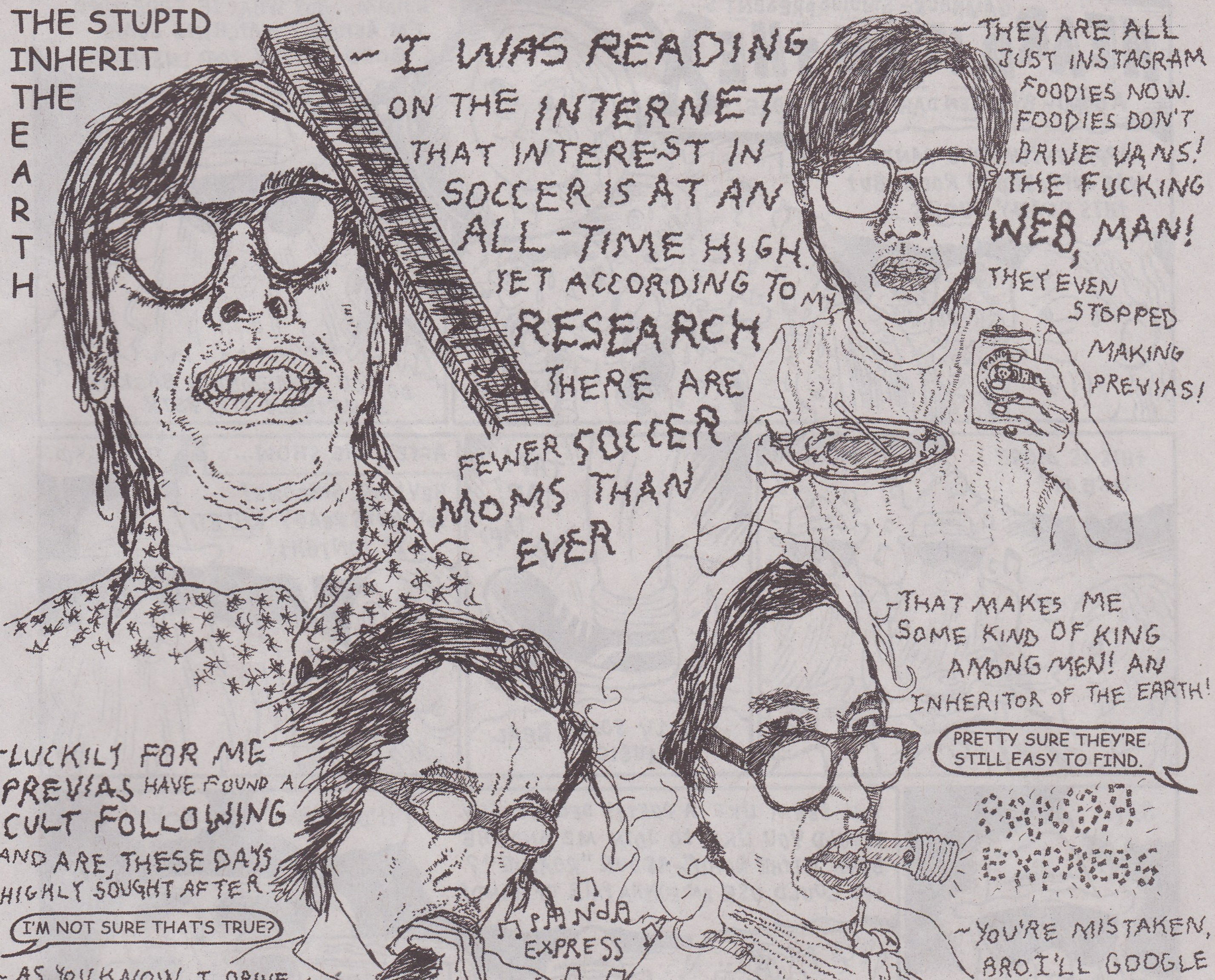

STARING at the VANGOGH, I STARTED to see NOTHING
i began to CRY, his struggle was so clear.
DUSTINMCCHESNEY

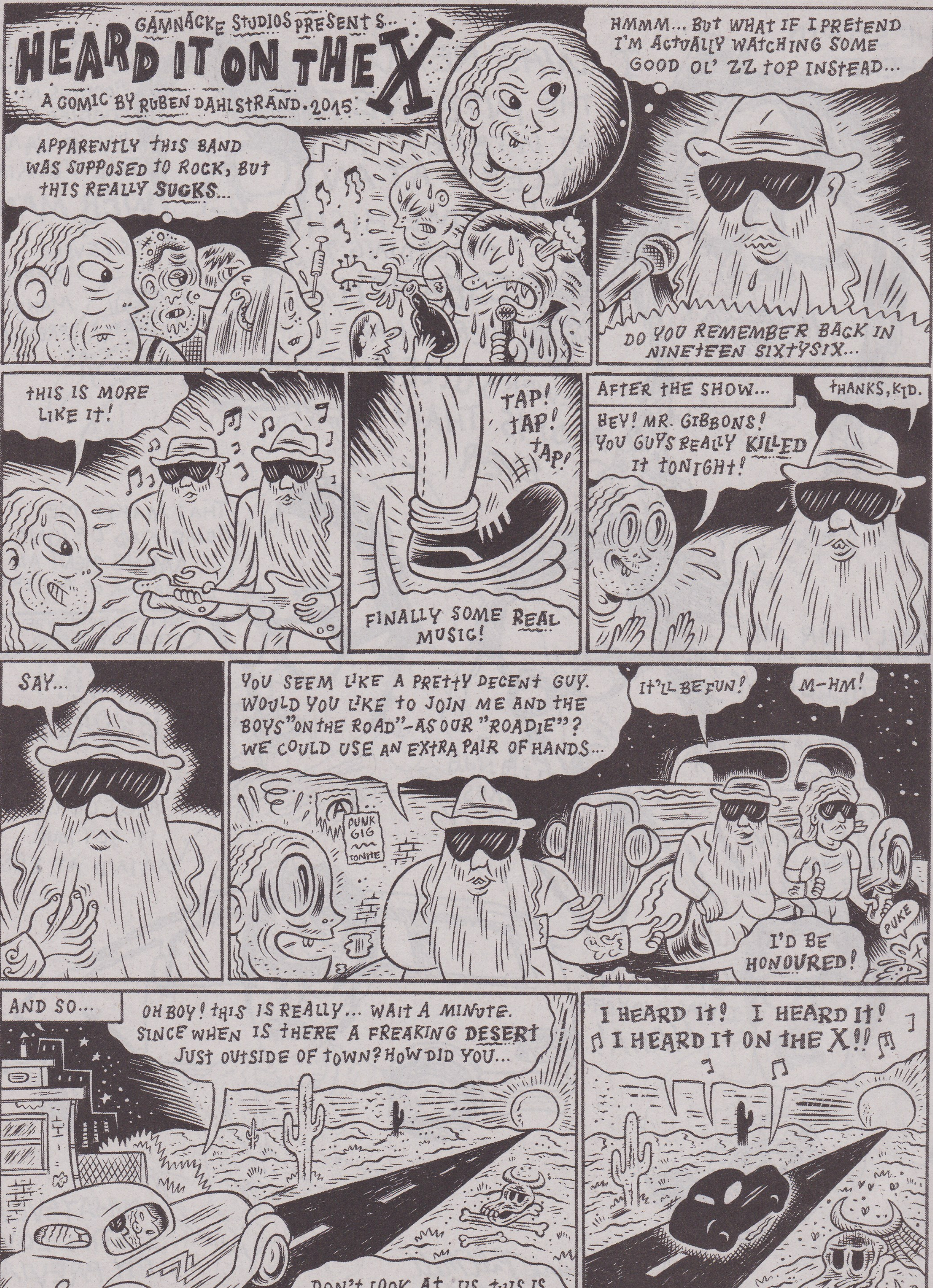
PUTTING my contacts IN IS such a fucking HASL

DUSTINMCCHESNEY



THE STUPID INHERIT THE EARTH


~I WAS READING ON THE INTERNET THAT INTEREST IN SOCCER IS AT AN ALL-TIME HIGH. YET ACCORDING TO MY RESEARCH THERE ARE FEWER SOCCER MOMS THAN EVER
~THEY ARE ALL JUST INSTAGRAM FOODIES NOW. FOODIES DON'T DRIVE VANS! THE FUCKING WEB, MAN! THEY EVEN STOPPED MAKING PREVIAS!
~THAT MAKES ME SOME KIND OF KING AMONG MEN! AN INHERITOR OF THE EARTH!
PRETTY SURE THEY'RE STILL EASY TO FIND.
PANDA EXPRESS
~LUCKILY FOR ME PREVIAS HAVE FOUND A CULT FOLLOWING AND ARE, THESE DAYS HIGHLY SOUGHT AFTER
I'M NOT SURE THAT'S TRUE?
PANDA EXPRESS
~AS YOU KNOW, I DRIVE A PREVIA. I DRIVE A RARE AND EXPENSIVE VEHICLE!
~YOU'RE MISTAKEN, BRO. I'LL GOOGLE IT. SET YOUR MIND AT EASE.
~OH DANG I WAS WAY OFF! HAHA!
PANDA EXPRESS
GOURMET CH FOOD
Panda Expre
~WHATEVER. I STILL LOVE MY PREVIA
Laura Pall Mall
2015


GAMNACKE STUDIOS PRESENTS...
HEARD IT ON THE X
A COMIC BY RUBEN DAHLSTRAND. 2015
APPARENTLY THIS BAND WAS SUPPOSED TO ROCK, BUT THIS REALLY SUCKS...
HMMM... BUT WHAT IF I PRETEND I'M ACTUALLY WATCHING SOME GOOD OL' ZZ TOP INSTEAD...
DO YOU REMEMBER BACK IN NINETEEN SIXTYSIX...
THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!
TAP! TAP! TAP!
FINALLY SOME REAL MUSIC!
AFTER THE SHOW...
HEY! MR. GIBBONS! YOU GUYS REALLY KILLED IT TONIGHT!
THANKS, KID.
SAY...
YOU SEEM LIKE A PRETTY DECENT GUY. WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN ME AND THE BOYS "ON THE ROAD" - AS OUR "ROADIE"? WE COULD USE AN EXTRA PAIR OF HANDS...
IT'LL BE FUN!
M-HM!
PUNK GIG TONITE
PUKE
I'D BE HONOURED!
AND SO...
OH BOY! THIS IS REALLY... WAIT A MINUTE. SINCE WHEN IS THERE A FREAKING DESERT JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN? HOW DID YOU...
DON'T LOOK AT US. THIS IS STILL ALL IN YOUR IMAGINATION. ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE HERE!
I HEARD IT! I HEARD IT! I HEARD IT ON THE X!!
THE. END.

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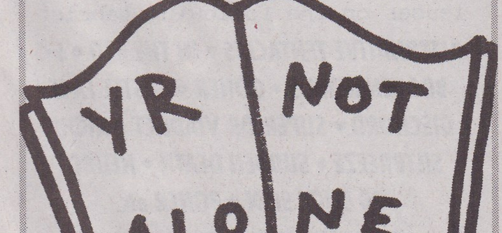

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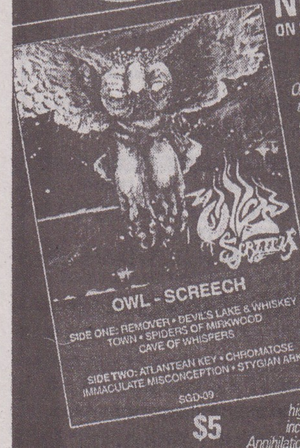
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ON STOP GO DESTROY TAPES!

OWL: SCREECH

Oakland CA's Owl brotherhood present their second full length release, and it's hitting the streets early as a cassette! Vinyl coming in 2015 from Haarvark Records of Holland! Refining the sound presented on their debut LP, they coast effortlessly through the valleys and mountains that lie between Rush's "Fly By Night" and Iron Maiden's "Killers." Lumbering bluesy 70's riffs morph into blitzkrieg early 80's NWOBHM marathons! California acid punk meets burned out British biker sludge! Owl has one foot in the history of hard rock, and one foot in a Stygian Ark which sails into a murky, but highly exciting future! Current lineup includes past and current members of Annihilation Time, A.N.S., Isotope and Acts Of Sedition.

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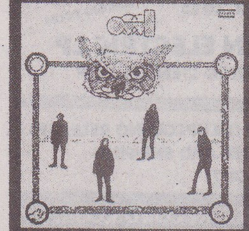

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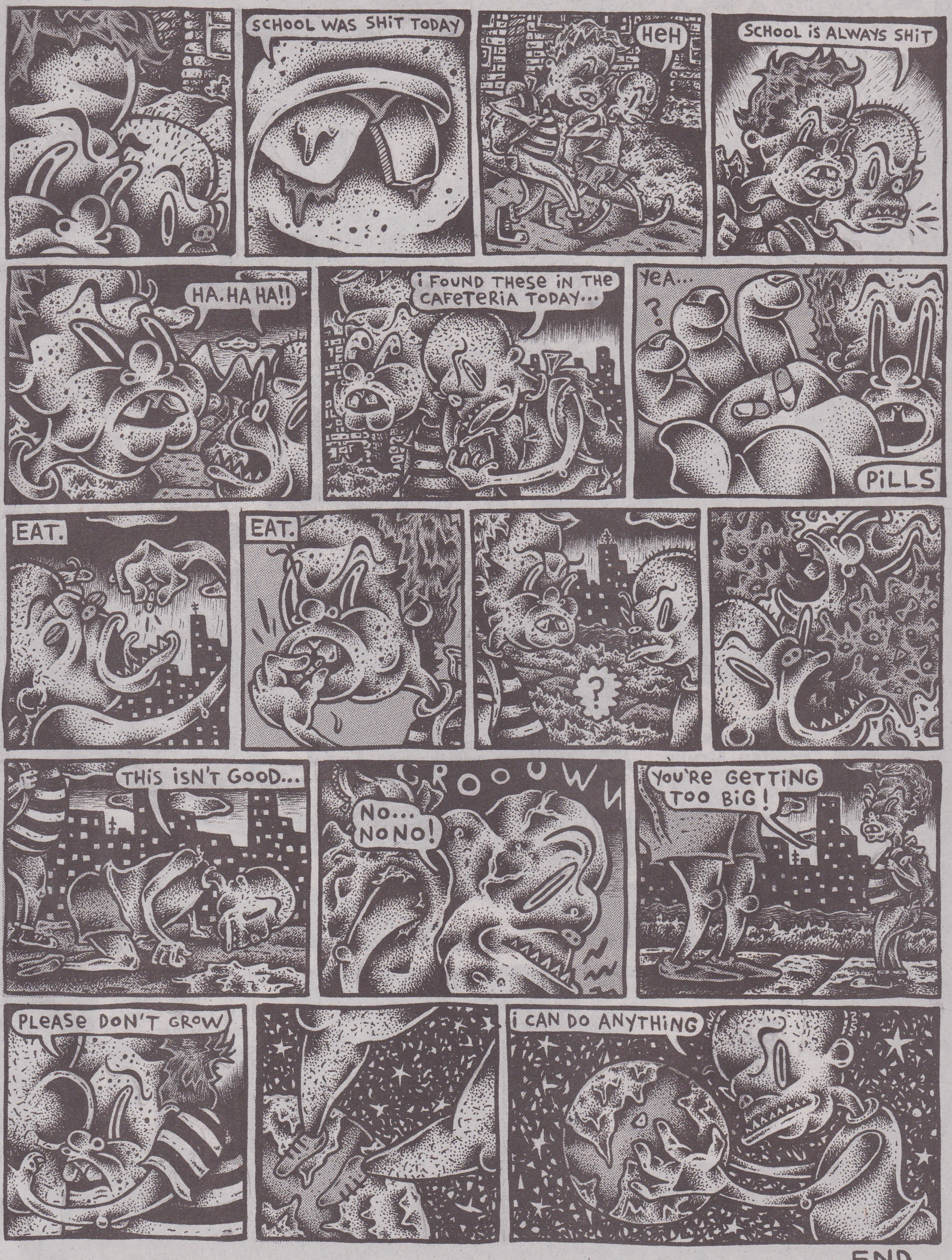
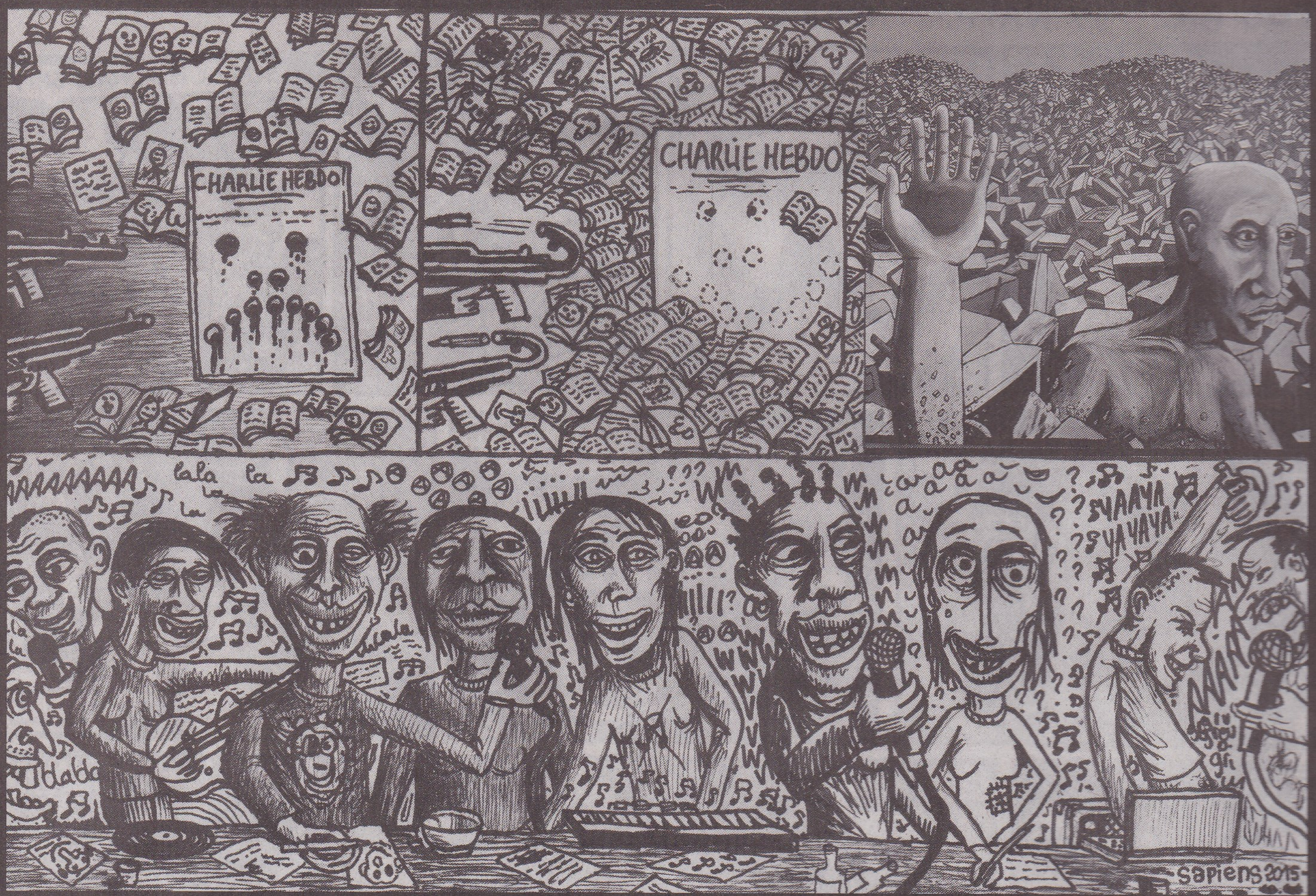
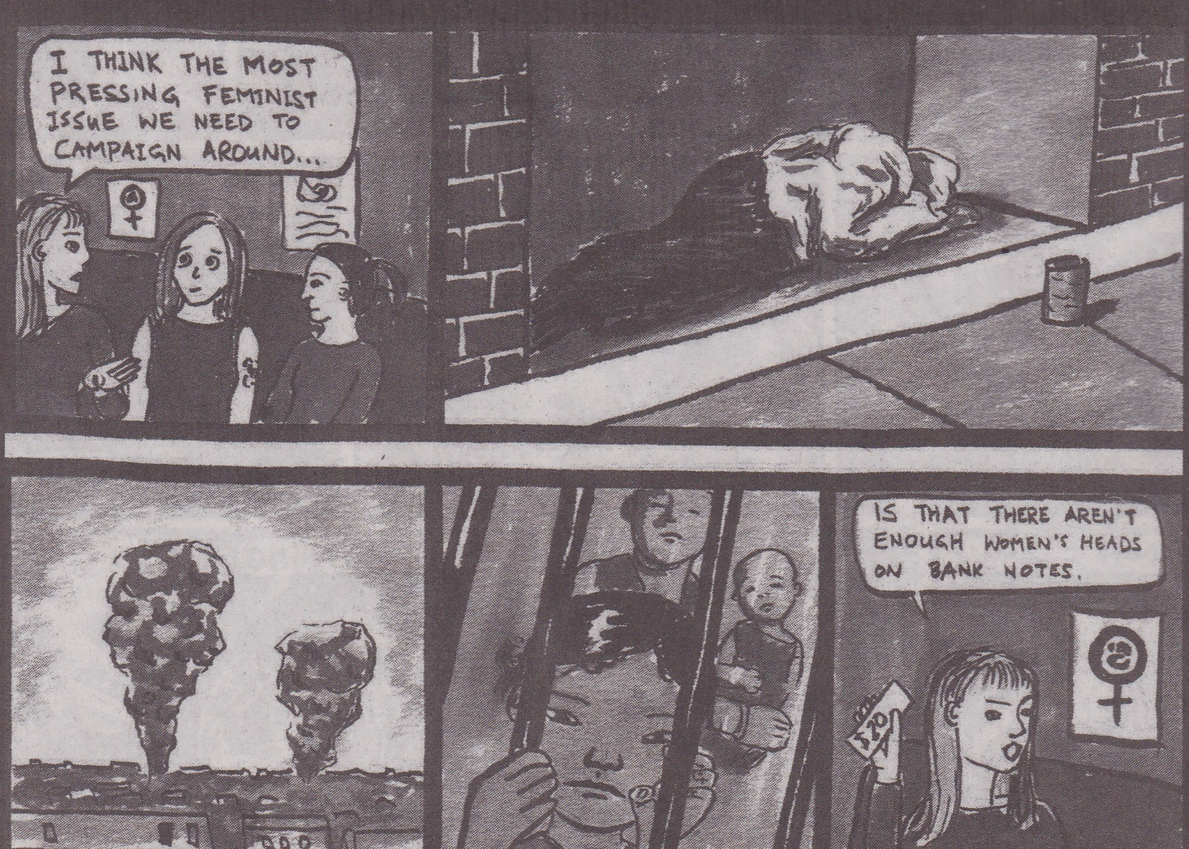
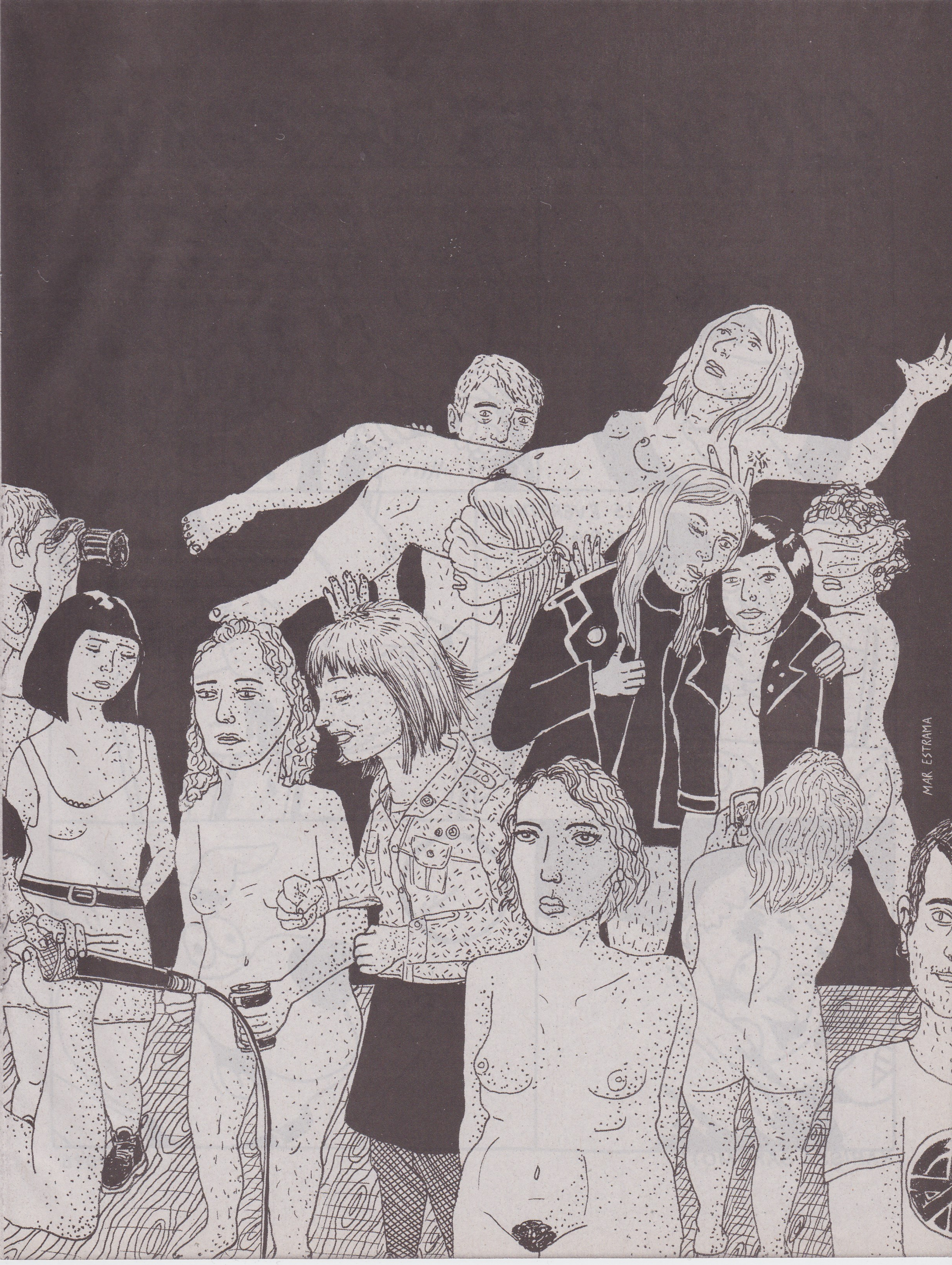
"TOO BiG" BY NATHAN WARD


SCHOOL WAS SHIT TODAY
HEH
SCHOOL IS ALWAYS SHIT
HA. HA HA!!
i FOUND THESE IN THE CAFETERIA TODAY...
YEA...
?
PILLS
EAT.
EAT.
?
THIS iSN'T GOOD...
GROOOWN
NO... NO NO!
YOU'RE GETTING TOO BiG!
PLEASE DON'T GROW
i CAN DO ANYTHING

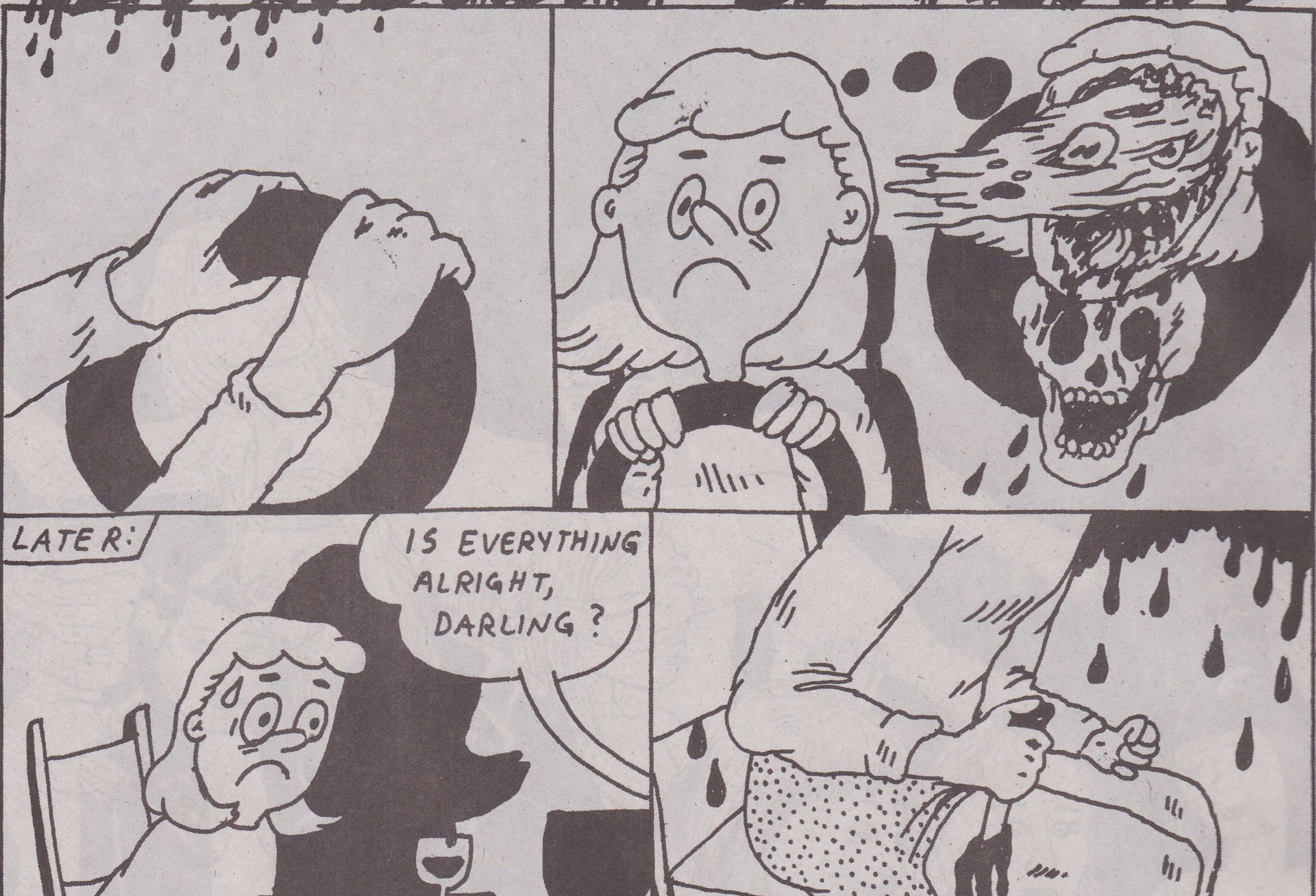
END.


CHARLIE HEBDO
CHARLIE HEBDO
lala la
AAAAAAAA
YAAYA YAYAYA
dada
sapiens 2015

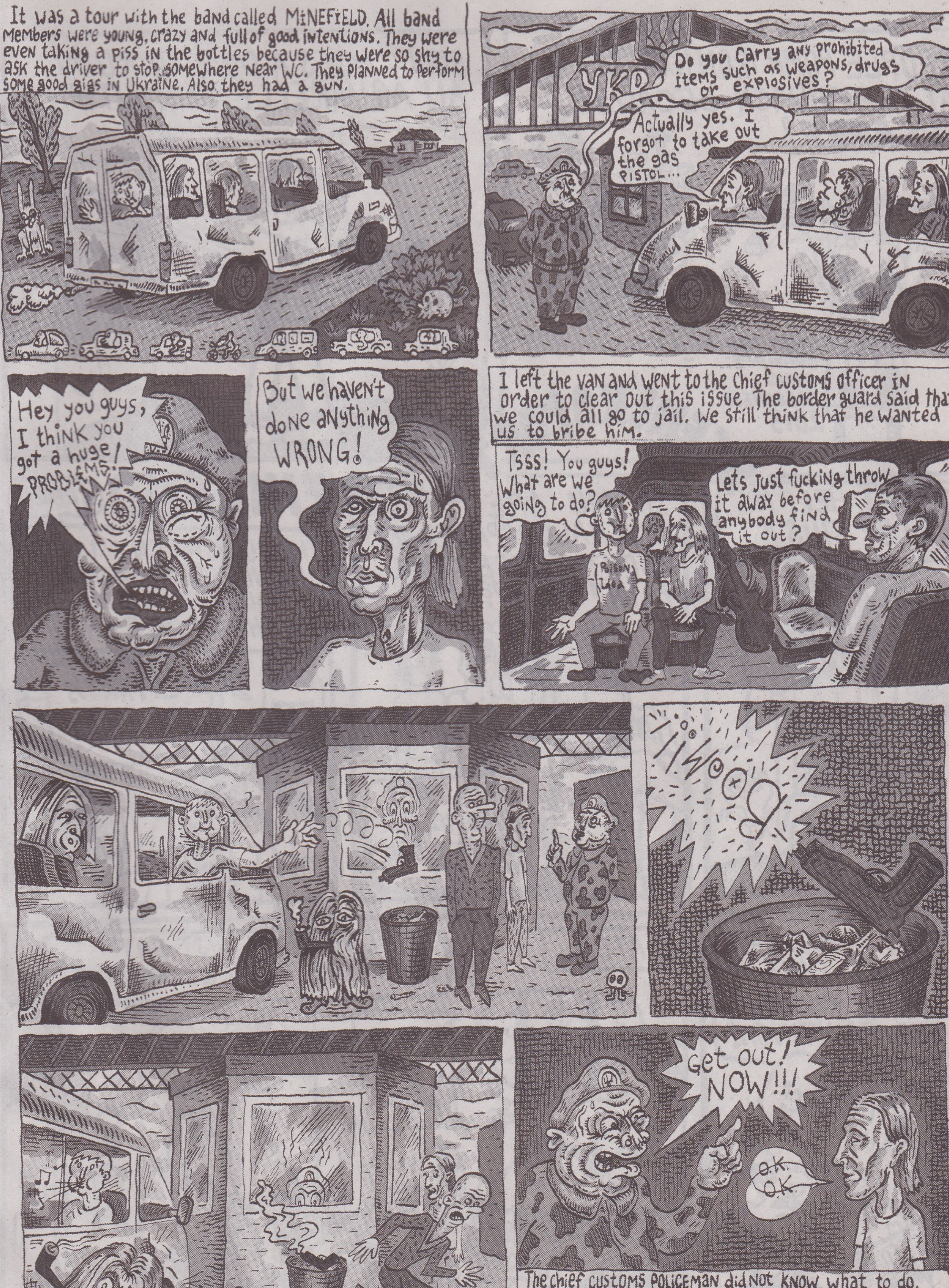

I THINK THE MOST PRESSING FEMINIST ISSUE WE NEED TO CAMPAIGN AROUND...
IS THAT THERE AREN'T ENOUGH WOMEN'S HEADS ON BANK NOTES.
£20


MAR ESTRAMA

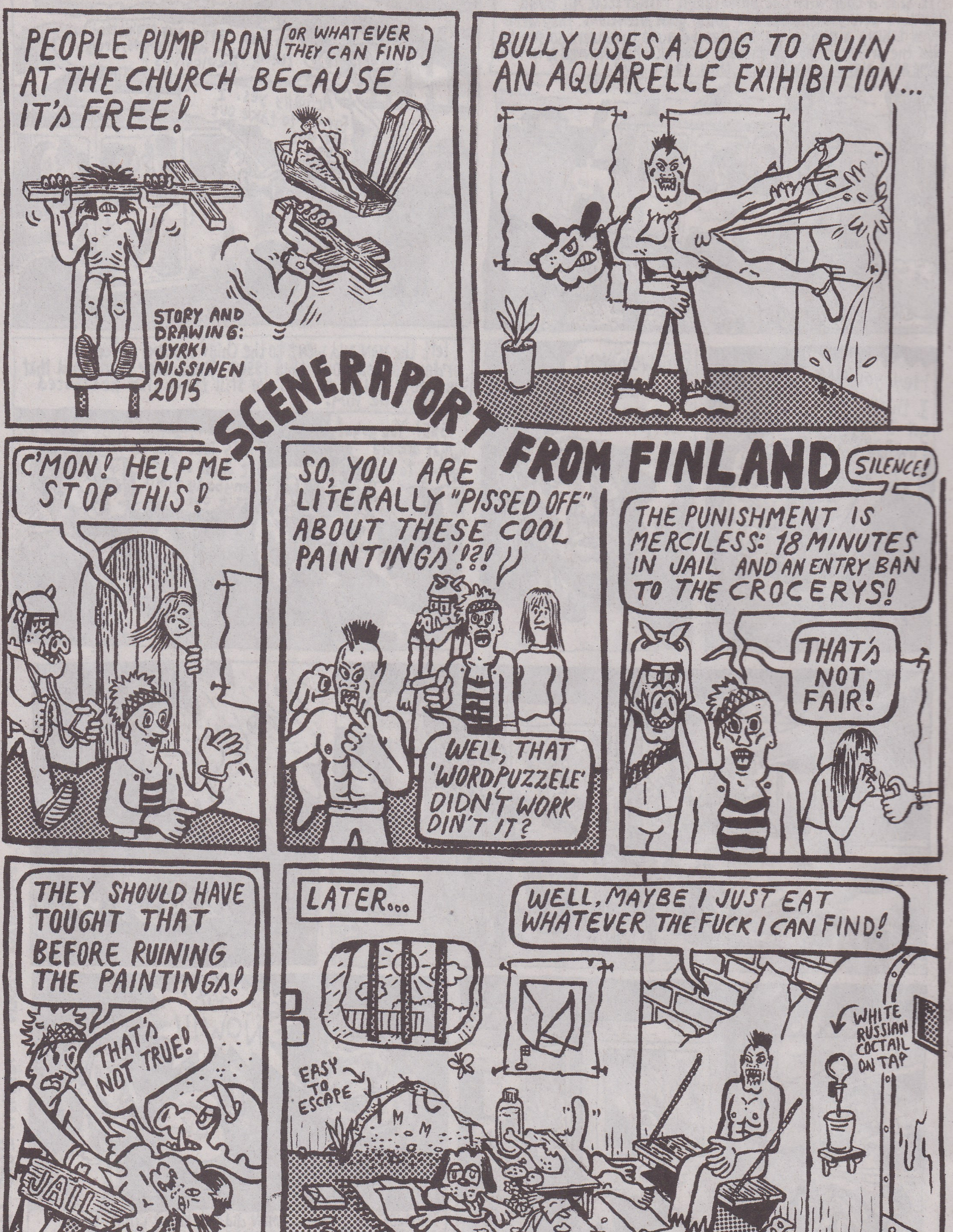
420 HOURS OF FEAR

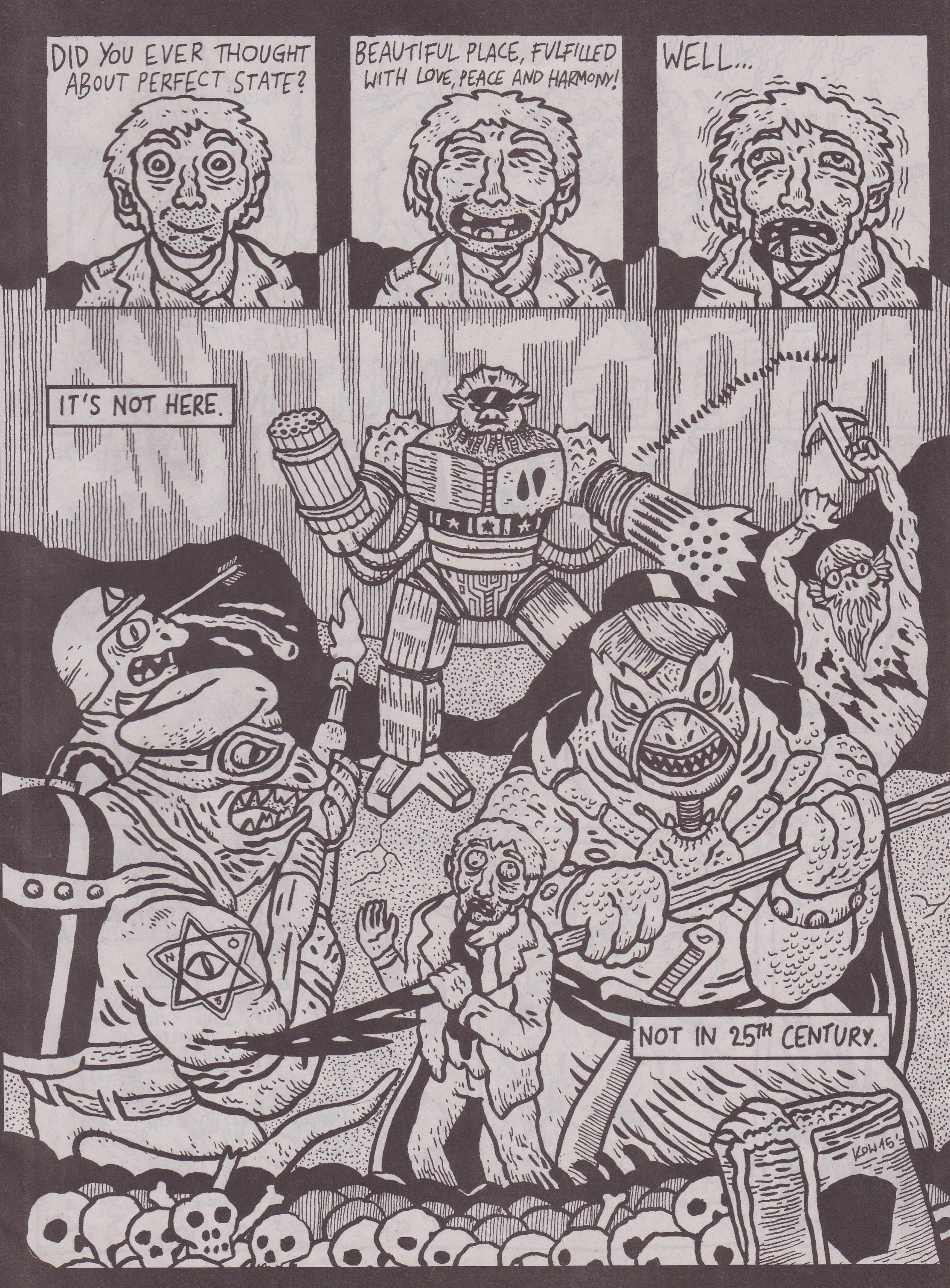

LATER:
IS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT, DARLING?

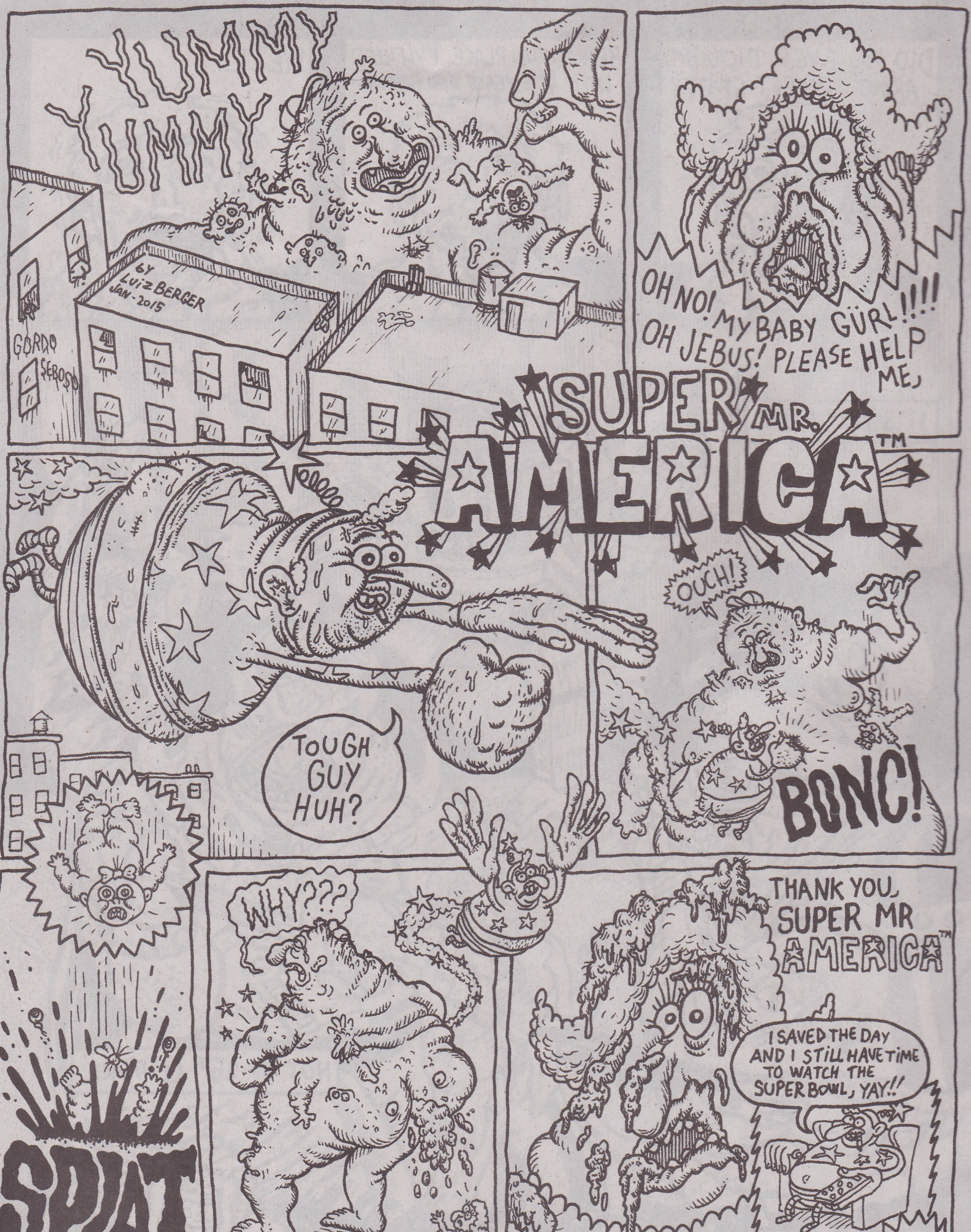
KARISSA SAKUMOTO 2015

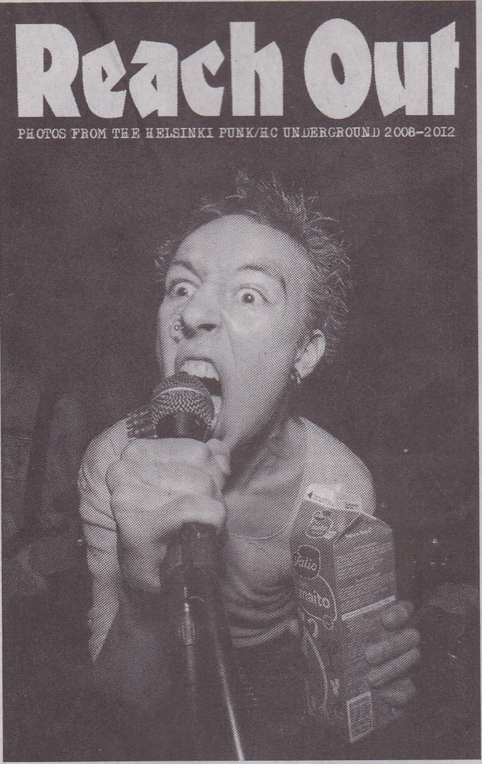

It was a tour with the band called MINEFIELD. All band Members were young, crazy and full of good intentions. They were even taking a piss in the bottles because they were so shy to ask the driver to stop somewhere near WC. They planned to perform some good gigs in Ukraine. Also they had a gun.
YKD
Do you carry any prohibited items such as weapons, drugs or explosives?
Actually yes. I forgot to take out the gas pistol...
Hey you guys, I think you got a huge PROBLEMS!
But we haven't done anything WRONG!
I left the van and went to the chief customs officer in order to clear out this issue. The border guard said that we could all go to jail. We still think that he wanted us to bribe him.
Tsss! You guys! What are we going to do?
Lets just fucking throw it away before anybody find it out?
Poison Idea
BOOM!
Get out! NOW!!!
O.K. O.K.
The chief customs policeman did not know what to do. It was the first time somebody was acting as such a fool in front of him. He just let us go. We left the checkpoint. We were in Ukraine and we had couple nice shows planned. The gun was left over in a trash can.

Story - Denis Alekseev   Artist - Psymuline


PEOPLE PUMP IRON (OR WHATEVER THEY CAN FIND) AT THE CHURCH BECAUSE IT'S FREE!
STORY AND DRAWING: JYRKI NISSINEN 2015
BULLY USES A DOG TO RUIN AN AQUARELLE EXIHIBITION...
SCENERAPORT FROM FINLAND
C'MON! HELP ME STOP THIS!
SO, YOU ARE LITERALLY "PISSED OFF" ABOUT THESE COOL PAINTINGS'!?!
WELL, THAT 'WORDPUZZELE' DIDN'T WORK DIN'T IT?
SILENCE!
THE PUNISHMENT IS MERCILESS: 18 MINUTES IN JAIL AND AN ENTRY BAN TO THE CROCERYS!
THAT'S NOT FAIR!
THEY SHOULD HAVE TOUGHT THAT BEFORE RUINING THE PAINTINGS!
THAT'S NOT TRUE!
JAIL
LATER...
WELL, MAYBE I JUST EAT WHATEVER THE FUCK I CAN FIND!
EASY TO ESCAPE
WHITE RUSSIAN COCTAIL ON TAP


DID YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT PERFECT STATE?
BEAUTIFUL PLACE, FULFILLED WITH LOVE, PEACE AND HARMONY!
WELL...
IT'S NOT HERE.
NOT IN 25TH CENTURY.
KOW 15'


YUMMY YUMMY
BY LUIZ BERGER JAN-2015
GORDO SEBOSO
OH NO! MY BABY GÜRL!!!! OH JEBUS! PLEASE HELP ME,
SUPER MR. AMERICA™
OUCH!
TOUGH GUY HUH?
BONC!
SPLAT
WHY???
THANK YOU, SUPER MR AMERICA™
I SAVED THE DAY AND I STILL HAVE TIME TO WATCH THE SUPERBOWL, YAY!!
THE END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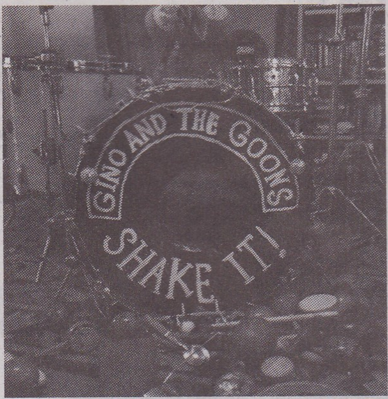
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SHAKE IT!

GINO and the GOONS
"Shake It!" lp/tape

THE MONSIEURS

THE MONSIEURS
"Self-Titled" lp/cd

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DEATH FROM ABOVE

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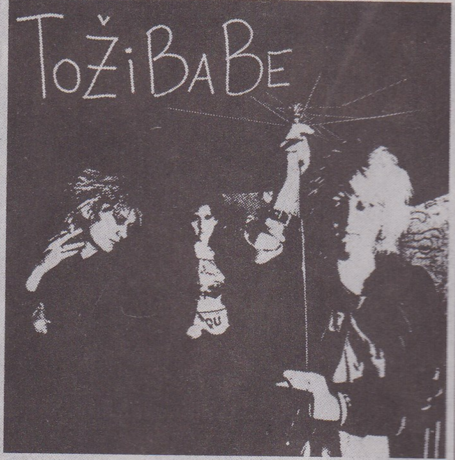

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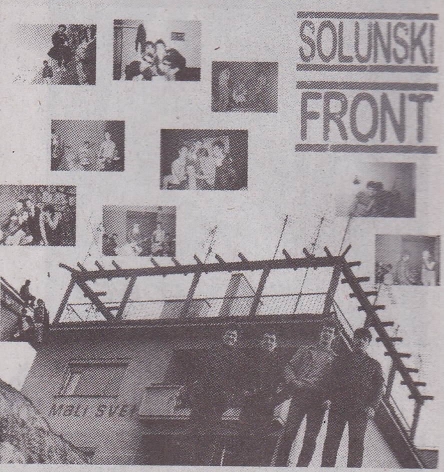
S/T LTD LP



Mali svet LTD LP (+ 16-page booklet)

Mali svet LTD LP Picture Disc
(+ 16-page booklet)

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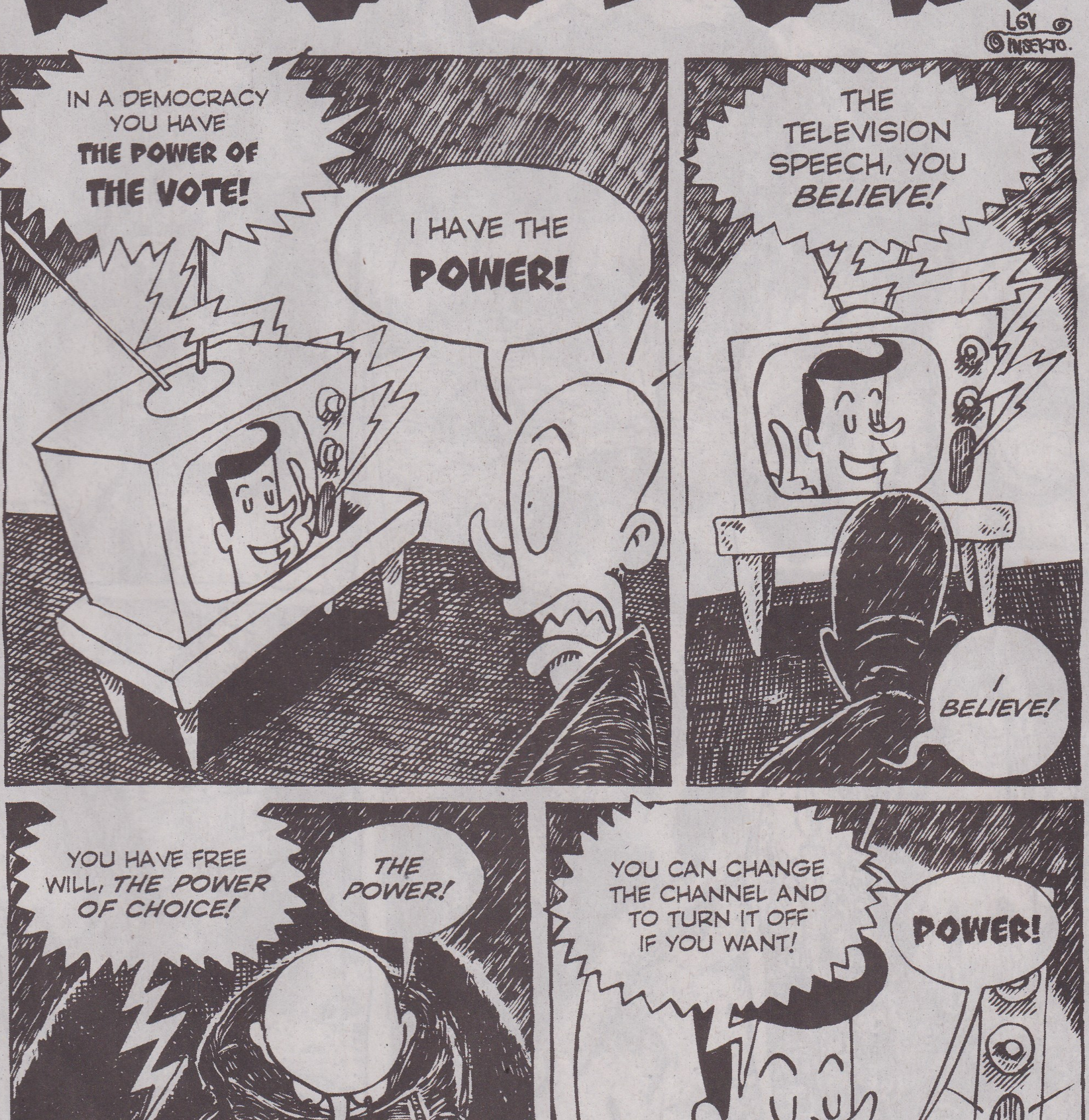
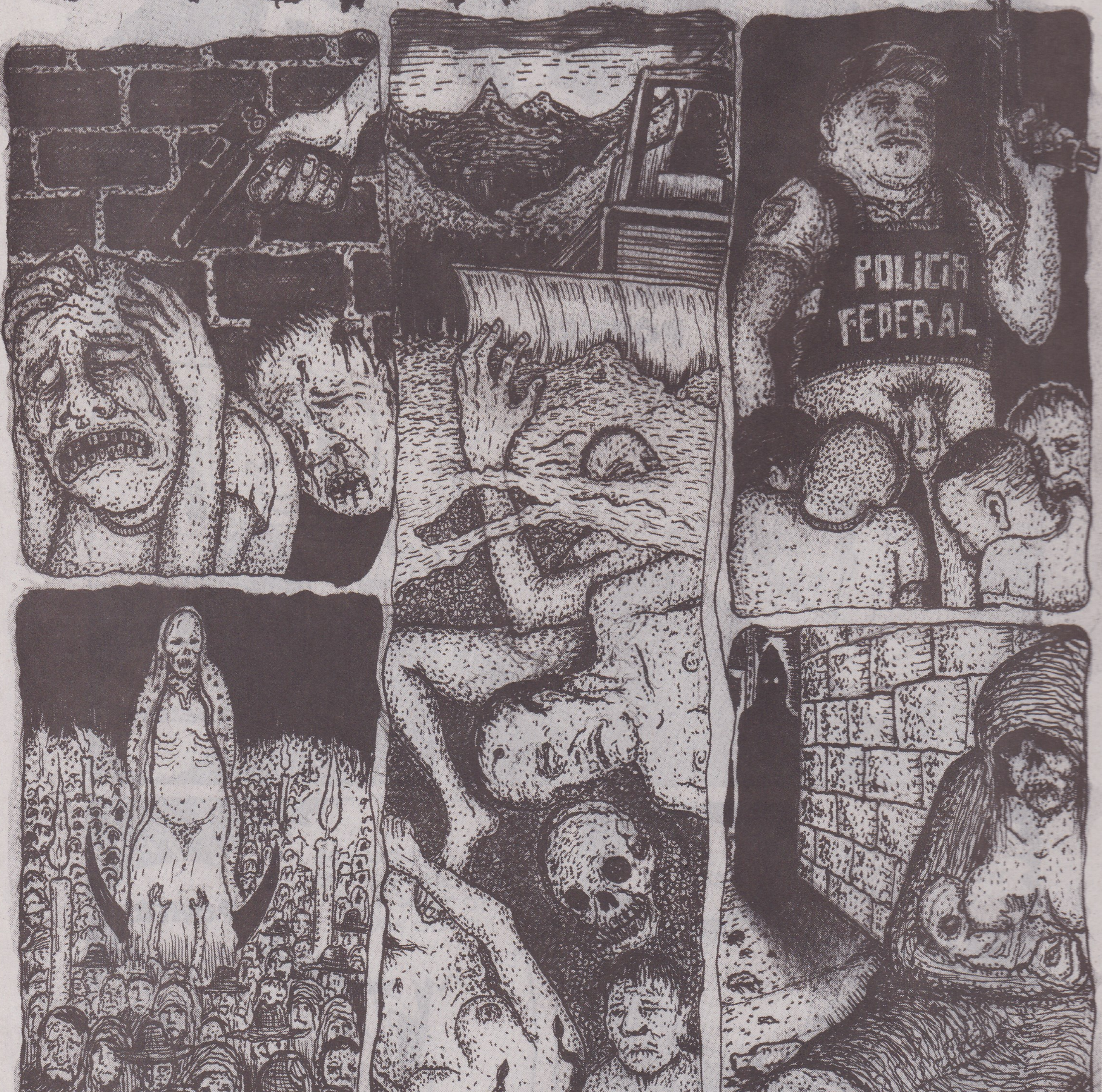
POWER

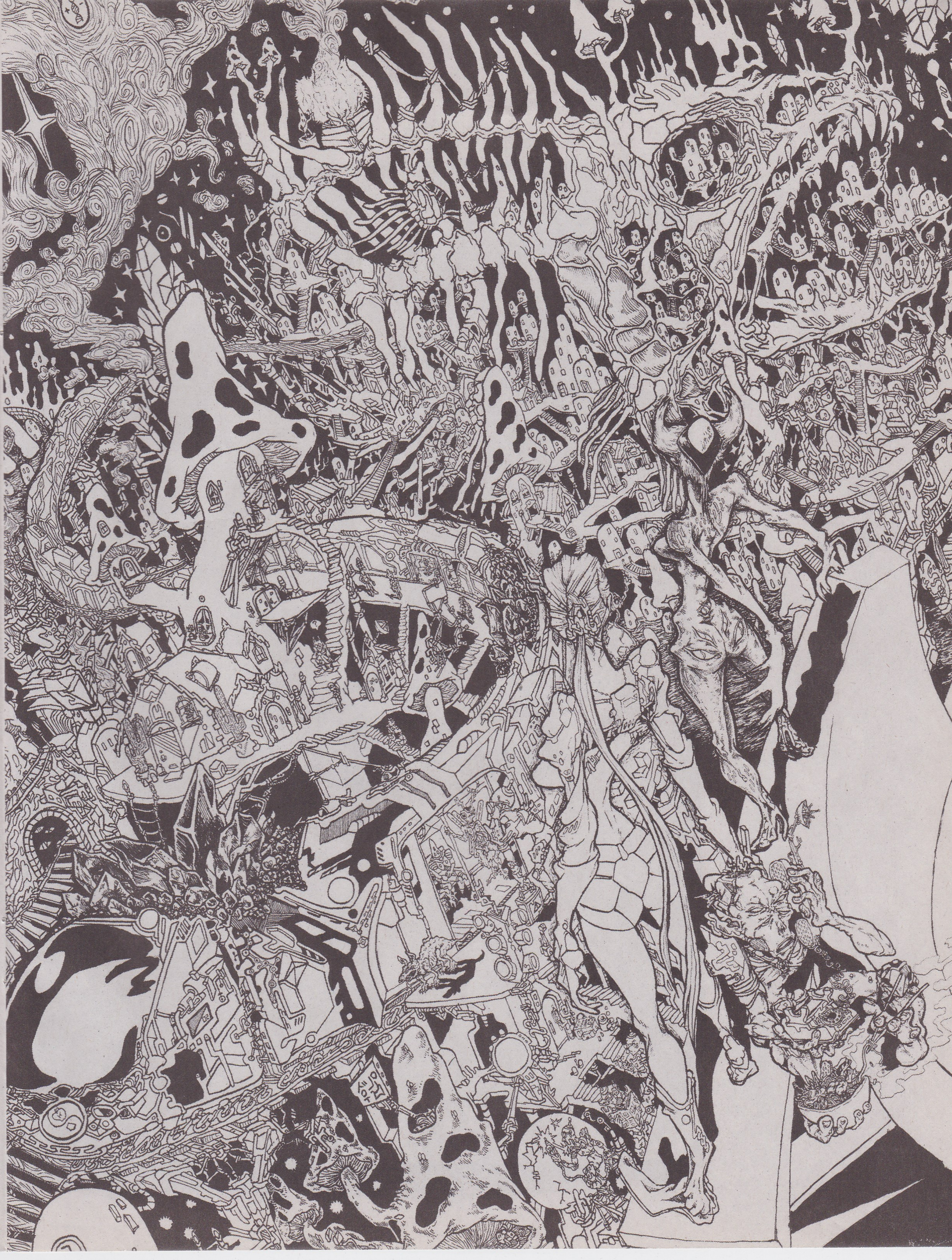

LGY INSEKTO.
IN A DEMOCRACY YOU HAVE THE POWER OF THE VOTE!
I HAVE THE POWER!
THE TELEVISION SPEECH, YOU *BELIEVE!*
I BELIEVE!
YOU HAVE FREE WILL, *THE POWER OF CHOICE!*
THE POWER!
YOU CAN CHANGE THE CHANNEL AND TO TURN IT OFF IF YOU WANT!
POWER!

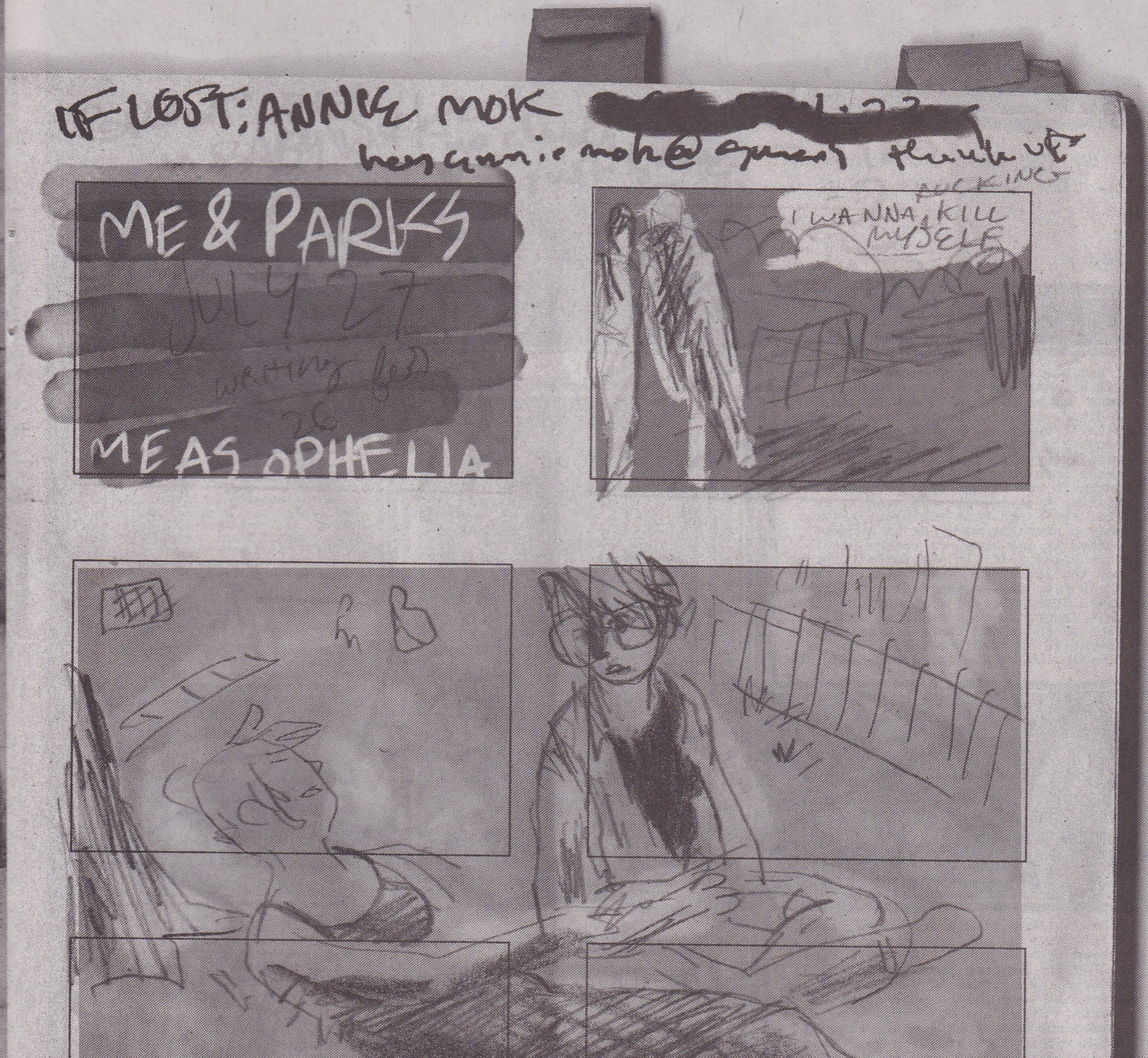
DOUTOR INSEKTO

LA FIESTA DE MI PUEBLO

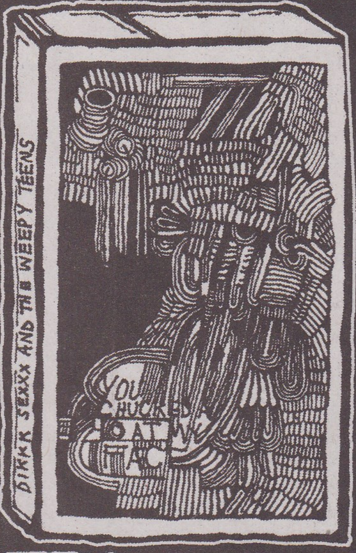

POLICIA
FEDERAL
YECAL

MÉXICO 2015

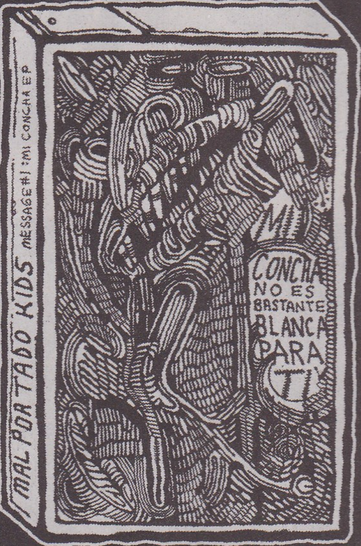



IF LOST: ANNIE MOK [redacted]
heyanniemok@gmail thank u!
ME & PARKS
JULY 27
WRITING for 26
ME AS OPHELIA
I WANNA FUCKING KILL MYSELF
WHAT MAKES YOU
FEEL LIKE YOU WANT TO LIVE?
"RENAISSANCE RAPE REVENGE?"
7.27.14 —

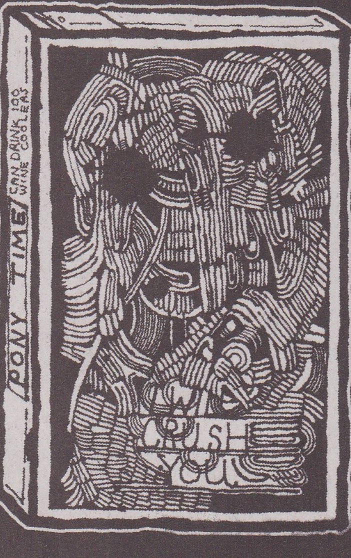
"Four Tapes That I Like" by Marissa Paternoster. I play guitar and sing in the band Screaming Females. I draw as well.
www.screamingfemales.com
www.marissapaternoster.com


DIKKK SEXXX AND THE WEEPY TEENS

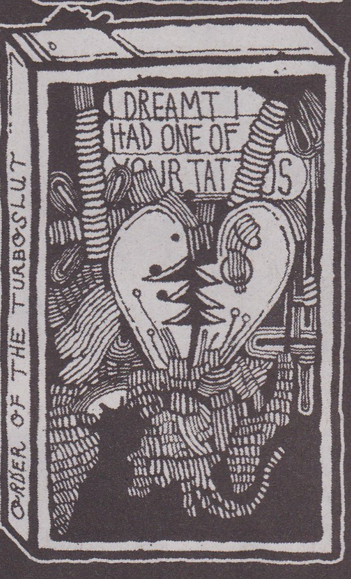
I had the distinct pleasure of seeing Dikkk Sexxx and the Weepy Teens when my band was at SXSW in 2012. We had all decided to ditch the festival's beaten path to check out a punk show at a recycling center. Dikkk Sexxx & co. were everything a wiley band of young punks in a room filled with garbage ought to be: crass, super gross, and filling every desireable punk trope (ie: spitting) that one might desire whilst drinking warm PBR in a room soaked in the scent of rotten beer. That being said, it was refreshing, to say the least, to see a band let their freak flag fly in the midst of a lot - and I mean a lot of what Kurdt might call corporate rock bullshit. This tape is short and fun. It reminds me of one of my favorite bands, The Trashies(WA). Highly recommended. A+



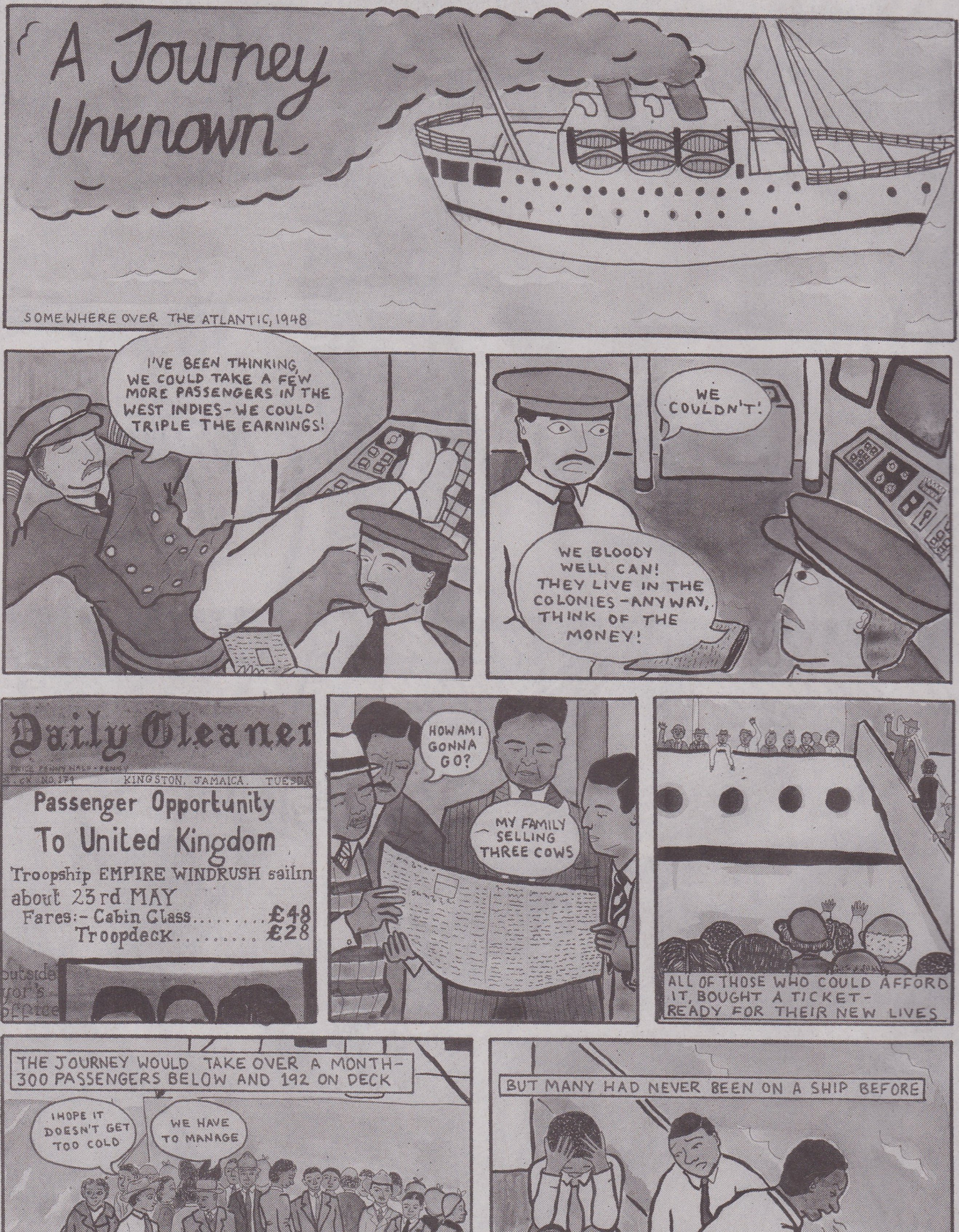
Malportado Kids is the side project of Victoria Ruiz and Joey DeFrancesco of the political punk outfit Downtown Boys from Providence, RI. I saw them in a New Brunswick basement in the winter of 2014 (or maybe 2013) and was blown out of my shoes. The band, which only consisted of Victoria, Joey, some samples, & a projector, was more than just music - it was a full-on, multi-faceted, multi-media happening. Malportado Kids are mindfully crafted, well-informed political punk in the vein of Atari Teenage Riot that you could shake your ass to, which I don't do but Victoria sure does. I watched Victoria lovingly apply glitter to each of these cassettes upstairs before the show whilst simultaneously crafting a colorful embroidery of what she said was a 'salt mine'. Proving that you can be punk as fuck, an academic, a fan of crafting, and still love glitter. She's my hero. A+



I bought Pony Time's *Pony Time Can Drink 100 Wine Coolers* at a show they played with us in 2010 at a DIY spot called The Healthy Times Fun Club in Seattle. Pony Time is simply bass and drums and they pull it off effortlessly. This tape has brought me a trememdous amount of joy and since I've purchased it I've tried in vain to get my download card to work so that I can listen to it while walking around town (I still don't have the files). The singer fella wore his bass up quite high and had a really nice hairdo. Good songs to boot. Although I do not have any particularly strong emotional connection to this tape, I enjoy in immensely nonetheless. Sometimes you just to resign yourself to liking things just because. A+


ORDER OF THE TURBOSLUT
I DREAMT I HAD ONE OF YOUR TATTOOS

It is difficult for me to put into words precisely how much this tape means to me as a musician and as a woman. Turboslut's (RIP) *Order of the Turboslut* tape was and continues to be one of the most emotionally visceral pieces of music I have ever owned. It draws from a deep well of, what I believe are, the shared experiences of four women, and those experiences are fraught with pain. This is my go-to tape for times that call for complete and total catharsis. I have a tattoo of their logo and some lyrics on my leg: *I want communion without possession.* I want to find a place to belong.but I don't want to belong to anyone else. Thank you Turboslut and Rest in Power. A+


A Journey Unknown
SOMEWHERE OVER THE ATLANTIC, 1948
I'VE BEEN THINKING, WE COULD TAKE A FEW MORE PASSENGERS IN THE WEST INDIES - WE COULD TRIPLE THE EARNINGS!
WE COULDN'T!
WE BLOODY WELL CAN! THEY LIVE IN THE COLONIES - ANYWAY, THINK OF THE MONEY!
Daily Gleaner
KINGSTON, JAMAICA. TUESDA
Passenger Opportunity To United Kingdom
Troopship EMPIRE WINDRUSH sailin
about 23rd MAY
Fares:- Cabin Class.........£48
Troopdeck.........£28
HOW AM I GONNA GO?
MY FAMILY SELLING THREE COWS
ALL OF THOSE WHO COULD AFFORD IT, BOUGHT A TICKET - READY FOR THEIR NEW LIVES
THE JOURNEY WOULD TAKE OVER A MONTH - 300 PASSENGERS BELOW AND 192 ON DECK
I HOPE IT DOESN'T GET TOO COLD
WE HAVE TO MANAGE
BUT MANY HAD NEVER BEEN ON A SHIP BEFORE

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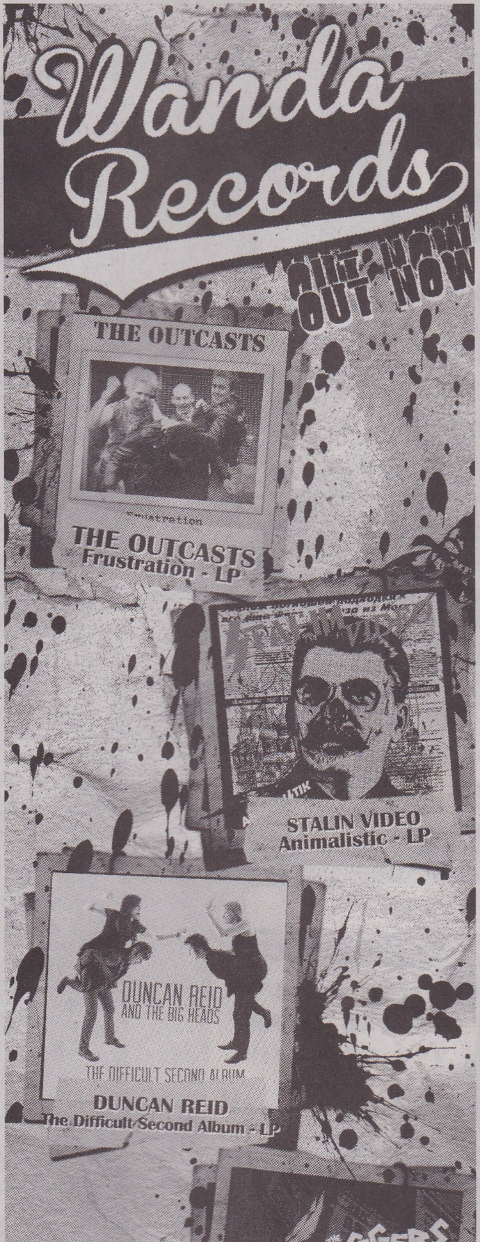

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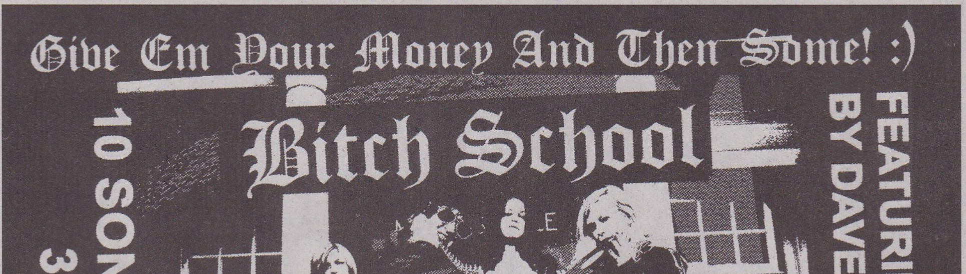

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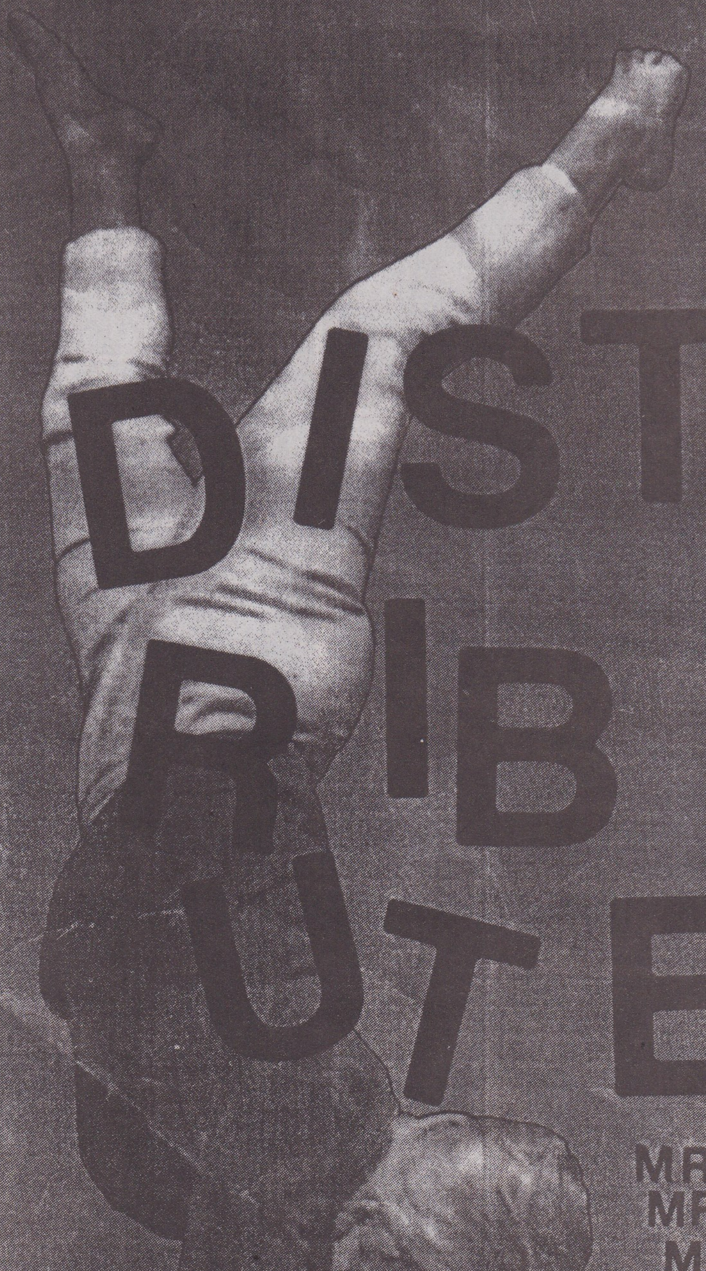

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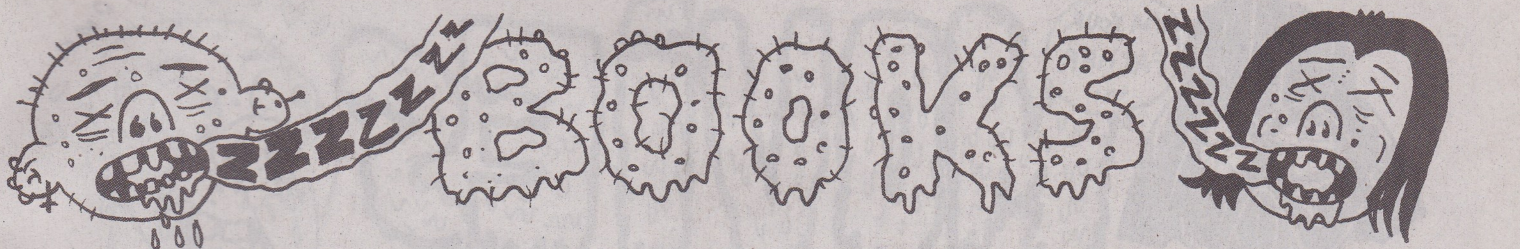

The PORTABLE
NMSD
NOT MY SMALL DIARY
DELAINE DERRY GREEN

The Portable Not My Small Diary
Edited by Delaine Derry Green
$7.50 • 212 pages
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delangel3@hotmail.com

The Portable Not My Small Diary (hereafter referred to as *NMSD*) is a collection, a sort of Greatest Hits, of the best and brightest 88 comics selected from the zine *NMSD*. Delaine Derry Green, the Trussville, Alabama-based editor of *NMSD*, describes the zine as an autobiographical diary comic anthology that started in 1996 and is still going strong today (after 17 issues.) I thoroughly enjoyed reading and looking at the comics/artwork in this book.

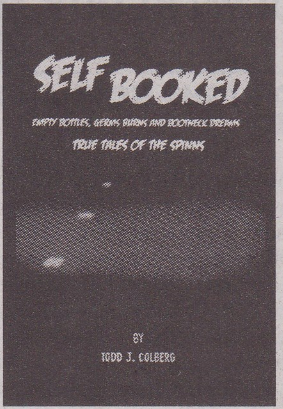
I like this book primarily because it's honest. Or at least it feels honest (I was going to write *pure*, but that word has so many connotations that are unrelated to what I mean.) The comics, really without exception, feel honest in surprising ways, not just in the way of someone confessing weird or ugly things they've done or thought about or seen (though there are certainly plenty of weird and ugly things in these comics,) but in that fearless way when someone tells you what is actually important to them, or what they think is beautiful, or what has caused them pain, or made them laugh, without any pretense, and without coming across as precious or self-absorbed. With every comic, I felt like I was briefly entering a new, private world, and I was grateful to be there.

The comics are all very short, some only a page long and the longest running six pages, which didn't allow the diary-format of many of the pieces to drag or feel overly sentimental. The is part of why *NMSD* reminded me of being twelve or thirteen years old again, and leafing through the CDs marked "Compilations" in the Punk / Hardcore / Oi! section of my then local record store (I think it's now a drive-thru coffee bar, oh well!) and picking out a *Punk Sampler* put out by a tiny label that probably had already disappeared. These compilations generally had at least 30 songs by as many bands that I'd never heard of and, for 99 cents, I could put on my headphones and sit on the floor of my room while I listened to each song, which, while still a punk song, was always different from the last. I felt that thrill of discovering so many bands, some of which were better than others and most of which I never saw live, but that wasn't the point. The point was that the songs played by these almost anonymous bands made me feel charged and capable of starting my own band, too, and later doing other creative things I would never have attempted had these people not been making the music they felt they need to make, without the prospect of being famous let alone releasing a full album. And I felt a similar thrill while reading, and a similar joy. Not to say that obscure bands (or obscure artists) are to be admired just for being obscure, but that music (and any art) can be made by anyone, and that the musician (or artist) doesn't have to be known in order to inspire someone else.

I'd like to end this review with the words of a comic that particularly stood out to me in *NMSD* (though I don't know if comic is even the right word for this piece) called "Drawings Made During Lunch Break" by Jeff Zenick. Zenick simply describes his artistic process alongside sketches he's made, as his title indicates, during his lunch break.

Before he describes his process, he introduces himself as someone you've seen recently: "I'm the guy in the middle of the street with the orange vest and the stop-go sign. You may have cursed me. That's okay. I understand." His humility is moving to me. Then he describes his drawing routine: "I quickly scarf down my peanut butter and banana sandwich and look for a place to sit where I'm not in anybody's way. I know before I start, that it will probably be another unfinished drawing and that tomorrow we'll be in another part of town, but that's OK. Two dozen unfinished drawings in my sketchpad already, why not another one. I pick the red ants off me. I remember my breath and forget it again. I remember things I need to do when I get off of work…I worry that my co-workers will think I'm being a snob. People pass on the street and I try to make guesses about them based on their posture and facial expressions." The sketches that he writes these words between are of telephone poles, abandoned cars, the shadows of fir trees, and country roads. His sketches are as clear and beautiful as his words are, like many of the mini-comics in *NMSD*. I hope you enjoy this book as much as I did.

—Vincent Poturica



Self Booked: True Tales of the Spinns
Todd Colberg
$10.92 • 150 pages
self-published

Todd Colberg's chronicle of the highlights of the loud and fast career of the Spinns contains all the expected tropes of a touring rock'n'roll band. Infighting, bad luck, intoxicants, hit or miss gigs, and the open arms of like-minded rock and rollers, regardless of geographic location, are all sprinkled liberally throughout. The story carries no overarching theme besides the freedom of the road, which could be from the journals of almost any touring band. Colberg's narrative is broken into episodes and is easily digested even if the reader doesn't happen to be a loyal fan of the band's work.

Self Booked exists in its physical form partly due to the assistance of a sizable amount of contributors to a Kickstarter campaign. This is a book that is self-released, funded partly by presumably fans of the defunct band, and a great companion piece to individuals who were a part of the story in any capacity. With this in mind, it seems the ideal reader of the story would be a fan of the band and not just a reader interested in the exploits of some rock'n'roll nomads. Further emphasizing this point, the book contains a sizable amount of stage photos, flyers, and quoted reviews of the band.

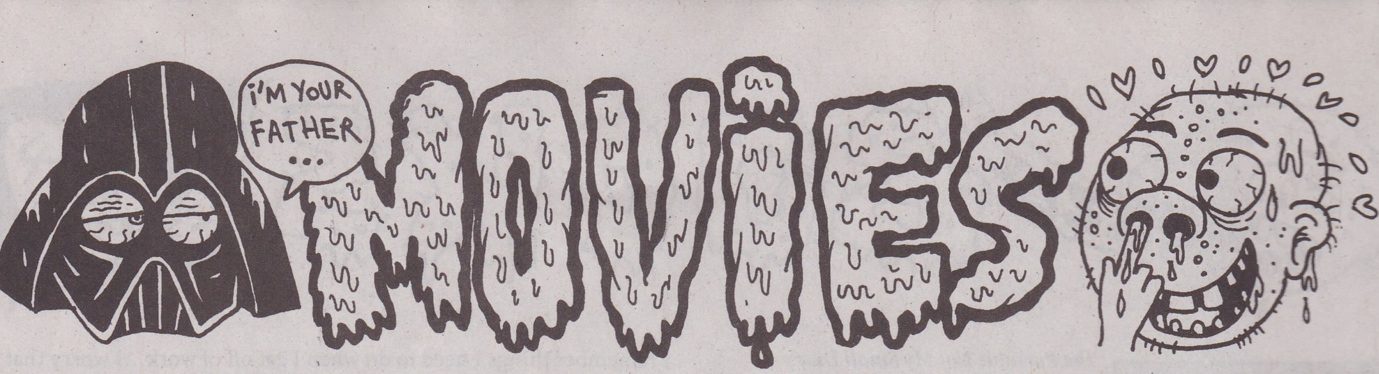
The intended audience issue is important and I'm still not sure how I feel about it being that I was unfamiliar with the band. In some ways, I feel that the events are formulaic, fitting the aesthetic of a band that attributed their entire aesthetic on carbon-copy '60s garage rock, including the haircuts, clothing choice, and, of course, sound. In the process of reading, I wondered if this story had to be written by this band or if it could have been the exploits of any band. Is that a bad thing? Should every single band have their own version of this book? I don't know but this particular one is light, fun, and generally doesn't stick with the reader.

When one brings up the bad stuff as well as the fun memories, some embarrassing things can come to light. There is definitely some dirty laundry being aired out throughout this book. It also is a concern that, because the writer is a stakeholder in the band and a participant in many of the conflicts, the perspective the reader gets is skewed and it would seem as if every decision he makes is rational and justified while many other characters or acquaintances in the story are just drunk buffoons.

An interesting recurring theme is the author's insistence on calling out racism, whether in the form of bathroom graffiti, old dive bar regulars' off-handed comments, or otherwise. These details have apparently been deemed important enough to include in the book. Despite the care taken to defend some oppressed folks, the amount of times women are referred to as "bitches" in the book is noticeable and disappointing.

For fans of the band, I'm sure it is welcomed and a great companion piece. For others, it's an opportunity to get a collection of stories as one might hear drinking beers and listening to records after a show. It goes down easy but doesn't leave much of an aftertaste.

—Miles McClain



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

I CAN TURN ON THE RADIO RIGHT NOW AND BE INSPIRED

If there is one thing you should know about me it is that I love radio. WFMU in New Jersey is one of my favorite radio stations. They are a freeform station which means the DJ gets to do what they want. There is quite a collection of characters taking to the airwaves of WFMU. The only imperfect aspect is that people don't get paid to do a radio show there. WFMU is volunteer run which has its benefits. It is easier to maintain your independence when you need less money. WFMU is completely independent. There is no advertising. It runs simply on listener donations. **Sex and Broadcasting** tells the story of WFMU's unlikely existence in a world where few organizations are truly independent.

WFMU was once a college radio station for Upsala College. General Manager Ken Freedman was a community member who did a show on the station. When WFMU's General Manager stepped down, Freedman was one of two people who applied to replace him. Freedman got the job. He also foresaw what was happening to Upsala College, they eventually went bankrupt, and began laying the groundwork to buy the radio license. He succeeded.

Of course, it is not easy running a radio station staffed by the sort of people who would work for free. **Sex and Broadcasting** gives you a small taste of the kind of DJs who work at the station. Some DJs accuse Freedman of being on a power trip and exclaim that they work for free so he can have a nice job. They are probably right in some ways, but watching Freedman work and manage one problem after another, you can't help think he might rather be just doing a radio show while someone else deals with all the hassle.

Sex and Broadcasting focuses on the station's attempt to put up an antenna in Manhattan. Even though they technically have a license to broadcast to New York City, their weak signal coming from New Jersey gets buried beneath those of the commercial stations. The FCC has given WFMU a permit for the new antenna, but they have to get it up and running by the deadline. A decision is made to use a majority of the station's budget for the year to get it done. This however means the station will run out money.

WFMU goes into panic mode by having a 24-hour fundraiser. Freedman offers to have Hannah Montana's picture shaved into his head as an incentive for listeners to call in and pledge. He even has a barber on hand to do it. Other DJs offer similar motivation for calling in. Although it would seem with all this focus on raising money that **Sex and Broadcasting** would get boring after a while, it doesn't. WFMU's determination to remain independent while everyone else seems busy cozying up to the man is inspirational. I already give them money every year so I hope this film will inspire more people to do so as well. (wfmuthemovie.com)

I am unsure why I kept putting off watching **Positive Force: More Than A Witness**. It may have something to do with the subtitle "30 years of punk politics in action." It just seemed like it would be preachy. Well, it isn't. It is just as inspiring as **Sex and Broadcasting**.

Positive Force is a group of activists in Washington, DC who were inspired by the punk scene and its DIY attitude to make a change in their town. They set up benefits for different causes that featured local bands. **Positive Force: More Than A Witness** follows the group's history from inception through the present day. It's cool to see they are still going.

While the drum protests outside the South African embassy are fun and provocative, I enjoy the more simple things featured in **Positive Force: More Than A Witness** such as when Positive Force delivers groceries or gathers a group to paint a senior's house. At the end of the documentary, Positive Force loses their house to gentrification and joins up with the senior outreach network We Are Family. These days, when it seems like there is barely anything a person can do to change the country's overall political direction, the simple act of helping your neighbor is inspirational and inexplicably subversive.

Also included on the DVD **Positive Force: More Than A Witness** are three short films and some live performances at Positive Force events by Fugazi, Seven Seconds, Chumbawamba and more. One of the more humorous scenes is an outtake shown over the end credits of the film. In it, Ian MacKaye loses his cool when talking about how many times he gets asked if he's straightedge. Apparently it happens a lot. (morethanawitness.com)

Interestingly, straight edge is portrayed as destroying the unity of Rome's hardcore scene in **RMHC 1989-1999 Hardcore Roma**. I am surprised at that late date in the title. Yet when I think of Italian hardcore bands, the ones that immediately come to mind are from Northern Italy. In the beginning, the scene in Rome is small so the bands play any place they can. They start in squats but, after being ripped off by the hippies who run the places, new venues are sought out. As some of the bands get more popular, the infighting begins. Then the straightedge bands start having their own shows excluding the rest of the punks. It sounds very familiar.

While I am always fascinated by individual music scenes, **RMHC 1989-1999 Hardcore Roma** has too much of a tendency to play as a rehash of every other punk documentary. There must be something about the Roman scene that makes it different from others scenes. Yet, the interviewees spout the same rhetoric I have heard a million times before and a majority of it is negative. In particular one comment made me laugh. One punk was complaining that another band, the Growing Concern, didn't release their own record. It was released by someone who was not a member of the band and still lived with his parents.

I would have liked to see more of what was interesting about the bands in **RMHC 1989-1999 Hardcore Roma**. The discussion of who is a true punk or not doesn't interest me. Punk documentary directors need to be more aware that they aren't making these films for people who aren't familiar with punk. The over explanation of it has a tendency to bore when you've seen and heard the same complaints too many times before. (rmhc-film.com)

10 Years Before Independence is a short film of the story of one day: October 20, 1947. On that day the Malayan people held a "Hartal" (shutdown) day to protest against the British Colonial government running their country. This day sparked the momentum for the Malayans to eventually gain their independence from the British.

10 Years Before Independence is a well-done and informative documentary. The film intersperses interviews with people who participated in the "Hartal" day and footage of present day Malaya. The interviewees discuss what the atmosphere was like after World War II leading to the return of the British to take control of the country again. The people reminisce fondly about the "Hartal" day as well.

However the musical choices for **10 Years Before Independence** could have been done better. The selections are odd. It is mostly classic punk with an emphasis on the Clash, which seems very out of place in a film discussing an event that happened in 1947. Plus using Ramones' "Commando" for one segment seems outright wrong. (facebook.com/sepuluhtahun)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, c/o Maximum Rocknroll, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. carolynkeddy.com

OUT OF PRINT?!

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(BA) Mike Battleaxe
(CK) Carolyn Keddy
(CR) Camylle Reynolds
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(DV) Diana Vashti
(DZ) Ryan Modee
(EW) Eli Wald
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(MM) Marissa Magic
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(MW) Max Wickham
(PA) Pete Avery
(RK) Ramsey Kanaan
(RL) Ray Lujan
(RM) Ryan Murphy
(RO) Rotten Ron Ready
(SZ) Shit Zoo
(WB) Will Blomquist
(WN) Robert Collins

ACTIVE MINDS – "The Cracks Start Appearing" LP

If you pick your records based on how right-on the lyrics are, this'd be an easy choice. ACTIVE MINDS has been radically outspoken for 25 years, and here the explanations are even longer than the lyrics themselves. The band is showing its age with the fuller production, touch of melody in the guitars, and longer songs. If you pick your records, though, by how much you want to listen to them, I'm not sure this one would be in such high demand. There's nothing wrong with the angry yelling and consistent, straight-ahead style, but the songs don't demand repeated listens. Especially over a whole LP, the material drags. My experience is that one ACTIVE MINDS record in one's library is sufficient, and this wouldn't be my first choice. (JM)
(Loony Tunes / Maloka)

ADAPTIVE REACTION – "Carjack My Heart" EP

A 7" from Jukebox Records' 2013 singles club sneaking into *MRR* in 2015. ADAPTIVE REACTION is from Toronto, Canada and plays thrashy new wave-ish keyboard stuff. It is extra fast and the singer sounds in-your-face mean. It might be a put on. He may have had too much coffee. I think I would prefer the songs more if they slowed everything down a notch. The cover of "Do You Wanna Touch Me? (Oh Yeah!)" has the nice touch of female backing vocals, but goes on too long, as does the original. (CK)
(Jukebox)

AGATHOCLES – "The LPs: 1989-1991" LP

Wait! Don't skip this review just because it's the 1000th AGATHOCLES record. This is a very different sounding AGATHOCLES from what we think of today. The 24 tracks on this LP were recorded at various times between 1989-91 and were originally on two splits, one with DRUDGE and the other with LUNATIC INVASION. At this point most people hadn't heard grindcore—let's not forget that NAPALM DEATH'S *Scum* didn't come out until 1987. On this release you can hear a big similarity to that record—in fact, there are a few tracks on here that sound like they could have been on it. Here AGATHOCLES is noisier, simpler, and sounds like the origins of grindcore. The side with the tracks from the split with LUNATIC INVASION are raw and in some cases sound live. If you'd like to hear some early grindcore this reissue is a great listen. I loved listening to this. (MH)
(Power It Up)

AJAX – "Drag Down" EP

This thing is a ripper. The demo struck me as TOTALITÄR meets 86 MENTALITY, and this record picks up where it left off: scrapping the remnants of USHC riffing in favor of full-on thick dynamic riffs from the FRAMTID meets TOTALITÄR school, played through appropriately beefy, treble-heavy guitars, all backed with livid vocals and (mostly) D-beat drums suitable for stomping. All the songs also seem to have subtle differences in speed, which adds extra dimension. (DG)
(Katorga Works)

AMERICAN HERITAGE – "Prolapse" LP

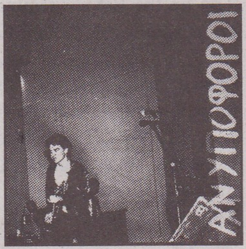
Drawing from the rich and varied catalogue of modern American metal, AMERICAN HERITAGE immediately brings current heavyweights BARONESS, HIGH ON FIRE, and PELICAN to mind. The songwriting is ornate but tastefully subdued under heavy distortion and perfectly layered production. The music's aggression is felt more in the precision and execution of the material than the speed or volume. Although heavy and punishing, the choppy beats and technically dizzying riffs bring to mind *Leviathan*-era MASTODON, a fairly awesome accomplishment, worthy of the comparison. After six original numbers that gained my attention and praise, the album wraps with three terrible covers (DESCENDENTS, BLACK FLAG, and GIRLS AGAINST BOYS). This ill-fated distraction is no knock to the band but a really unfortunate addition to an otherwise killer record. Go figure. (RM)
(Deranged / Solar Flare)

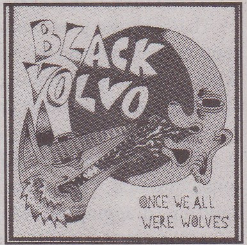
ANTI… – "Μουσικά Αντίδοτα" LP

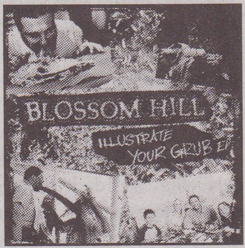
A much needed reissue of some of the best material by this Greek synth punk band. ANTI… formed in 1981 in Athens but didn't appear on vinyl until 1990, on a now rare split 12" with KOINONIKA APOVLITA. Those tracks are at long last available again on the A-side of this record, while the other side contains some compilation tracks and possibly unreleased stuff. Comprised of two keyboards and a bassist, this still sounds fresh and unique among other keyboard-driven punk acts I've heard. The tunes are fast and dotted by sixteenth notes, frantic and upbeat, but with depressive melodies. It's basically like the classic Greek darkwave sound on speed. Friends who know the language tell me the lyrics are great. This stunning reissue comes housed in a black plastic bag with two band stickers on it, one more inside, and a couple incredible looking inserts that have convinced me to advance my knowledge of the Greek language just so I can get the full experience. Dramatic and sensational stuff and definitely worth paying the international postage for a copy. (MA)
(Ειρκτή)

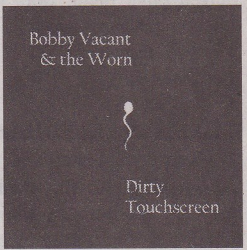
THE ANTI-PSYCHOTICS – "Fully Medicated" CD

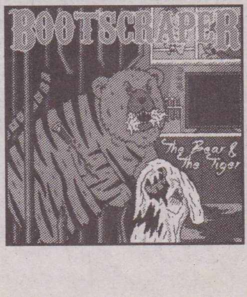
This Ford City, Pennsylvania pop punk/ska punk outfit seems inspired primarily by SCREECHING WEASEL as well as the NOFX songs sung by El Hefe. Seventeen songs replete with goofy artwork and tongue in cheek lyrics, this CD may or may











not include a song about smoking meth in Bakersfield (hint: it does). If music is their therapy as well as their medicine, then by all means rage on in the name of sanity. (LT)
(Thorazine Buffet)

ΑΝΥΠΟΦΟΡΟΙ – "Η Ομίχλη" EP

Sick and beautiful reissue of some Greek post-punk, stark and catchy and cool as hell. Reminds me a little of PIN GROUP. Clearly exists in the post-JOY DIVISION musical landscape, with a touch of darkwave, it has a total Greek melodic key, and even added dub/spaced out parts and, on one song, a ska breakdown! That sort of makes it sound wretched but it isn't—it's a demonstration of how many similar influences infiltrated underground culture worldwide, from New Zealand to Poland to Greece, and how each place put their own take on it that represents the culture they came from too. This is so catchy and almost poppy—parts of the last song on the B-Side remind me of that perfect NZ guitar sound meets POP GROUP almost! It's like fifty different ideas in one, and gets so triumphant when it finally kicks in…So wild. The sound quality is pretty compressed/lo-fi; this was probably a tape in its OG form. This is a really cool representation of another slice of global DIY and is totally worth grabbing! (LG)
(Ειϱϰτή)

AUTONOMY / SERENGHETTO – split EP

The Midwest post-punk sound is so distinct and captured perfectly on this record. Where as we on the West Coast seek to create dark voids out of sound, these kids go for more of an erratic cacophony. AUTONOMY is a Midwest post-punk band with an ever-revolving lineup. This EP's iteration gives us two songs; the first, "For What Cause," starting up as a build up, dragging us along at the beginning only to explode in the middle and come back down the backbone of the song, is simple but made complex with aggressive and clean vocals. Shit picks up by the second song and we have a more punx do goth sound, unrelenting and snotty but with just enough angst. With a name like SERENGHETTO, the flip sounds like a bunch of art whites trying to be noisy cool kids. Male/female screaming and cracking vocals sung over dark noisy guitars full of feedback, bass rumbles and sways, sometimes the vocal/guitar delivery combination reminds me if like MYTHS were a punk band. Both bands complement each other in the best ways. A cool glimpse into more overlooked places. (AP)
(Let's Pretend)

BAD JESUS EXPERIENCE – "III" 10"

From damaged and exceptionally harsh college radio punk on the first track to scalding and relentless hardcore with the same insane high-end vocal brutality as the first track but amped *way* the fukk up, to an ass shaking burner with a beautifully simple guitar hook in the chorus…were it not for the vocals you'd almost think you were listening to a comp. These mysterious Finns keep things weird, and get better as the record continues—revisiting the already mentioned styles and making them all work in the same song (listen to "Kierre" and take notes). BAD JESUS EXPERIENCE do uncompromising and punishing hardcore as well as anyone and the vocals are pure power throughout, especially when the pace slows and they demonstrate their ability to cut into your slowly. This is their third record…their third 10" record, in fact, and visiting the first two after devouring this one has me frothing for the fourth. (WN)
(Nunchakupunk / Popo's Bistro)

BAD NERVE – "Bad Nerves" EP

Straightforward early '80s style punk that falls somewhere between the *Pay to Cum* single and the Scandinavian bands drawing from the Dangerhouse crop in the mid 2000s (from which this band is also descended, a fact which is evident in the guitar tone alone), with most of the songs having a proto-hardcore feeling in terms of capturing the sound of bands who were just beginning to play fast. Most of the songs have adequate but forgettable hooks and cartoonish lyrics and delivery, and the fast-paced "Dead Town" is the sole redeeming track. The final song has them attempting to be "spooky" and failing miserably. (DG)
(Ny Våg)

BAD PENNY – "House of Glass" LP

This is floaty Finnish post-punk, dreamy but dissonant, with vocals that switch between throaty and droning to wispy and haunting. The guitar draws on the chords and tones of the crunchy pop destruction of SONIC YOUTH's early '90s jams and the bass is very plucked and percussive. Certainly very cool jams but lacking the tension necessary to make it stand out, though still very enjoyable. (DV)
(If Society)

BESPOSLICARI – LP

"1984 PUNK ROCK FROM EX YUGOSLAVIA." That's right folks. Punky Rocky from (Ex) Yugy Slavi. I never heard of these guys, but I bet this shit is on some super secret tape traders lists from the late '80s or something. Kinda rough but real melodic punk rock with those Ooh-Wah-Ooh kinda choruses that get stuck in your head for eighteen years. Reminds me of *Back to Front* comps, especially the Finnish shit. Fuck if I ever need to hear a new band play shit like this when I can hear the real authentic shit from 1984 instead. Fuckin killer, highly recommended, on blue wax no less! (GH)
(Ne!)

BIG DICK – "Disappointment" LP

Drum/bass duo from Ottowa named after a NO MEANS NO song, and it shows. While I wouldn't immediately say that this is my jam, this *is* some pretty powerful stuff. Loud, heavy, and pounding with some angelic vocal melodies. Pretty intricate and full for a duo. I think I was fairly turned off by the shitty name and the hipster looking cover art, but this is really good. For fans of STREET EATERS, PARTS AND LABOR, '90s Albini offerings, and even RUSH (I mean, they're pretty intricate). (DZ)
(Dirt Cult)

BILLY BONES – "Complexity of Stupid" CD

I've never heard of BILLY BONES before. But as soon as I popped in this CD it reminded me of the VIBRATORS. Not the actual VIBRATORS recordings of the late '70s, but the VIBRATORS I saw perform their "Best Of's" 30 years later a couple years back in some stripped down warehouse in, of all places, Stockton. Grizzled and aged, but played with the same finesse that you can only have after doing it for 30 fucking years. Shit can be done in their sleep. Turns out frontman Steven Williams, aka Billy Bones, formerly of the SKULLS (1976-1978), is the reason for BILLY BONES' early UK punk sound. The SKULLS hailed from LA, but sounded a hell of a lot like the ADICTS and the VIBRATORS. It ain't shiny and new, and not even close to cutting edge, but *Complexity of Stupid* hits the nail on its head (over and over and over) when it comes to that late '70s Brit punk sound. (CR)
(Dr. Strange)

THE BLACK BLACK – "Boogie Nights" LP

Very good, modern take on the off-kilter, funky '80s punk & post-punk à la *154*-era WIRE and BIG BOYS mixed with NOMEANSNO. Although, maybe I should do like they say (on "What the World Needs Now") and "check your head and your references." There's plenty of driving bass, neat drum fills, push-pull tempos, and varied vocals/guitar parts. They also make good use of repetition and even the slower tunes are continually interesting and don't fall into the "drifty" trap that "post-rock"/snoozegaze bands fall into. Also, despite their name, this one's on white swirly vinyl. (JD)
(Money Fire)

BLACK VOLVO – "Once We All Were Wolves" CD

This starts off with super nasally vocals akin to SET YOUR GOALS or NEW FOUND GLORY but backed with a butt rocker kind of punkish rock'n'roll. The second song sums up the vibes for this record with the repeated line, "rockers, we are rockers!" and that song finishes out with a double bass drum solo. All three members of BLACK VOLVO, share vocal duty, which changes the vibe of the band, from the aforementioned to bands like MILLENCOLIN and LAGWAGON. It's pretty unsettling to me—once you get used to one vocalist, a different one comes in and changes things up. The playing on this release is pretty skilled, but its seventeen two-plus-minute long songs make it pretty hard to sit through. (KC)
(Round Dog / TNS)

BLOSSOM HILL – "Illustrate Your Grub" EP

Helsinki three piece that sounds like the only music they have ever heard is old GREEN DAY EPs. Maybe somebody had a LIBIDO BOYZ song on their dad's computer, but I doubt it. This is, unfortunately, a pretty bland, blatant rip off of that once awesome pop punk band. (DZ)
(Flying Disc / Hold On / Pop-Poo, no info)

BOBBY VACANT AND THE WORN – "Virginia Street/Dirty Touchscreen"

This looks like a "Learning Photoshop 101" class project, and sounds like five different bands in one. Talent night at yr local? The insert is an incredible display of fonts and clip art. Bemoaning the degradations of modern consumer existences, one song ("Dirty Touchscreen") is like a drunken falling apart surly garage act somewhere between, uh, the COUNTRY TEASERS and JOHN WESLEY COLEMAN III but maybe not as cool as that sounds? The incredibly rudimentary yet amazing sounding sax gives it a sick and sordid feeling and adds to the texture of the song. A dark lurch across an empty bar…That is the only *MRR* reviewable song on this, as the B-side

sounds like an outtake from a RICHARD and LINDA THOMPSON record. Really. I think this is a "concept" record, and it includes a download of a related movie which *MRR* computers are too rudimentary to handle so I can't comment on the movie or the execution of the concept totally. In short, I think if they hadn't used such a (intentionally?) terrible cover more people would check this out on spec, it looks like a stock image from a bank ad somehow? I was expecting total garbage and sorrow, and got something else entirely. (LG)
(self-released)

BOOTSCRAPER / REVENGE OF THE PSYCHOTRONIC MAN – split CD

This is a split where each band covers the other's music, interesting because these are two wildly different bands. BOOTSCRAPER is an acoustic band complete with an accordion, mandolin, banjo, and possibly a bloody bouzouki. Not as dark as TOM WAITS' more circus-y stuff, nowhere near as unpolished as any folk punk kids. Reminds me a little bit of the better MISCHIEF BREW recordings. REVENGE OF THE PSYCHOTRONIC MAN seems to be really into RANCID, and I actually kind of like that, despite not really being a fan of that band. Pretty good street punk worship. This whole thing is just seven songs, so if you like CDs, street punk, *and* swing-y, circus-y adult folk punk, this is a nice one to crank while washing your roommates dishes, again. (DZ)
(TNS)

BRAUSEPOTER – "Selbstausloser" CD

This CD is kind of all over the place, and apparently this German trio have kept all three members in the band since 1978 (!!), so I guess they have the right to play whatever the hell they want. There's some straight up BEATLES theft, ska, disco, basement rock, classic guitar rock, new wave, '70s glam, CLASH-inspired punk, and even some weird jazzy moments. This didn't grab me right away, but it's just slightly weird enough that I'm kind of digging on it. A lot of styles that don't really go together so well, but done pretty flawlessly and without pretension. Some of these recordings are live, but the sound quality is good enough that I would never have known if I didn't hear the applause and translate the liner notes. I'd like to hear some of their earlier, more energetic stuff, but this is pretty good rock. (DZ)
(Uberfall)

THE C-3s – "Fact/Bell Is Ringing"

The label that at one time delivered to the world the distorted fury that is DISCLOSE has changed gears somewhat. Here are three Japanese ladies cranking out some overwhelmingly rad punk that is both eerie and melodic. The two tracks are sung in English (with the lyrics included), touching on the thematic of nuclear disasters and social malaise. "Bell is Ringing" starts off like a dreamy SIOUXSIE song that picks up tempo halfway through, where it's suddenly on the verge of a catchy GORILLA ANGREB-esque style. Great stuff for lovers of CHIN CHIN and KLEENEX, I hope we see some copies making it over to the US! (LT)
(Overthrow)

CAPITALIST KIDS – "At a Loss" LP

This is pretty good pop punk, but I'm still not a fan. Definitely better than a lot of the sugary gloopy gloop of that genre. There are a few great songs with cool structure and weird changes, but for the most part, they stick to the standard pop punk by numbers, and I get bored. I think I'd go see these guys live and probably drink too much and have a pretty good time, but I won't be putting these songs on any mixtapes. Well, maybe that weird fast one on the B-side. (DZ)
(It's Alive / Rad Girlfriend / Toxic Pop)

CHAIN'S GANG – "Goes To Juvie" 8" flexi

The final release from this Illinois chain-core band. This record is an 8" flexi so I'm not sure how much of the lo-fi sound is due to that, or just the sound CHAIN'S GANG was going for. The first three songs are bratty-vocaled '80s influenced hardcore and the last song "Juive Baby" is *My War*-era BLACK FLAG worship. Honestly this record just feels like a more gimmicky less energetic GAG to me, but hey, if that's what swings your chain, who am I to stop you? (KC)
(Crippled Sound)

COÏTUS INT. – LP

This is a reissue of a classic Dutch post-punk album from '81. Slow, lurching, bleak, and repetitive, but in a hypnotic way. The instruments are sparse and the vocals have a monotonous quality, but they manage to build lots of tension that never gets released. Basic compositions filled with spacious soundscapes, like JOY DIVISION minus the fun and dancing. Most of the time this sort of thing would bore me to tears, but this album emanates a special charisma and is actually quite provocative. I prefer their previous EP because it's more punk and rough around the edges, and their very best song, "The Habit Stayed," is on their 1985 LP *Sex for the Wealthy*, but I'd still like to consider this necessary for likers of all things dark and post-punk. (MA)
(Bunkerpop)

CONSTANT MONGREL – "The Law/DCM"

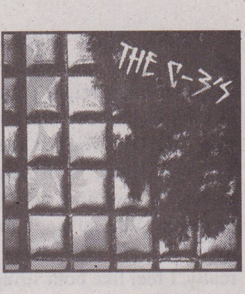
Thank you CONSTANT MONGREL, for the gift of this excellent and, dare I say, essential single. Side A gives us two propulsive bangers each worth the price of admission (or shipping costs from the RIP Society crew down in Australia). "DCM" has a lot going for it behind the perfectly snot-filtered vocals, but I think my favorite little detail here is the mosquito-like guitar line that buzzes in the background, before jumping out and sending us into the next track. On "The Law" someone in the band trades their guitar for a synthesizer and we ride out to a *This Nation's Saving Grace* FALL vibe, complete with some vocals that sound *a lot* like Mark E. Smith (who, for the record, is a fine person to sound like for about a minute-and-a-half). "New Shapes" is the B-side of the record, and a compelling case for all the musicians out there to forget everything they ever learned about music theory and only write two-note songs from here on out. Well, they play some other stuff in the chorus, but the track ends with the two-note bass riff from the earlier verses in the song, laying the groundwork for some drum corps fills (and what sounds like some congas?) and further synth jamming, seeming to go further in 45 seconds than a lot of full-time psychedelic rockers seem to go with ten times the time and more expensive drugs. This is a punk record, by the way. I will also bring your attention to the bonus ending to Side B, so don't pull the needle off too soon. I haven't been this happy to have stuck around after the credits since I saw the last *The Fast and the Furious*. (EW)
(R.I.P. Society)

CRAZY AND THE BRAINS – "Good Lord" LP

Take equal parts HARLEM, NOBUNNY, a bunch of sex, about four metric tons of xylophone, and a good handful of JONATHAN RICHMAN, and you have got yourself a good batch of CRAZY AND THE BRAINS. Seriously, this is super xylophone heavy, super bubblegum rock. It's catchy as fuck, and I dig it. I'd go see these guys play with KING LOLLIPOP or YOUNGER LOVERS and I would be super stoked. Did I mention that these guys like the sex? (DZ)
(Baldy Longhair)

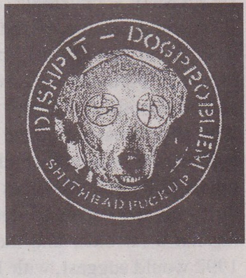
DAVIDIANS – "Night Terrors/Gimme All Yo Dope"

These are some freaky ass tracks right here. From the label that brought you WHATEVER BRAINS and BRAIN FLANNEL (and a host of other outta this galaxy shit) comes the DA-



DESERAT
FIRST TWO AND A HALF 7"

DEMO 1991
FAST'S
DISCOCKS



THE ELECTRIC EELS

OUT OF PRINT?!

VIDIANS single. When the needle dropped and those groovy, angular, bass licks kicked in I was mesmerized. Straight up, a sound that would make GANG OF FOUR blush (then curse for not doin' it in '79). The vocalist is the epitome of the snotty frontman. Dude is all nasal. Sounds like he hasn't blown his nose in a month. And while this dude is screamin', the guitar is pretty much doin' its own thing. At points they meet up and play together but really, I feel like both stringed instruments are reading off entirely different music sheets. I feel like these folks get some of their cues from the more angular post punk acts like PiL or the freakier WIRE tracks, but with way more of a focus on speed and obnoxious delivery. I had to listen to this record a couple of times to get some sort of hold on it, and I'm not sure I even got it. I just know this record is great. Very stoked to listen and re-listen. Buy buy buy! For fans of: Staring directly into the sun, adventures in abandoned mine shafts, and skipping prom. (MW)
(Sorry State)

DEFORMITY – "Fracture" EP

Sophomore EP from NYC's DEFORMITY sports three wild, hooky, psycho thrashers with great guitar playing, interesting tones and songwriting skills that really show a band whose members are all on the same page, that know exactly what they are going for and exactly how to get there. And where "there" is, is somewhere no one else is trying to go yet. This is an awesome record, and one that should be pulled out to play for the grown ups that think it's all been done before. (JU)
(Katorga Works / Toxic State)

DESARME – "Porque....?" 12"

A vinyl reissue of the legendary 1992 seven-song demo tape from Lima, Peru's DESARME, a classic of Peruvian crossover hardcore. A band that played relentlessly in Peru in the late '80s and early '90s and remained active for decades, this demo was mass-produced several times over, and this first time vinyl edition replaces the original lo-fi recording with an enhanced remastering. This recording has a far older and more primitive sound than 1992 would suggest, with 1-2 punchy punky metal-leaning thrash and crude heavy guitar leads gnarled under layers of tinny and warping distortion, while sharp vocal shouts in quick staccato bursts over the din. It's a must for Peruvian punks and fans of South American hardcore. Though its strengths lie in straightforward simplicity and blunt edged hammering, without a connection to the band, era, scene and time, those aspects might read as weak points. The packaging of the reissue doesn't quite go far enough to bridge that for new fans: a reproduction of the demo's packaging with lyrics in Spanish, a band photo and a flyer collage but no additional liner notes or context. (KS)
(Odio los Discos)

DESPERAT – "First Two and a Half 7"" CD

DESPERAT need no introduction. Featuring members of freakin' MOB 47, DISCARD, DÖDSDÖMD, HUMAN WASTE, WARVIC...you get it. Here is a compilation of their, ahem, *First Two and a Half 7"*s and it is a great way to catch up with blistering Swedish mangel without having to hunt it down. This would be: *Demokrati Eller Diktatur?* and *Suicide Attack* EPs, half the split with GIFTGASATTACK, and a couple unreleased tracks. I only wish they included the rare and pricey DESPERAT demo tape. It is what it is, and for all intents and purposes, it showcases DESPERAT's raw yet catchy hardcore, which I mean in the most positive way. I saw them live once and that energy comes through on these recordings, albeit a compact disc. (JR)
(Dybbuk)

D.H.K. / WAÑUY – split 12"

My, what have we here? A double banger, with two of my favourite current Peru bands—a perfect airing! There is something viciously unforgiving and fiercely political about Peruvian punk—in a way similar to '80s Italian hardcore—and this is no exception. WAÑUY start out sharp, with throbbing bass and enough feedback and solos to keep it interesting, though just lo-fi enough to keep it guttural. This is catchy, pogo D-beat with wicked and reverbed vocals, drums fills, pulsing guitars and lots of fuzzed up riffage. I guess it's foolish to compare, but imagine ORDEN MUNDIAL playing their own version of ATAQUE FRONTAL or WRETCHED. To compliment WAÑUY, on the flip we have D.H.K.. I've liked pretty much everything D.H.K. have done and fuck if this is yet again some hostile stuff! Much, much noisier than WAÑUY, with guitars that shred and a tone as sharp as nails—*this* is lo-fi! The drumming is disheveled and buried under the layers of fuzz, distorted bass and screaming vocals. It's raw and unhinged, with track progressions that are rudimentary without being imbecilic. The production is truly basement-sounding and closer "Sabotea" is a total winner. Overall, this release, to me, is what punk sounds like when it comes from the gut. Thank you Odio los Discos for the reviewer copy! (LA)
(Odio los Discos)

DIKLOUD – "II" LP

In what one would presume to be their second LP (a quick internet search will soon prove you wrong), DIKLOUD starts out heavy. Slow, dark, and heavy. There is some screaming and droning guitars—forgettable. They soon relax into a form that has the feeling of emotional hardcore but with what is really a very straight punk sound. It's melodic, it's up-tempo, the guitars are dirty, the vocals are dirty, the drumming is very straightforward (outside of that one JEHU inspired part). It all sounds like very much the same song. Then you turn the record over and it's a bit of a surprise. The songs are longer. The first one is quiet and slow, then loud and slow, a bit mesmerizing. The second one follows the A-side a bit more but is still slower and more melodic. They end the whole thing with a bit of an epic that is certainly the best one here. It's spacey, it's mellow, the vocals are sung, then it builds but doesn't really go anywhere and I like it. Check that last one out or buy it for the profuse and rather nice packaging. (PA)
(Kaltam Koff, no info / Knebel, no info / Mamma Leone / Phantom)

THE DIRTY COAL TRAIN – "Dirty Shake" LP

This Portuguese garage band has a very '90s feel. The music is catchy in a lo-fi '60s style with a punk attitude. There are surfy parts and distorted parts and the whole thing sounds really good together. The male and female vocals complement each other nicely. He has a deep voice, she has a high voice, but both are filled with just a touch of attitude. I am amused that the band is called the DIRTY COAL TRAIN, but then everyone in the band takes the surname Coltrane. It's the little things that get me. This is an excellent record. (CK)
(Monotone)

DISCOCKS – "Fast's Discocks Demo 1991" EP

In 1991 the Japanese punk scene was in the middle of one of its greatest periods. Dozens if not hundreds of bands were slinging the kind of fast, tight, technically proficient stuff that has become synonymous with the term "Japanese hardcore." Meanwhile, three lads were hunkered down in a studio (or some place with a four-track anyway) with a *lot* of booze, about to begin a revolution of their own. Yes, this is the DISCOCKS very first demo pressed to vinyl, a loose shambolic mess of UK '77-in-'82 worship that would inspire a whole generation of drunk punks. Headed by chief DISCOCK and Pogo 77 Records magnate Nori on vocal and guitar, this iteration of the band also includes Peter (founder and mainstay of TOM & BOOT BOYS) on bass and future D.S.B. member Eiji on drums. This is sloppy, messy, semi-incoherent (even Nori can't remember or decipher some of the lyrics on this release!) and a whole lot of fun. Simple, slow, and owing a great deal to the EJECTED and the PARTISANS (among others), this is 100% drinkin' and havin' fun punk fucking rock that is as enjoyable now as it was nearly 25 years ago when it was recorded. "Greatest Fuckin' Tonight" is the pick of the litter, a timeless ode to punk nihilism with one of the best worst solos ever, but the whole thing is a blast. (AU)
(Pogo 77)

DISHPIT / DOG PROBLEM – split EP

This album combines possibly the worse album art I've seen all month with some of the best music I've heard all month. I think by now we would all agree it's really annoying when bands rip off the Crass Records cover art style. It's also real annoying when bands use pictures of their dogs for cover art. This record has both! Combine that with goofy band photos, extremely bad cut and paste photocopying, and (count 'em) ten different pictures of dogs and you have yourself one turd of a package to wrap around a record. However, when the needle hits the vinyl, all your skepticism is immediately erased. DISHPIT play early '90s Bay Area Gilman punk. If they were around in 1991, they would have been the heartthrobs of Very Small Records. They are manic, wacky, and catchy all at the same time. Brilliant. On the flipside DOG PROBLEM are like a shitty (and way punker) version of BABES IN TOYLAND, which to me is paradise. The three DOG PROBLEM tracks are insanely good. This is what non-crust punk in Minneapolis is all about. And should always be. (FS)
(self-released)

DISSOLVE – 12"

A fantastically intriguing debut from this shoegazing two-piece, DISSOLVE conjures up a hazy, dazed blanket of aching guitar melt that will feel familiar to genre dweebs even as it manages to sound wholly contemporary. Comparing them to local dream pop bros WHIRR would almost be too easy—all the more so as both bands record with Jack Shirley, whose work here is *impeccable*—but DISSOLVE ultimately sounds way more like its

early '90s forbearers, most obviously the unheavy side of MY BLOODY VALENTINE's later years. Things really ramp up on Side B, starting off with the album highlight "Innocence", a near-perfect homage to *Glider*-era MBV that hangs overhead like a delicately balanced guillotine. There are a few moments where things drag or misfire—the sampled percussion on "3" really bothered my eardrums for some reason—but even if their sound is unabashedly derivative, this is some beautiful goddamn fuzzbliss. (WB)
(Painter Man)

DRUGS OF FAITH – "Architectural Failures" 12"

This is an interesting project from extreme music mainstay Rich Johnson (ENEMY SOIL, AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED) that dabbles in grind, melody and metal. The music is seething with self-loathing frustration, almost giving sound to the tension in your shoulders and the knots in your stomach. A very uncomfortable churning festers in the tracks, unexpected busts and pummeling repetition sneak up and surprise you. The melodic aspects of the songwriting seems almost progressive in the sense that the songs contain spontaneity and a boundlessness, not unlike early CAVE IN records or the punishing rhythmic weight of HELMET. These five tracks live in an obscure and extreme corner of punk that has become strangely attractive. Not an everyday listen but a good one. (RM)
(Malokul)

DRUNK DRIVERS – "It's Always Weekend" CD

This disc is all over the place. It starts out with a FOO FIGHTERS thing. Then it wonders into a tougher WEEZER sound. Finally it ends on a rock pop note à la TOM PETTY or even MATCHBOX 20. Although this is by no means on the verge of taking mainstream rock by storm it's not horrible for what it is. Although the press sheet talks of some punk history dating back to 1994, I don't hear that in the music here. I'll just say it's probably not for the typical *MRR* reader. (RL)
(Crustacean)

DUNCAN REID AND THE BIG HEADS – "The Difficult Second Album" LP

I didn't realize there was a first album. Oops. Or maybe Duncan is referring to his time with one of power pop's greatest bands, THE BOYS. At any rate, this one and I got off to a difficult start. Track one starts off with just vocals. And they're kind of pretty, boy vocals. And it's pretty well produced. But you've got to give Duncan credit for admitting that he's an ageing punk rocker. "I'm just as good as I used to be and boy I used to be good." That's funny. The album is extremely catchy power pop. I mean it is extremely catchy. It's also extremely polished. It's so catchy and polished I almost feel like I need to apologize for it. But that's just ridiculous. It's catchy and polished and damn good. This is like an old BOYS record combined with an old VAPORS record combined with that old JACK AND THE RIPPERS 7". (KK)
(Wanda)

DWARVES – "Gentleman Blag" EP

Wow, lucky me. If there's one thing I never needed to see in my life it is BLAG DAHLIA's dick and balls. Leave it to the Fat Wreck Chords empire to really up the ante with this. Honestly, I dunno how shit like this still exists, but it does. WTF. It sounds like the DWARVES moved to Huntington Beach, which is prolly the only place on earth besides, uh, Germany (?!) that still respects Blag's "art." (GB)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

THE DYING ELK HERD – "For Real This Time" CD

Full blown wimpy indie rock from Pennsylvania. I was into this stuff in the '90s but more or less burned out on it at some point as there was so much of it. I'm thinking MATES OF STATE, the ANNIVERSARY, and a dash of BELLE AND SEBASTIAN. The vocals have a BOB GELDOF quality so this also reminds me of later era BOOMTOWN RATS when they tried to sell out with that "Rain" song. The weird band name and dark packaging hopefully won't hold this charming release back. (RL)
(self-released)

DYSTOPIAN SOCIETY – "Violations" EP

Based on the band name and cover art I was pretty fucking certain this was going to be a crust band of fifteen-year olds from 1999, which I guess could be alright. Instead DYSTOPIAN SOCIETY are from Firenze (that's in Italy), so that excuses the name at least. *Violations* is equal parts brooding goth and anarcho-cult, fitting in well with labelmates MORAL HEX, LOST TRIBE, and fellow Italians HORROR VACUI. This EP is actually really good and the title track is one of the best deathrock songs played by punks I've heard since ANASAZI's "Still in Iraq." Pleasantly surprised with this one. (SZ)
(Mass Media)

EASY LOVER – "Winter" EP

This is easily for lovers of modern screamo hardcore. The piercing sustain from the guitars will shred your heart, but you won't feel it. The tight jazz ensemble-like snare for this genre is like no other. I'm just trying to make you see what is coming out of Berlin these days. This is the kind of band that evokes a break of sweat in nightmares. The ever-epic stance of the songwriting is vying to keep hold. The EASY LOVER delivery is rigorous and stressed like a caged animal. The vocals are never changing, like a militant percussion instrument, so get out quick because hearing is believing. All of these calculated techniques create a cliffhanging tension from start to finish. You'd better forget it, though. You'll never get it. EASY LOVER will play around and leave you, and deceive you. Oh you'll regret it. Don't try to change them, just leave it. (JR)
(Twisted Chords, no info)

ELECTRIC EELS – "Die Electric Eels" LP

The minute I heard "Agitated" when I was in my early teens obsessed with music phase, I was hooked. How could I not be? Hearing it today sounds as amazing as it did then. Though they were here and gone before I even knew about them, it didn't matter. ELECTRIC EELS formed in Cleveland during an era that would also give us DEVO, ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS, PERE UBU, and DEAD BOYS. They sounded better, were angrier, funnier and more interesting than any of the bands the average person considers first wave punk. Plus they did it earlier! They released one posthumous single on Rough Trade in 1978 so most people didn't realize there was something this wild going on in Ohio. Fortunately the band had the insight to record during their brief existence and labels continue to release collections of these recordings. The songs on *Die Electric Eels* are from 1975 with one recorded in 1973. Superior Viaduct does an excellent job with this LP. It sounds great, looks good and you need to own it. "You know what I think? I think the whole world stinks and I don't need no shrink, I just hate it." This album is fantastic. For an added good time visit guitarist JOHN MORTON's website electricfuckingeels.com. You'll be happy you did. (CK)
(Superior Viaduct)

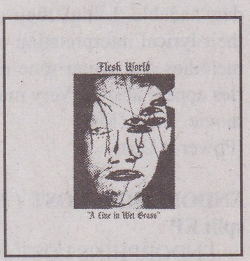
ELECTRIC EELS – "Spin Age Blasters/Bunnies"

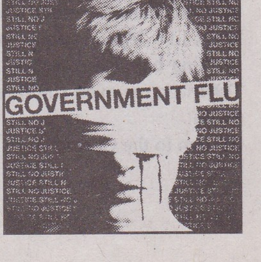
OK, are we being honest here? Because I am embarrassed to report that this is my first time ever listening to this particular ELECTRIC EELS EP. I still hear "Agitated" in my head periodically, and this is, as suspected, a bit, err, "subdued" in comparison. Well, except for that unforgettable '70s Clevo street urchin lisp, Paul Marotta. Guy had mad problems, yo. Glad someone recorded it all for posterity. Fuckin' sick especially da bunny wabbit Marotta cover. Buy this shit. (GB)
(Superior Viaduct)

ELECTRIC FUNERAL
反ス戦
RA

ENDORPHINS LOST / FLUX CAPACITOR

EXCELSIOR
PUNK FLOYD EP


Flesh World
"A Line in Wet Grass"



ELECTRIC FUNERAL – "Make Noise, Not War" EP

Don't let the band name confuse you—this is pure noise. When you can barely hear the music over the feedback you know it's going to rip. One-person raw punk band; Jocke D-Takt from PARANOID wrote, performed and recorded all this shit by himself. Your ears will bleed because this shit is unrelenting agony in both musical and lyrical content. No gimmicks. For fans of LEBENDEN TOTEN, FRAMTID, DISCLOSE, you get it. Tell me why you don't own this already? (AP)

(Detonate)

EMBALMING THEATRE – "No Grind for Old Men" 8"

Switzerland's EMBALMING THEATRE have been at it for two decades, and over the years have honed their skills at creating serious yet hilarious goregrind and death metal. This 8" is packed with fifteen tracks all based on real life happenings. Similar to how MACABRE'S *Sinister Slaughter* was all about real-life serial killers, *No Grind for Old Men* takes sick and crazy happenings in the world and writes a song about the story. For each track they include the date and summary of the incident. For example: "1999 Coin Locker Baby" says: "Tokyo: Parents went out for dinner-for-two. They put their five-month old girl in a coin locker," while "2001 Shotgun vasectomy" recounts: "Texas (Cut and Shoot): A confessed child molester tried to avoid a life in prison. With a shotgun he castrated himself which ended his desire for molestation. But nevertheless he faced a punishment in jail." By today's standards, their brand of death metal is clean sounding and well-produced with vocals bordering on understandable. I think their comedy comes from not their lyrical interpretation of these stories, but their melodies and guitar tone making some of the stories appear absurd. Very much like a horror comedy movie. Nice. (MH)

(Power It Up)

ENDORPHINS LOST / FLUX CAPACITOR – split EP

ENDORPHINS LOST mostly play hardcore with multiple understandable vocalists. To my surprise, for very short spurts they grind away with drums that don't sound real (triggers?). They pull off this hardcore into grindcore into sludgy slowness well, while throwing a bunch of ideas into their tracks. On "Quill" there's even a '90s sounding breakdown. FLUX CAPACITOR has a much uglier sound, playing raw grindcore and I'm not sure they pull it all together on their tracks. The screaming is amazing, the guitar tone a dull death metal sound, and the drums sound like he's hitting plastic. I think their songwriting and all-around spastic approach keeps them interesting and worth listening to because when they do manage to pull it all together on a track it works. The awesome "Midwest Blast Test" is clearly a nod to powerviolence and a scene. And who can deny lyrics like "Amongst the barren fields of corn / ear-splitting bands are formed." OK, FLUX CAPACITOR won me over. I'm listening to their side again. (MH)

(Rotten to the Core)

EXCELSIOR – "Punk Floyd" EP

London, Ontario's EXCELSIOR plays mid tempo rawkin' power pop in the vein of the NEW YORK DOLLS/HEARTBREAKERS. The weight of history sits so heavily on this style of raw that I'm almost hesitant to say whether or not it's any good. These gents navigate riffs roughly the same age as CHUCK BERRY with competence, if not with the amount of speed and gusto I require to be charmed by them. The lyrics are pure raw bro: porno, girls in short skirts, undead Nazis craving Aryan flesh, and the listlessness of one's friends are all covered. It's all pretty par for the course, dumb, and mildly offensive in a way that just makes me tired. How else is this supposed to make me feel? Amused? Commiseratory? "Stoked"? I just don't have time for it; it's not clever, nor does it seem particularly heartfelt. I'm sure that some kids out there are dying to party to a band or record just like this though, and while it may not be as astral as FUZZ or other bands in that wave of long hair rawkers, I'm sure this will find welcoming ears. For fans of *PORK* magazine. (LP)

(It's Trash)

FLESH WORLD – "A Line in Wet Grass/Not A Soul"

Some people wait their whole lives to achieve the overtones that FLESH WORLD are able to summon in the studio, and it's this sense of atmospherics that sets them apart as one of contemporary punk's most interesting projects. A continuation of the foggy brilliance established on their 12", "A Line in Wet Grass" is yet another FLESH WORLD banger, cryptically sinister hooks giving way to a droning ending that somehow connects in my mind to *Chairs Missing*. I'm digging the subtle addition of nostalgic organ tones, a new texture that expands their sound without being disruptive or distracting, and every swell of feedback sounds intentional and thoroughly dialed-in. "Not a Soul" hits the mark a little less squarely—something about the chorus just keeps me from falling in love—but when things take a turn towards RIDE jam-out territory in the second half there's nothing I'd rather be listening to. (WB)

(Iron Lung)

GAS RAG – "On the Beach" EP

In my review of the first GAS RAG 7" I said it would be my last review for *MRR*, because a better record will never be made. I'm half wrong, but it was the last review I wrote for about a year. Anyway, egg, meet face. What more can be said about these sex punk and huffers' rights advocates, other than that they will be sorely missed. It should be no surprise that this farewell EP is start to finish flawless, from the chiming guitar tone, to the martial drumming, and everything in between. Everything GAS RAG produced fits the essential records of the '10s list, in spades. In my column in this issue I said that this EP was "lo-er-fi" than their previous records but I no longer feel that way. (JU)

(Lengua Armada)

GIFTGASATTACK – "Morliskt Förfall" LP

GIFTGASATTACK exploded onto the scene in the late '00s with a series of excellent crasher-crust influenced records issued in quick succession. Lately their release schedule has slowed quite a bit, and apparently they've been using the time to tweak and refine their sound. Not to worry, there's still a thick layer of fuzz and grit involved in the recording—the bass tone in particular is raw and gross in the best possible way—but there's an element of control and almost swagger that's definitely a newer development. Whereas the earlier stuff (the splits with DISLICKERS and MARDRÖM come to mind) had a clear GLOOM influence, this material owes as much to TOTALITÄR as it does to any Japanese band. The fusion works beautifully on tracks like "Ett Sista Andetag" where the combination of DISCLOSE distortion and ANTI-CIMEX steamroller riffing creates a towering epic feel. "Kliv På, Kliv Av" is another highlight, driven by a sick bassline that'll stick in your head and a raw throat-ed vocal that'll have you reaching for a nice cup of lemon-y tea in sympathy. Excellent work! GIFTGASATTACK have always been a superlative band and it's great to see that some time off has led them to improve and refine their attack. (AU)

(D-Takt & Råpunk)

GOVERNMENT FLU – "Still No Justice" EP

Fast. Aggressive. Politically conscious. This is straightforward hardcore delivered in perfectly compact, concise, and neat packages, four of them to be exact. I don't think any of the tracks break the minute mark and, if they do, it's only by a couple of seconds. The last track "Breaking Character" is definitely the most interesting of the bunch. It's knuckle dragging and fierce, with little guitar flurries that definitely "break character" (intended) from the rest of the record. I guess if I had to peg it, these guys draw from the original hardcore rulebook, taking cues from the likes of SSD or NEGATIVE APPROACH but with a definite nod to later '80s NYHC/Youth Crew. If you're into hardcore, this record is definitely worth picking up. If you haven't listened to JUDGE yet, I'd start there first though. For fans of: HUF hats with weed leaves on them, HUF socks with weed leaves on them, Keith Hufnagel. (MW)

(Anger Battery)

GRANDE ROSES – "Built on Schemes" CD

In all their promo photos these guys are all wearing matching track jackets with their band's insignia on them. One guy is wearing a fedora, confirming my analysis of the jams as fedora-core. Basically, this is an emotional indie rock band that misses the '90s pop-alternative era way, way too much. There's a smidge of floaty post-punk in there, kinda like if BUSH and the NATIONAL had a hipster baby. (DV)

(Noi Solution)

THE GRANNIES – "Ballsier" CD

Chances are, if you've spent any time in seedy Bay Area bars and clubs, you've seen the GRANNIES. Men in housecoats and old lady garb belting out drunken AC/DC and AEROSMITH riffage. Not a big fan but they can be enjoyable live with enough hootch and dry goods. I think this is their fourth album and it doesn't stray much from the formula. "Corner Of Fuck and You" is my favorite here. There are tragic SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS and BEASTIE BOYS covers and dance remixes of a couple tunes that aren't funny. These guys will probably be belting it out until they are actual "grannies." All power to them (RO)

(Saustex)

GRIDE / SIDETRACKED – split 10"

Start/stop fast/slow fastcore/grind from Washington's SIDETRACKED. More negative than usual, but their lyrical approach is as resolute as their music is unapologetic. After a slew of erratic bursts, they drop "It Begins," a mid-paced knuckle-dragging anthem that sounds more crushing than it might were it on a different record…good stuff, but that's what I expect. Czech veterans on the flipside, GRIDE make technical grindcore seem more than palatable—they make it seem essential. Chaotic and discordant insanity that keeps you on absolute edge waiting for the brief explosions of breakneck hardcore (the first track "Neutrální Zóna" is a perfect example) and respites in the form of devastatingly heavy slow moments. These dudes are bordering legendary status at this point, and they are clearly not letting up. (*Noteworthy and vaguely related: I was at the grocery store a few weeks back and spotted a stranger in a GRIDE sweatshirt. I asked "are you from the Czech Republic?" and he replied, "Yes..how did you know?" My response was short: "I like grind."*) (WN)
(Insane Society)

HADES MINING CO / HARSH SUPPLEMENT – split EP

As both bands state in the liner notes, this record is total shit. The HARSH SUPPLEMENT side is a bunch of dumb sound bites with some short blasting songs in between. The sound bites are twice as long as the songs and both are hella annoying. Speaking of annoying, the HADES MINING CO side consists of the drummer clicking off before they blast and grunt for a few seconds, over and over for the entire side. This was apparently recorded over a decade ago. Why anyone would even release this is beyond me. (BA)
(Continuum)

HALBSTARK – "Scherben Demo" EP

Anthemic German (Berlin) punk with a killer guitar tone. Lots of songs against yuppies, hipsters (aka: now-era yuppies), and neo-Nazi mentality in Deutschland. Sounds very street punky but with the vocal anger and delivery of AVSKUM 's *In The Spirit Of Mass Destruction*. The choruses (while repeated a fuck of a lot) come off really well and will be hard to get outta your head. The vocal break on "Hipsteralarm" is brilliant as is the vocal phrasing and they get a lot of kilometers from their ace drumming. Also, nice to see both the Antihomophobe Aktion and Antifascistische Aktion banners on the back cover. Too bad that this band was short-lived but this is a fine document of their existence. (JD)
(End Digital)

HEART ATTACK KIDS – "Platonic Love Bomb" EP

Loud, shouty rawk that the kids are nuts about. Kinda reminds me of a sped up and slightly less annoying REFUSED mixed with TWEAK BIRD, TORCHE through a punk'n'roll filter, and the like. This comes off pretty soulless and generic. Although by the time they get to the fourth song, "Probably Not Important," it's pretty decent (by the fourth song in?!? C'mon!). At best this band is just OK, nothing more, nothing less. (JD)
(It's Trash! / Speed City)

HIDDEN WORLD – "Waiting for…" EP

Somewhere far off in a land with no name lie two villages separated by a mountain with only one road connecting them. The road is narrow, only wide enough for one cart driven by a donkey and it is incredibly treacherous. Many a villager has perished because of the sweeping winds and, in winter, lost travelers are often not found until the early thaw of spring. The village to the north is known as Melodic (stemming from their patron saint Tragedus Ashesriseicus) and the village to the south is called Crust (namesake of Francis Crustus, earl of the realm "Blackened"). For many years, two star-crossed lovers, one from each village, forbidden to meet by their respective communities, have met atop this mountain to join in passions of the flesh. Like many a young couple, the woman found herself with child and, on a windswept and thunderous night she gave birth to quadruplets, four beautiful blue eyed boys. Among the many adventures these four brothers had (tales of which can be found in *The Annals of Fortune*) their greatest adventure was forming the band HIDDEN WORLD. Their record *Waiting For…* is decidedly bleak. The tempo drags, the guitars sound down-tuned while the melodies are eerily melodic. This record doesn't really break into a trot at any point but I feel like that suits what this band seems to be going for. The B-side track "You Didn't Get a Chance" is evident of the more doom-y elements that I'm mentioning. HIDDEN WORLD falls in line with more contemporary acts like OATHBREAKER, but could definitely share the stage with DISFEAR or some of the more operatic fringes of heavy crust-oriented hardcore. For fans of: *The Pillars of the Earth* by Ken Follett, building yurts, and experimenting with psychedelics. (MW)
(Antena Krzyku)

HIEROPHANTS – "I Don't Mind/The 16th"

Synth-driven basement art punk. A-side has a HEADCOATEES swagger while the flip has a darker, CLEAN ambiance. This bodes well. (AM)
(Goner)

HOME STREET HOME – "Seeping Beauty/Safe Words"

Fat Mike's play hits *MRR* square in the teeth. This 7" features two songs from the NOFX frontman's soon-to-be-showing BDSM themed punk rock play. The opening track is half pretty piano and half classic pop punk chug with pretty vocals over top. The second song is a "safe word how-to" that sounds like a children's song more than one from a musical but it does give a good framework for the lesson at hand. I'm skeptical of this coming from a straight cis-dude who has made a living out of poking fun at pretty much anything in the name of righteous immaturity and I can't say "Safe Words" makes me feel any better, at least it doesn't make me feel bad. I just feel kind of weird. But then again, it's 2015 and Fat Mike plays in AGAINST ME! now and wrote a S&M play, so make no mistake, these are weird times. (DV)
(Fat Wreck)

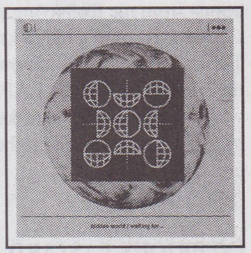
HORROR VACUI – "Desperate Adelia/Lortnoced"

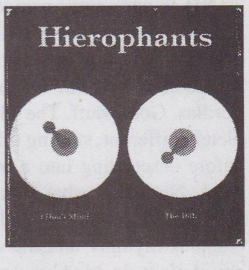
As an unabashed HORROR VACUI fan—they appeared twice in my top ten for 2014, both live and for the *Return of the Empire* LP—I was more than a little excited to get my reviewer copy of this limited 7" from last year's U.S. tour. "Desperate Adelia" is as good an introduction to their dancey anarcho-goth stylings as any, easily in the same league as CRIMSON SCARLET and the rest of the upper echelon of like-minded '80s revivalists, and it certainly doesn't feel anything like a leftover when compared to the songs on their recent full-length. The vocals are spot-on and commanding, and you'll more than likely be singing along to the chorus by the second time it comes back. The B-side is an appropriately flanged-out, deathrockified version of a DISCHARGE classic (can you figure out which one??), not exactly what I'd call essential but an undeniably good time if you know how to get down. (WB)
(Mass Media)

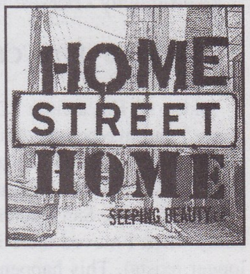
HYSTERESE – LP

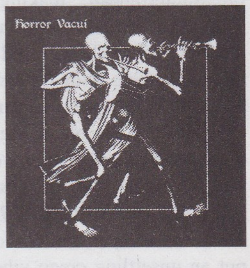
This album was released last year in Germany, and is now enjoying a well-deserved American release thanks to the folks at Dirt Cult. In an effort to create a supremely catchy album, these Germans have fused together major elements of both hardcore and pop punk. You have the gloomy "boots in the mud" buzzsaw guitar work that could be associated with NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS alongside soaring harmonizing female vocals, which somehow transform even the darkest song into

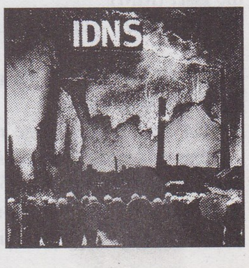
HEART ATTACK
KIDS











pop music. A large portion of the vocals, are gruff and male, complemented with endless female harmonizing backups, like if the ladies from GATEWAY DISTRICT were playing with the dude from LEATHERFACE. It's really cool and the layers work. This is not a pop punk album, but you probably have to have a soft spot for pop punk to enjoy it. Killer record. (FS)
(Dirt Cult)

IDNS – "Mental Torpor" EP

Yeah, this is some good shit, which gets extra points from me for having the battle axe graphics in the logo. Toronto's IDNS knows how to do it proper. This is some straight-up murky-ass driving crust in the vein of WARCOLLAPSE, heavy and dark but with a great energy that keeps you interested. For people who like black clothes, patches, and 40 ouncers. (BA)
(self-released)

INEBRIOUS BASTARD / TERRORIST – split EP

Sydney, Australia's INEBRIOUS BASTARD is very aptly named—old school UK style grinding crust à la EXTREME NOISE TERROR. You know, heavy and chaotic with growly vocals. It kind of sounds like a drunken brawl between two gorillas. Good stuff. The TERRORIST side is completely different, starting off with a prog breakdown before descending into a trippy indie rock kind of thing. Not at all what I was expecting given their split mates, and their overall aesthetic. They feature complex rhythms, an LSD wormhole part and some out of place double bass drum. A strange combo for sure. (BA)
(Crust Almighty / Harvest King)

INFLATABLE BOY CLAMS – "Skeletons" 2xEP

Okay, so I'm a little "Don't you know this already?" but maybe you don't so I'll tell you. I think I first heard this band like ten years ago but in reality they existed more like thirty-five years ago. They were part of the San Francisco fantasy I wanted so badly when I moved there in 2007 (pro-tip: that no longer exists). This happened in a moment of San Francisco true freakdom and was originally released on Subterranean, making INFLATABLE BOY CLAMS labelmates with the likes of FLIPPER and FRIGHTWIG. They played at places like Club Foot and Deaf Club with the likes of the DEAD KENNEDYS and shared members with the likes of PINK SECTION. Take all of these things, reiterate that these women are deeply weird (I mean this as the highest praise (seriously, so weird, deep freaks)), bring that one Y PANTS 7" into your mind, slow down the tempo until it wobbles a little, and then put an unsettling creep vibe to it, make sure all is off-kilter and kind of out of tune, and maybe you get the gist? (MM)
(Subterranean / Superior Viaduct)

INJURED LIST – "I Think You Pooped/I Can't Find My Way Home"

354 ain't a very large number but it is a large number of words to include in a song about someone pooping their pants. *354 words about someone pooping their pants!* The song is called "I Think You Pooped." The song itself is a pretty catchy, mid-tempo more-rock-than-punk song that isn't nearly as jokey as you would think it is, but damn if it isn't extremely long. Best line: "Take off your pants and lift up your feet. I'm gonna clean you up tout de suit." The flip side, "I Can't Find My Way Home," follows suit in the same mid-tempo rock manner. They have a big guitar sound (think TURBONEGRO or NEW BOMB TURKS) that makes this shit more palatable than most dumb rock like this. (GH)
(Psycho Wolf)

IRON TO GOLD – "In The Zone" EP

From IRON TO GOLD's first note, it's apparent we are headed into metallic straightedge territory, complete with camo cut-offs and hoods up! Straight outta Warsaw these tough customers waste little time establishing their motives and sound. The first track, "In the Zone," kills it with crashing symbols and guitar triplets ad nauseam daring listeners to indulge in a little bedroom mosh and practice those roundhouse kicks in the mirror. The sound is pulled straight from the EARTH CRISIS catalog, fused with the faster pace of TERROR and bitterness of JUDGE. Although a good listen, IRON TO GOLD operates in a very narrow spectrum and this record is unsatisfying at best, while comparisons to other bands and albums overshadow the actual release. I doubt anyone wants to hear another record with timed breakdowns and recycled riffs, and unfortunately these four tracks just stand as a "thank you" to those who came before. (RM)
(Anger Battery / Last Warning)

KELLERASSELN – "Mittelmeerromantik" EP

A new ten-song EP by long standing German three-piece, KELLERASSELN (sow bugs, aka "roly poly" insects), whose origins are in the mid '90s, a fact which is immediately made apparent in their thoughtful lyrics sung in German with translation and explanation, and hand-crafted packaging (the record has a fold-over sleeve with pasted photos, drill holed so the record and cover can be tied together, with multiple lyric inserts). Acidic, nasally vocals shout over throttling, drum-driven hardcore, which is not as overwhelmingly thrashy as their German contemporaries like STACK, Y or YACØPSÆ (later SEEIN' RED might be a good comparison). The pace still remains riveting but slightly dialed back from their last few releases. The guitars are somewhat rough in the mix over the quick spurl of blast beats, but combined with warty, raw vocals, the songs somewhat playfully teeter with cohesion and what is drawn back from impact is gained in warm homegrown feel. "Mittelmeerromantik" (or "Mediterranean Sea Romantics") addresses the deaths of immigrants trying to cross the Mediterranean, and most of the lyrics are interesting and unique statements on contemporary European society and the ecological consumerism, nationalism, racism and conservatism that sets in with age. A strong EP. (KS)
(Sengaja / Truemmer Pogo)

KICKER / SUBMACHINE – split EP

Ancient bar punks team up for this bicoastal throw-down (-up?). Pittsburgh's SUBMACHINE have been around forever, but never were a favorite of mine. Their three tracks are burly and driving, with cool anti-social lyrics on "Small Fires" and the pain of aging and decaying liver function captured on "Tin Man." Unfortunately, the songs lack hooks or energy—my esteem for their recorded efforts has not increased. KICKER's even worse. They have decent riffs and a strong guitar tone, but a go-nowhere original track with stupid lyrics about a foosball-type diversion. The PARTISANS cover is barely better. An informant tells me they're hella fun in a dingy bar, which I'm sure is where the idea for this split was hatched. (JM)
(Inimical / Mind Cure)

KRAYOLA – "Spooky Smoochin" EP

KRAYOLA play a brand of Chicago pop punk that sounds similar to LAWRENCE ARMS or DEAR LANDLORD and OFF WITH THEIR HEADS. Four catchy tunes that fall on the more punk side of pop punk, which is always better than the opposite of that. For some reason it seems like every band like this has a song with some kind of list in it, and "Spooky Smoochin" is no exception to that—you'll have to listen to it to see what this particular list is all about. My one complaint is that the drumming sounds super soft, which kind of steals the energy from the rest of the band. Because isn't pop punk like this "all about pogoing in cut off jean shorts and spilling whatever malt liquor your part of the world produces?" And how are you supposed to do that with soft drumming? (KC)
(self-released)

KRIGSKADE – "Når alt går til helvede…" EP

This record seems like a patchwork production of more straightforward American hardcore à la early BLACK FLAG interspersed with the D-beat stylings of TAMPERE SS. To be honest, the more straightforward parts reminded me of LIFE SENTENCE. I think because, in lieu of a more chaotic approach like DISORDER, the melody shines through. At parts these folks sound like NERVESKADE without all the noise. The thing it reminds me most of is GERM ATTACK. I found myself really liking this record the longer I listened to it. Worth a listen for sure. Respect. For fans of: Tanqueray, Canada, salads with pecans in them. (MW)
(Kontortid, no info)

KRÖMOSOM / NOMAD – split EP

KRÖMOSOM continue to make some of the best blown out D-beat hardcore around. There's not quite as much blistering hiss as on *Nuclear Reich*, but there's still a solid foundation of noise and fuzz here (such are my priorities). The ability to write memorable and dynamic songs is one of KRÖMOSOM's constant strengths and the songs here are no exception. I love the intro guitar into the perfect simplicity of the opening track "The future...,"which is, in a word, "bleak." Meanwhile NOMAD's side holds up pretty well to what seems like a daunting task of sharing a split with KRÖMOSOM. I liked their earlier recordings enough, but these three tracks are a good counterweight to the other side of this EP. Noisy too, yet with a comparably subdued approach. The vocals and guitars are a bit reined in, but in a manner that suits the songs well and in no way diminishes the overall effect. The more I listen to this the more I think it's actually a really great side to balance with KRÖMOSOM and even better that it ends with a pogo-able closer. Chances are you already ordered this record because you already love KRÖMOSOM and/or NOMAD, but if you aren't familiar with either band I highly recommend picking

this up. It helps that Lengua Armada put it in a cool screen-printed package. A solid split for hardcore punkers. (SZ)
(Lengua Armada)

LATEX – "Bitter Fate" EP

Straight out of Philly come these five delightful punk nuggets that I can most adequately describe as a hybrid between punchy UK82 and old Boston hardcore; I'm thinking CHAOS UK meets NEGATIVE FX but with bold lady vocals. Agitated lyrics are well meted out over searing riffs and a steady mid-tempo. Enthusiasts of LA MISMA and QUESTION will definitely dig on this. (LT)
(Sensual World / World Gone Mad)

LIVING IN HELL – "Sociedade Violenta" CD

It's 2015 and this features guest vocals from Lazze of RISTETYT, so there aren't too many surprises here: Brazilian made Euro-crust in the vein of, oh, I don't know, let's say WOLFBRIGADE. It's ten tracks of metal-tinged anthemic D-beat with plenty of chugs and gallops. Who really needs surprises in this genre? Overall, this is a solid release and LIVING IN HELL benefits from a good recording. As for specifics, I'd say the vocals are toward the lower end of the crust register and there aren't as many guitar solos as I expected. Lyrics are in Portuguese with English translations. If this is what you're into, you'll probably be into this...you know what I mean? (SZ)
(Terröten)

LOGAN GREENE ELECTRIC – "Dead Formats" CD

Very '90s sounding pop punk from Arizona here, sort of a lesser J CHURCH or SUPERCHUNK. This ranges from OK to good but I do like the mindset of these guys. Songs first, then add a little punch, versus going for a stylized sound. File under potential for now. (RL)
(Diet Pop)

LOS PEPES – "For Everyone" LP

The band's self-description "possibly the loudest power pop band on Earth!" makes me laugh. Isn't that an oxymoron? Plus I am able to listen to this record either very loud or very quietly. It's the listener's choice. The music is really catchy and fun. It's kind of slick, but not too much that it doesn't sound right. They are from the UK, but the accents sound non-English adding an odd charm. I like it. (CK)
(Wanda)

LOST TRIBE – "Solace" LP

Highly acclaimed goth/deathrock from Richmond, Virginia returns with their second album. The formula seems to include one deep and flanged bassline, a layer of synth, a single-note guitar line, and howling on the mic. While there isn't one particular memorable hook or chorus grabbing me, the massive production is hard to ignore. From the small details to the overall sound, the tones are perfectly matched and the mix impeccable and powerful. I appreciate this very much and I know it takes a lot of passion, hard work, and experience to achieve this kind of sound, but the writing is just too predictable for my taste. That probably has to do with my disinterest in the genre as of late, but even considering that, I can still be swayed from time to time. This is a great sounding record, there's just nothing that moves me or sticks in my head. (MA)
(Mass Media)

LOUDER – LP

I was intrigued when I got this. I think Sorry State puts out some pretty good stuff, so I guess you could say I had high expectations. LOUDER has elements that make it distinctly different from anything I've listened to lately. They're from Japan, and there is no mistake that a comparison to TEENGENERATE and the REGISTRATORS is totally viable. But they also sound a lot like LA punk bands MANIAC and ROUGH KIDS with a smidgen of the the SPITS. They have a real rock'n'roll edge, pop melodies, and they aren't afraid to break it down and build it back up. It's not formulaic in the least with some interesting change-ups ("Cold Town" and "Prank"). My faves were the more melodic songs "Idiot Mind," "Get Out" and "Bubbles." If punk'n'roll or straight up garage is more your jam, this might be for you. (CR)
(Sorry State)

LOW CULTURE – "Iron Chic" EP

Me: "*Ughhhh!*"
Roommate: "What?...Oh, bummer!"
Me: "Yeah, total bummer."
RM: "This sounds like AFI circa 2006 doing a JAWBREAKER cover band, poorly."
Me: "This is punk's ode to butt rock."
(DV)
(Dead Broke / Dirt Cult)

MAKO1972 – "Cannonball Lecture/Even Ghosts Perish" EP

Furious noodly post-hardcore from Denver. Side A of this two-track 7" absolutely rips. The riffs straddle the line between screamo and the more rhythmic sides of post-hardcore, while the drums are asymmetrical and crashing, jazzy chaos with the abusive snare hits of a much chunkier band. The singer has a higher register yell but maintains control in a way that should be more appealing to the anti-screamo crowd. The B-side is a slower, dissonant, mathy chugger. This album makes me homesick for the mid-Atlantic scene something fierce. Fans of INGRID and CAP'N JAZZ should take notice. (DV)
(Snappy Little Numbers)

MARTYRDÖD – "Elddop" LP

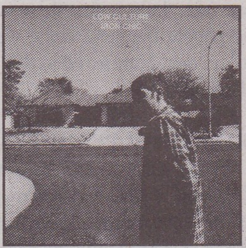
Positively baroque by current hardcore standards, Sweden's MARTYRDÖD's fifth LP features out of vogue elements like exceptional production, expert musicianship, and well-crafted, powerful songwriting. Always centered near the nexus of death metal and the wave of SKITSYSTEM / ACURSED / VICTIMS-esque Swedish metallic hardcore of the '90s and early '00s, MARTYRDÖD's *Elddop* does step away from their always evolving and unique combinations of the two styles to ride some really luscious and amazing shining guitar leads, which thread throughout and over the entire record. Seamlessly played, the vocals remain the one element that is consistently savage in unpredictable raw and emotional attack, countering both the progressive flourishes of the playing and the taut, proproduction. Despite some absolutely storming D-beat moments, MARTYRDÖD's ability and emphatic lean on instrumentation might find a few more open minds towards the metal side of things these days, but this is a surprisingly fresh record for a band with such a long discography and well worth a visit from fans old and to be for it's evocative mood and power. Lyrics entirely in Swedish. A+! (KS)
(D-Takt & Råpunk / La Familia)

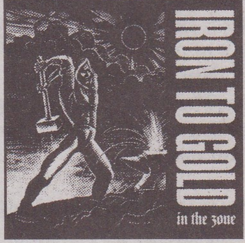
MARTYRDÖD – "Paranoia" LP

MARTYRDÖD should already be well familiar to fans of dark metallic hardcore, and their first release for Southern Lord is now in the hands of DIY punks for European consumption. Measuring up to the inevitable SKITSYSTEM and ENTOMBED comparisons is no easy task but this fourth full-length from 2012 injects life (or…death?) into the world of D-beat. The sound is massive, and the outlook is bleak but determined, and the black metal tinged sound of their early records seeps into the thunderous and advanced approach the band has mastered over their last releases. You can call this a metal record and no one will argue, but I feel this power, I let these lyrics sink into me, I listen to "Ett Hjärta Av Eld" at maximum volume, and

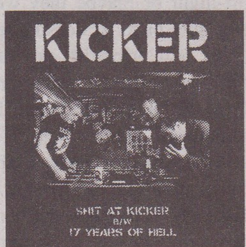
INFECTIOUS BASTARD
TERRORIST

INJURED LIST
EP





KELLERASSELN
MITTELMEERROMANTIK



I have no doubt which camp MARTYRDÖD are in. You can have your flavor of the month…this assault has been carefully aged and perfected. (WN)
(D-Takt & Råpunk)

METRO DECAY – "Σκιές/Κειμήλια"

Classic, underrated, minimal electro post-punk from post-junta '80s Athens, Greece, who opened for the BIRTHDAY PARTY and the FALL back in the day. For a while, this was considered a cult record to find, back when Greek punk had not yet been rediscovered by its locals. Thankfully, now Eirkti Records is doing us all a solid and putting out some of the best old and new experimental punk-inclined material. Electrified riffs, chilling second guitars, vibrant and fluid basslines, despondent vocals, introspective lyrics—this is a perfect mix of Greek synth-punk catchiness and '80s cold wave sophistication—a masterpiece single, as pensive as it is catchy. The intricate songwriting is only enhanced by a 2009 re-production, with every element shining through in the best possible way. For fans of SOUTH OF NO NORTH, "Husk"-era BLITZ, and all things '80s (CURE, JOY DIVISION, etc.). My one complaint is that there is close to zero information about the band along with the record. Find this if you can. Numbered to 800. (LA)
(Ειρκτή)

MINERVA SUPERDUTY – CD

From Kalamata, Greece MINERVA SUPERDUTY create a different twist on post-hardcore and post-metal. They have the heaviness of KNUT or KEELHAUL while being a bit more angular with melodic moments of PELICAN or ISIS; somehow there is still a feeling of hardcore. It's the discordance of the guitar on a lot of the tracks that sets them apart. While there are a lot of changes during a single song it's not as predictable and emotionally obvious as a lot of other post-metal bands. It was refreshing to hear a band take this sound to a slightly different place. I'll be listening to this a bunch more. (MH)
(self-released)

MOB 47 – "Back to Attack" LP

Okay, so let's pretend you've never heard of MOB 47. Okay. Do you like Swedish hardcore? Do you like D-beat? Then you should probably just get this while it's available again. This is a more or less a discography since it covers everything from 1983-86 including compilation tracks and some rehearsal recordings (actually there's also a last gig rehearsal song from 1987 and a demo song with a drum machine recorded in the last '90s, so…). MOB 47 still plays though and has released new material in this century, so there's life beyond the discography treatment. I caught their set a year or two ago and I wasn't particularly blown away but listening to the old material after a lengthy pause reminds me just how good the records still are—maybe I caught an off-night or maybe they were never all that great as a live band. It doesn't really matter when most of us will primarily experience MOB 47 through their recordings, which are deservedly coveted. Here we have, if the center label is to be trusted, 78 minutes of "total mangel." This 2xLP from D-Takt and Råpunk is clearly a labor of love and respect for a seminal band from a world-renowned scene. Honestly, because of the history of the band and its series of vocalists, it's hard to get bored of this even though it's well over an hour of fast D-beat with plenty of repeated songs from different recordings. The final track, recorded before their "last" gig, is nearly grindcore speeds and shows the influence the band had, along with their compatriots, in pushing the tempo of hardcore to its logical conclusions. The bonus EP for mail order copies is great too, especially the raw CENSUR tracks. Have you really never heard of MOB 47? (SZ)
(D-Takt & Råpunk)

MODERN WARFARE – "Dayglo Shadows Delivered" EP

MODERN WARFARE's first 7", originally released in 1980, is a delicious piece of mutant proto-hardcore. My knowledge of classic Southern California punk is insanely limited, so if need an explanation of the importance of the *Hell Comes to Your House* comp that MODERN WARFARE singer/guitarist Jimmy Bemis released the following year, you're barking up the wrong tree. What I can tell you is that the two songs written by Bemis are bouncy punk tracks, just barely lacking that something needed to cross the line into being hardcore, but totally devoid of rock'n'roll. The lead-off track "Delivered," was written by bass player Steve Sinclair and is a killer jam. The verse is written with the two guitars echoing each other in a maddening way and the bridge is so, so cool and weird. Definitely the standout on a killer record. Deserves the "classic" stamp for sure. (LP)
(Ut)

MÖRKHIMMEL – "Ostří Černé Kosy Zní" LP

Tormented and pummeling crust metal from Prague. None more heavy with landscape-leveling chords, and unscrupulously dark themes that churn within howling and gravely vocal tones. MÖRKHIMMEL has the metallic mid-tempo of AMEBIX and GUILLONTINE TERROR or contemporaries SCOLEX, with the skull-crushing machine vibe of PESD, and KILLING JOKE. All the while this LP remains HELLHAMMER-ing old school and DISGUST-ingly punk. MÖRKHIMMEL share members with a slew of bands from BETON and GUIDED CRADLE to HELLSHOCK. I feel lucky to be reviewing this because it is a fucking awesome LP. Ugly as shit, brooding, and thrashing. The artwork is genius: the body of what I would guess is a heron on the back of the gatefold, wrapping to the front, where the head becomes a gruesome, corroded, reaped-to-hell scythe. This will certainly be on rotation. Very impressed. (JR)
(Insane Society)

MYSTERY DATE – "New Noir" LP

MYSTERY DATE put out a 7" a while back that blew my socks off. Can this possibly live up to the anticipation I've developed? The answer is "yes." This is a great record. Like this is Top 10 of 2015 material. This is pop music. And it's punk and it's new wave. It's strangely catchy and poppy, while also a little bit eerie and dark. And this is going to sound a little corny, but it's delivered with an honesty and sincerity and sense of urgency that can't be faked. These guys clearly believe in what they're doing. I'm not sure why, but I'm reminded of other Midwest greats like the REPLACEMENTS and the EMBARRASSMENT. You owe it to yourself to find this one. (KK)
(Piñata)

NASTY RUMOURS – "Girls In Love/Barbwire Heart"

Two tracks of '77-style Swiss punk rock'n'roll. The A-side is a slice of perfect punky pop—short and sweet, with a catchy chorus about feelin' alright. "Barbwire Heart" is a medium-paced ode to punk love. On this side, the singer's snotty English accent sounds a bit like that Ian Rubbish punk parody, but not enough to put you off. (AM)
(Wanda)

NEGATIVE SCANNER – "Pastel Blue, Clinical White/A.W.O.L."

This band's first 7" is one of the most overlooked records of last year, worth picking up for the first track "Ambitious People" alone, one of theee best songs of 2014. This record doesn't have a scorcher of the same caliber, but it's another solid effort, two tracks that bring to mind slicker versions of the some of the more rockin' and rollin' WIPERS songs with SIOUXSIE SIOUX intoning overtop. Vocalist Rebecca Valeriano-Flores is the centerpiece here, bringing bits of '70s England to mind, though her uncanny timbre evades direct comparison. A less punk BEKI BONDAGE? A more melodic EVE LIBERTINE? She doesn't have the bite you hear in VICE SQUAD or the uninhibitedness of CRASS, but there is just something about it, like the sounds are coming from deep within her...Whatever it is, it certainly doesn't make me think "2015 Chicago." But thankfully that is indeed the case, which means more music for us all soon—LP on Trouble In Mind is forthcoming and this reviewer is looking forward to it. (GA)
(Tall Pat)

THE NEW ENEMY – "Evolve to Destroy" EP

Wait, what the hell is going on? Three songs of dramatic metalcore pop punk, one "grunge" song (for which there is an "official video") and production so slick that I can smell the hair gel. I'd say that this is without a doubt the worst thing I've ever reviewed at *MRR*, but they'd probably get too much satisfaction from that statement. (DG)
(self-released)

NEW GODS – "What Did I Say?" EP

Into the time machine we go, back to the 1990s, with an optimistic opening grunge track. A fuzzed-out clobbering first lap which channels all sorts of NIRVANA and BORN AGAINST. The second track is a psychedelic punk rock headsmash with the ennui of SONIC YOUTH and a leather fist from BLACK FLAG. Side B starts out with MINUTEMEN-esque obnoxious Sendak-ian goose-stepping and spirals down into a bowl of slobbering CORROSION OF CONFORMITY on the chorus. NEW GODS rip through four songs with force, genre-confusion (good!), and carelessness. There's a perpetual freedom is this EP and I'm merely an observer on this one. Well done, you guys are way above it. (JR)
(Painter Man)

NIGHTSHIFT – "Winter Within" CD

From the hellish crucible of Lisboa, Portugal, comes this straight-up metal onslaught. They move at a decent tempo. The songs are mostly pretty good, clocking in between two and four minutes each, sometimes too long but not unbearable. The searing leads are not overdone, and the vocalist sounds like

Mille from KREATOR. The lyrics (in English) are pretty typical for the genre, celebrating the hunter's moon, the lust to kill, and metal itself. "Every hour a witching hour" is certainly an admirable slogan. While not quite a keeper, this is a good effort. It's the band's first release, and there is a vinyl version. (JM)
(self-released)

NO LOVE – "Dogs//Wolves/Bad Things"
NO LOVE is from Raleigh, NC and they've put out two demos and this 7". It's a solid EP, both "Dogs//Wolves" and "Bad Things" are cogent songs. Lynch's vocals remind me of a more melodic, more contained GOOD THROB. It's guttural and deep, but it's definitely more of a sneer than a shout. NO LOVE is straight '80s WIPERS-style punk, with a bit of the BAGS. No complaints here. Flip to the B-side, where "Bad Things" has a faster pit-worthy beat, with some tenacious distorted melodic guitar. Only 250 pressed. (CR)
(Sorry State)

NO OTHER – "Option C/Opaque"
This single is part of the Negative Fun singles club, and it appears to be the debut vinyl offering from these East Coast ladies. It follows the classic single script (high energy A-side and mellow thoughtful B-side). The track "Option C" gives us a mix of fuzzed out California garage (TY SEGALL) and New York bookworm indie punk (the MEAUSRE [SA]). On the flipside "Opaque" is almost like a heavy reverb rockin' take on CHRIS ISAAK's "Wicked Game." Two very good songs, good record, hopefully more coming soon. (FS)
(Negative Fun)

NOT 2 WITHOUT 3 – "End of the Day/Under the Flag"
This Greek band previously only had a couple of tracks on a couple of comps. They play haunting and mysterious dark pop, with mid-tempo crawling bass over monotone and crooning vocals, which definitely would not sound out of place alongside such Movida Madrileña bands like PARÁLISIS PERMANENTE or DÉCIMA VÍCTIMA. This is such a gem and I encourage you to pick this up. Hopefully they have more tracks hidden in the vaults because this just leaves me wanting more! (AP)
(Ειρκτή)

NUCLEAR SANTA CLAUST – "Je Ne Sais Claust" LP
I have not got high hopes for a band named NUCLEAR SANTA CLAUST. You can call me shallow. Hell, I've been called worse. Today. And it's only 11am. Still, the job is to actually listen to the record. Wow. This thing is starting off nicely. It's driving and sort of heavy, but it's also mid-tempo and pretty catchy. The vocals are a little barky and abrupt, but I can live with that. And the vocals actually start to grow on you and work well with the sound. There's an underlying darkness, sort of an industrial backbone that really works. Band name aside, this is damn good. (KK)
(Don Giovanni)

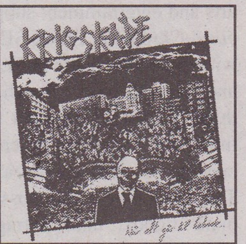
ΟΔΟΣ 55 – EP
On this little record, some *malakas* set quite a dark tone with two completely stark synth tunes. Side A is driven by a jerky beat, blasting out a cold sounding sixteenth beat that sounds like it could fall apart, even though it's a fucking machine. Industrial blips and beeps round out the sound along with some urgent shouted vocals. The flip side is slower, darker and all-encompassing…it sounds like drowning in a well. The song builds into a beautiful swell throughout, backed by a dry mechanical beat. A perfect industrial synth EP. (GH)
(Ειρκτή)

ΟΔΟΣ 55 – 12"
I have loved this record for a while now, listening to it on my computer on repeat—stoked to finally have a vinyl version to wax emotionalisms on. This is dark and minimal yet existentially artful. A concrete-basement beat-backbone, frenetic and twitching with tension. Addictive like good drugs. Despairing vocals, speaking of death, desire and denial, claustrophobic yet liberating at the same time. Industrial clanks, howling Theremins, spine chilling main themes, both sad and dreamy, like the delirious come down from a marvelous high. Moog soundscapes, shape-shifting Rolands and nightmarish Casios; escapism in audio form. I cannot stop listening to "Attiki Victoria," named after one of the most central train lines in Athens, a beat set to the motion of a brakeless dead end train. "O Kosmos Tous" ("Their World") and "Atalandi" are eerily haunting, "Adeio Dromoi" ("Empty Streets") is electrified, industrial bliss and "Gia Pada" ("Forever") is a declaration of repetitive negation. They sing in Greek and English, though Greek is obviously the better choice because it captures the rawness and grit of the shitty city we call Athens. The diversity of their influences is integrated superbly—from SUICIDE, BURIAL (the electro artist), ANTI… and ANGELO BADALAMENTI to central European '80s cold and new wave, to synth punk, electro-clash and industrial dance music—making this is a truly inspired manifesto. Greet the soundtrack to your urban misery, your indoor daydreaming, your outer space exploration, your shifting sidewalks chronicles. (LA)
(Ειρκτή)

[PERU] – "Kto's Z Nich" LP
Three songs in before I typed a single word, Poland's [PERU] are sinking their teeth deep into my brain. Harsh '90s math rock with filthy bass/booming drums combo that grooves a little more than you think it should (think NOMEANSNO or UNSANE here) and guitars that channel Albini at his most abrasive while still dishing out hooks. Vocals are distorted and almost over the top, in contrast to the songs themselves, which swing and lure you in. The stark, white aesthetic suits the content—a sharp, biting, and insistent sound that will fly over most punks' heads (or under their radars). (WN)
(Antena Krzkyu / Black Wednesday / D.I.Y. / Extinction)

PIG HEART TRANSPLANT – "For Mass Consumption" LP
Plugging into the abyss that is our bitcrushed postmodern hellworld, PIG HEART TRANSPLANT is a pill not easily digested. Pummeling, spastic bouts of harsh pulsing noise melt into creeping dubscapes accented by flat, monotone shouts, at one moment swayingly rhythmic and utterly catatonic the next. Sometimes known as the strings/amplifier half of IRON LUNG, Jon Kortland has nurtured the PIG HEART TRANSPANT alter-ego for years, and *For Mass Consumption* is unquestionably its most realized statement yet, a lurching mass of sickening industrial horrorshow. It's impossible not to mention early SWANS as a touchstone, but there's more texture here than that comparison conveys, and you could just as easily throw out THROBBING GRISTLE and CABARET VOLTAIRE as references without *really* capturing what's at work here. Precision and regimentation are reflected across the design, conception, and execution of every aspect of this LP, from FEEDING's putrid porcine art to the rigid homogeneity of the song lengths and titles. An evening's claustrophobia just wouldn't be complete without PIG HEART TRANSPLANT, so don't hesitate to bring yours home today. (WB)
(Iron Lung)

PINK SECTION – LP
This is a beautiful reissue! It sounds and looks amazing, the band pix are so cool and will make you wanna change your style immediately—especially the photo of Carol and Judy posing in front of the Tropicana. The all neon pink sleeve (including the inside) is such a sick touch! This includes all the available PINK SECTION tracks (including live at the Deaf Club and the 45 and 12" plus a couple of amazing demos!). Named after the



KRÖMÖSOM
nomad

LIVING IN HELL
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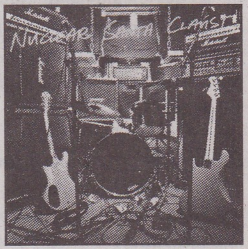


metro decay

MODERN WARFARE
DAYGLO
SHADOWS
DELIVERED

arts and entertainment supplement of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, PINK SECTION shared members with the untouchable INFLATABLE BOY CLAMS, and lived in North Beach, when you could find a three bedroom apartment for $250 total...I read an interview with them where they talked about only needing to work one day a week to make their rent! The thought of that possibility makes a modern punk shudder, endless tragedies in the face of the end of San Francisco (or pretty much any city you can name that was cool in other more magical eras at this point in time...) These are total surreal SF sounds with shattered manic new wave flourishes, true art punk in the best sense of the concept! So many ideas crammed into each frantic song, the lyrics are especially ironic and hilarious, cutting and sharp witted, taking down the decadent rich hippies that decamped to Marin when things got harsh, the involuntary demands of consumer culture, and militant chic while retaining a flip throwaway pop art affect. I guess the closest comparison band would be SUBURBAN LAWNS, except I don't hate it when the guys sing...This record is a cut-up, a total up all night dance party with sick keyboards, shards of guitars, and the coolest male / female vocals, deconstructing new wave *and* the truth. (LG)
(Superior Viaduct)

PISSE – "Praktikum in der Karibik" EP

A German band posing as a Bulgarian band makes for a confusing cover for my Western eyes. Once I am assimilated (almost immediately, thanks to Phantom Records), I can really enjoy what PISSE have to offer. They are an arty post-punk band in the English style. Plenty of POP GROUP, the FALL, and GANG OF FOUR stylings happening here, but with the added advantage of knowing about hardcore and techno and grunge to make this less of a rehash. The music is cool and driving with occasional breaks of plain weirdness. This is really odd and fun. (CK)
(Phantom)

PISS TEST – "Leather Jackets in the Heat" EP

Right out of the gate, we're treated to a witty and scathing indictment of the codification of punk fashion and culture. "Punk's not dead / it's just boring / New York's Alright / but I'm snoring." Most of the time, I can't stand this self-referential nonsense, but they pull it off with tact. I also agree a lot of the time, and if lived in Portland, I'd probably feel suffocated by superficiality, too. The A-side reminds me of a more pissed PROLETARIAT at their most straightforward, especially the *Boston Not LA* tracks, with a slight amount of angularity and angry, quasi-accented snarling vocals with reverb, and most of the songs driven by the repetitive bass hooks. With the exception of the vocals, the B-side listens like a completely different record, though one that's just as good. Scrappy, melodic, melancholy early '80s style hardcore that could've come from LA or Chicago or Texas, or none of these, and is moving in its bleakness. I legitimately can't tell if the lyrics to "Used to Skate," as in "I'll always drink / I used to skate" are about the singer or someone else, but either way, that's some honesty. (DG)
(Taken By Surprise)

PLASTIC DOLLS – "The End" 2xEP

Over the last several years, both Dark Entries and Superior Viaduct have been moving considerable units by re-releasing old industrial and outsider electro pop records, and this double 7" would fit very well on either label. PLASTIC DOLLS were from Patras, Greece, and they released one single in 1984. Featuring two ice cold new wave tracks surprisingly in tune with TUXEDOMOON or other weirdo San Francisco Bay Area bands, this was indeed the only release by the group. Lo and behold, thirty years later someone found another reel with two more songs from the same recording session and now we, the listeners, get it all. The original record is dark but dancey, with the title track being compositionally bizarre and compelling in its pure goth punk strangeness. This leaves the A-side, "Don't Forget Me," feeling downright peppy in comparison, despite the forlorn subject matter. The two lost tracks are presented on a separate disc, and unfortunately are not as compelling. The reason they weren't originally released is clear, as each song takes up a side of a 7" at 33 rpm and neither features much in terms of compositional parts or solos. Listeners will likely be divided over whether these tracks are simply boring or hypnotic, as I found them. Either way, the original single is super cool and makes this record well worth searching out for your next mope out dance party. (LP)
(Ειρκτή)

PON VICIOUS – "Pon Sings" CD

This is a compilation of songs by Pon (from the '80s Japanese punk band LAUGHIN' NOSE) from the last few years. My first impression is that it reminds me of a Japanese version of M.O.T.O., simple, three-chord punk songs with attitude for days and super catchy. It walks that fragile line between pop punk and pogo punk that always sounds so good in a language that you're not fluent in. It comes housed in a 7" picture sleeve that folds out into a poster. Fellow reviewer, Langford says that Pon looks like he knows how to party. (GH)
(MCR Company)

POPULATION – "Beyond The Pale" LP

POPULATION has a few records out but this is my first introduction to them. They float somewhere in that nebulous space between post-punk and goth / darkwave that many bands have been inhabiting lately. Maybe this is even *post*-post-punk! They're taking far more cues from '80s goth than anything else. I'm hearing traces of PETER MURPHY (mostly in the vocals), BAUHAUS, NEW ORDER, SISTERS OF MERCY, and JOY DIVISION. Actually, almost nothing about this sounds modern. Overall, it's brooding, dark and claustrophobic. If you're into LOST TRIBE, the NEW FLESH, and the aforementioned bands, you'll probably want this one on your shelf. (GH)
(Mass Media)

P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S. – "Another Day" CD

P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S. are a hard rock band from Portland, OR. The music is rough and abrasive, the singing spat out with disgust. The lyrics sound like the singer is trying to confess all his past transgressions. It sounds like he has a lot. The CD includes ten extra tracks from previously released singles. (CK)
(Doomtown Sounds)

RAW DOGS – "Vol. III – New Blood" CD

When punks play metal, there's really nothing better. Well, when punks play the "New Wave of British Heavy Metal" to be more accurate. Think how much better the STRAW DOGS were than the FU's! Fans of TURBONEGRO, or the early heights of JINGO DE LUNCH will lap this up. More JUDAS PRIEST and IRON MAIDEN—complete with twin guitar solos (or early HELLOWEEN for that matter) than METALLICA and VENOM, and all the better for it. Lyrically, they don't quite scale the heights of TURBONEGRO, but there's lots of "motherfucker," "we come to rock," and even "we talk to girls in the fucking nite." So there you go. Personally, I think this is fucking brilliant, and if any of the aforementioned references mean anything to you, dear reader, then you will too. In searching for an address for these chaps, confusingly, there is also a rockabilly band with the same name. Don't be fooled. And lads, if you read this, send me your other releases too, please! (RK)
(self-released, no info)

RAZORS / YACØPSÆ – split 10"

RAZORS (yes, that RAZORS, from Hamburg, Germany) who put out their own 7" in 1979 are on side A. Despite being a UK77 punk band their sound today is straight ahead '80s sounding punk rock. It's got sing-along choruses and pop sensibilities while still playing punk and not being a pop punk band. Tracks don't get very serious with titles like "So Cute" and "City Boy." YACØPSÆ have changed their sound a number of times throughout the years and honestly don't fit one genre—sometimes grindcore, sometimes straightahead punk rock and sometimes a thrashy powerviolence. The first track on their side is slower, heavy and even has an ever so slight doom/stoner rock vibe. I've never heard them like this. Towards the end of the track it slows down even further and ups the feedback, giving it an EYEHATEGOD type sound. Huh, their side of the 10" might be just one track. I can't tell. (MH)
(Power It Up)

REALLY RED – "Teaching You the Fear: The Complete Collection 1979-1985" 2xCD

I have admittedly not listened to this band that extensively over the years, but have always enjoyed what I have heard, and it's great to see them get the discography treatment, albeit flawed and incomplete. For anyone uninitiated: REALLY RED started out in what's now known as the KBD style (and were featured on two of the comps), and had started incorporating more jangly and dissonant guitar work and other experimentation by the time of the *Teaching You The Fear* LP, coming up with their own unique brand of post-punk and hardcore that very much fits in—without necessarily sounding like—their more well-known Texas contemporaries who were playing punk that was off the beaten path. Rather than being in either chronological or reverse chronological order, the first CD has their two LPs, and the second CD has their singles, some comp tracks, the *New Strings for Old Puppets* EP that somewhat reverts to their earlier sound, and a spattering of other stuff, "where to start" followed by "here's everything else." Despite this being on CD, Alternative Tentacles has also reissued the LPs and EP, so get on it! I know I will. (DG)
(Alternative Tentacles)

REALLY RED – "Teaching You the Fear" LP

In the late '70s and early '80s, Texas bands were head and shoulders above the rest when it came to making punk rock music that was unpredictable and completely unique, both within the TX "scene" itself, and the world at large. By now everyone knows the DICKS and BIG BOYS, and on many levels Houston's REALLY RED were right along side 'em as far as originality and political nature go, with their brand of hardcore meets the herky-jerky stylings of post-punk UK or something like that. *Teaching You the Fear* is their first LP, and while it may not be as crucial or hard-hitting as their *New Strings for Old Puppets* EP, it's still a necessary listen for anyone interested in the earlier stylings of American hardcore punk. (JU)
(Alternative Tentacles)

REALLY RED – "Rest In Pain" LP

Jeebus. There is some mad REALLY RED reissuing going on this month. I got entrusted with REALLY RED's last gasp, this, their second album from 1985, showing them stretching out into arty post-hardcore territory. Hyped here as "the very *rare* second album," I would prolly say very overlooked instead, as I can remember OGs littering the bins well into the early '00s. It never really grabbed me like the EPs back then, though I can imagine nowadays that anyone currently infatuated with the more idiosyncratic arty '80s USHC shit like ARTICLES OF FAITH LPs or SACCHARINE TRUST would prolly hard file this bonz in a minute. Killer liner notes and flyers spray the backside of the reprinted lyric sheet, "part two of three," so I guess you'll need to grab the other two LPs posthaste. (GB)
(Alternative Tentacles)

REALLY RED – "New Strings for Old Puppets" LP

This is the third installment in Alternative Tentacles' program to reissue all the recorded output of this classic Houston band. REALLY RED existed from 1978 to 1984 in a vibrant Texas scene as the more straightforward punk/hardcore cousins to the BIG BOYS and the DICKS. Their two full-length LPs (including the "lost" second album) comprise the first two installments. This record compiles the title EP as well as the "Modern Needs" and "Crowd Control" singles, an the "Despise Moral Majority" live EP, alongside a few comp tracks and unreleased goodies. As a collection this obviously hangs together less tightly than the complete LPs, and there are a couple of missteps (the cover of "Downtown" for example) but on the whole Alternative Tentacles have done the world a great service by ensuring this timeless material is available to the general record-buying public. In my opinion, "Modern Needs" by itself is *essential*. (AM)
(Alternative Tentacles)

RED MASS – "White Nights/Animal"

Hailing from Montreal, RED MASS delivers two solid songs, which both manage to capture the feeling of early punk bands, when it wasn't clear what was going to become of this sound, when bands didn't know what the playbook was or what was supposed to be in it. The A-side reminds me especially of the WEIRDOS and other Dangerhouse bands. This is still definitely rock'n'roll, but it's got gallons of snot and tons of tension. Add to that some space synths in the background and some strange processed drums in a couple spots. This smacks of a band that is loose about what they "should" or "shouldn't" be doing in terms of both songwriting and recording, and thankfully the result are some great songs reminiscent of the aforementioned bands, as well as MAGAZINE or the ADVERTS. (LP)
(Zaxxon)

RED RED KROVVY – "Global Citizen" EP

Got that sick teenage first punk band vomit sound in a really cool manner. Makes sense as RED RED KROVVY is/was the small town high school band of humans that are now in the POP SINGLES and the BED WETTIN' BAD BOYS. I think maybe they are a long distance band now? This has that frantic teenage feeling, chanted venom vocals over true rudimentary punk for rudimentary punkers. If it was slightly less amateur some of these songs could be pit fillers in a total HC rager sense, (check that riff on "Global Citizen!"), but that juvie attack sound is what makes this band so sick. Not as obsessed with this record as I was with their first 45, but fans of FRAU should investigate! It's got a similar (but different) FU destruction appeal. Since they and their label are based in Australia, you can (and should) get their records from Easter Bilby distro in the USA. (LG)
(Helta Skelta)

RÉSEAU D'OMBRES – "Ireos" LP

Synth/bass/drums trio from France that lived and died in the '80s…and sound like it. *Ireos* is a well-mastered reissue of a live tape from 1984—metallic synths and hollow dance/goth bass with reverbed vocals that could be leading a rally as easily as fronting a band. If you like your cold wave bitter cold and pissed and kinda chemically imbalanced then you can do no better than this piece of wax. Maybe every recording from the '80s doesn't need to be put to vinyl, but this one is going to reach many appreciative ears. (WN)
(Ειρκτή)

THE RINDS – "Kick It In" CD

Decent up-tempo garage rock'n'roll pop from the Bay Area. This almost has a MARKED MEN/RADIOACTIVITY feel which is a good thing. There also a bit of that RAMONES bubblegum feeling too. Eleven buzzsaw songs in twenty minutes. Fun stuff. (RL)
(self-released)

SCIENCE – "East Coast Education" LP

SCIENCE is comprised of Florida punk/hardcore veterans that really show their age. Not to say that it's bad or slow or boring but that their apparent influences come from the late '80s and early '90s. There are hints of '80s hardcore but like so many bands that came later, more melodic stuff. Think about early Revelation Records or later NAKED RAYGUN. There are also hints of '90s Florida punk that brings to mind stuff like STRIKEFORCE DIABLO. The whole thing is a bit of a trip in time but it's very well put together. The playing is tight and the whole thing flows well while having enough variety to stay interesting. (PA)
(self-released)

SHALLOW CUTS – "Storm Watch" EP

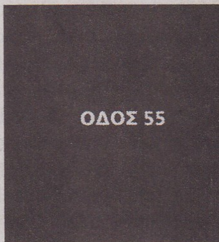
Oh, man, I get so nervous when I get a No Idea release these days. Actually, sometimes I get downright frightened. I put the needle on the record and cringed for a full fifteen seconds until the vocals kicked in. Oh, man, this is actually good! It's still got elements of dude rock, as J Wang plays and sings in this San Diego trio, but it's pretty mellow. Rock hooks inspired by the REPLACEMENTS. The lyrics are great, the vocals are smooth (and sung!), and it's melodic as hell without being "melodic punk." Highly recommended for fans of the higher echelon of dude. (DZ)
(No Idea)

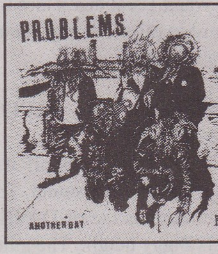
SHAVED WOMEN – "Just Death" LP

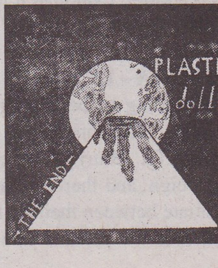
In the course of my diligent research, I'd seen this band described as a noise rock ensemble, but this record keeps up in tempo with a good amount of hardcore punk bands these days. It's not the pounding dirge of SWANS, or, to make a comparison specific to the Show-Me State, quite as loose and sloppy as DRUNKS WITH GUNS. Imagine those riffs played to the same amount of repetition, at twice the speed and with a little more precision, and you may be able to make a guess at the sound herein. SHAVED WOMEN are at their best when they

MYSTERY DATE
NEW YORK

nightshift
Winter Within







bust out of that approach mid-song, with a jarring change of tempo or unexpected bursts of bass and guitar interplay. For instance "No One Gets In" starts us off with a repetitive fugue of a riff that suddenly shifts into a break that recalls "Death of an Idiot Blues." The vocals on this record are somewhere out there between a howl-of-desperation and moan-of-exhaustion, helping keep up the intensity and momentum along with the rest of the band on the tracks using repetition as a plan of attack. The title track "Just Death" is in my opinion solid evidence that fast noise rock might be worth making in 2015 and beyond. All the songs on this record seem to be about anxiety in one way or another and, like anxiety, this record may get the best of you as you get less and less sleep. Listen to it twice after sleeping for two hours or less the night before and report back. (EW)
(Malokul)

SIERPIEN – "Zawsze Hasze" LP

Wow, this is *such* a gem, already a record-of-the-year contender for me and it's still only spring! Moscow's SIERPIEN may have recorded this album last year, but it could easily pass for a top-of-the-class recording from 1982, blending and transcending a slew of influences like CRISIS, SIKIERA, and the MOB in their quintessentially Eastern European take on dark punk. A studio-only two-piece masquerading as a power trio, the proceedings here are consistently anthemic as all hell; usually cold and yearning, occasionally funky and danceable, and, on songs like "New Middle Ages", approximating a more anarcho SAD LOVERS AND GIANTS. I could blather on forever—it really is impossible to capture a perfect record in mere words—but trust me when I say this is not the kind of thing you can afford to miss. Simply *genius*. (WB)
(Mass Media)

SIR LORD VON RAVEN – "The Age of Machines" 2xLP

This album starts off with a great title track. It has a punky glam sound. The melody is catchy. The style reminds me of DAVID BOWIE when he was at his Ziggy height. The guitar breaks into this fuzzy flanger liftoff during the chorus, which compliments the pouty singing nicely. The lyrics are a humorous insult of people obsessed with technology. It is really cool sounding. I began to worry less about this being a double album. Unfortunately that is the only song like that. The music stays glam-ish, but with more laid back vocals and mellow instrumentation. The songs veer off into a lot of ballads sung with an off-kilter lilt and restrained performances. It has a '70s easy listening feel and the vocals sound harsher with the minimal music. However the singing did grow on me after multiple listens. If I had heard the rest of the album without that first song, I probably would like the whole thing more. However that first one is a killer. I am glad it is on here. (CK)
(Guitars and Bongos)

SKEMÄTA – LP

I'm going to be blunt right off the bäta: there are many hardcore bands that sounds similar to SKEMÄTA. Many of those bands have names that are foreign, and therefore my soft brain cannot differentiate between them or know how to pronounce them over the years. SKEMÄTA is a record I will want to recommend, so I'm making it a point to remember their name right now. The contrast of a high-end effloresced hardcore guitar tone spread across deep snarly crust bass and drum engineering makes this release unique. Powerful rock metal riffs over crushing D-beat, basically. If you pick up one kang record this year make it this one. Yes, I feel comfortable saying that in February. It's tried, it's true, it's all for you. (JR)
(Sorry State)

SOMETHING LIKE ELVIS – "Personal Vertigo" LP

I want you to imagine, if you will, an alternate universe where the internal combustion engine never became the predominant form of turning fuel into energy but, instead, humanity preferred *steam* as a means to power vast fleets of Zeppelins for long distance transportation. A world where men still wore top hats, walked with canes, where women donned billowy dresses and folks discussed the advantages of using a garishly adorned elephant as a convenient means of ground transport instead of a spring powered car. In this alternate universe, in this made-up country, SOMETHING LIKE ELVIS would have written the national anthem. Between the heavy use of accordion in dictating the melody of the arrangements (they're not songs, they're arrangements) and the vocalist's tendency towards storytelling/yelling/storytelling I was lulled into a deep state of existential despair, like that part of *Frankenstein* where Dr. Frankenstein is confronted by the awesome and sublime horror of his own creation as he is finally awoken. It makes sense that this record was recorded in '97. This is a very '90s record. It has the sensibilities of REFUSED's *The Shape of Punk To Come* mixed with the rambling, herky-jerky, chaos of one of TOM WAITS' more experimental numbers. The tunes are heavy and layered and reminded me, at points, of bands like DYSTOPIA. This band really belongs on a package tour with GOGOL BORDELLO. All in all, a very interesting listen. I didn't know what I was in for but I definitely wasn't disappointed. For fans of: *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy, drinking Mountain Dew through a straw made out of a Red Vine, playing trombone in your middle school band. (MW)
(Antena Krzyku)

SPELLS – "At Sea/Land Locked"

Radio-friendly, vaguely garage-y/slightly punk rock made for a really dull bar. This just comes off too polished. I admittedly was wary going into this after seeing the band described as "vacation rock" like their real intent was to be the PABLO CRUISE of punk (this may mark the first time they've been mentioned in *MRR* but they were likely in our enemy zine, *Maximum Smooth'n'Yacht*). If anything, this comes off like a load of reject songs by '90s-era D.O.A. which is a coincidence as there's a "Shithead" in this band, too. Amusing tribute nicknames aside, I remain utterly bored by every song. (JD)
(Snappy Little Numbers)

SPIT SPEWING SNAKES – "Steady Sinking Stones" EP

This five-song, one-sided EP is a promising first effort from this young Detroit band. Calling to mind the more aggressive CEREMONY material with the relentless blasting to breakdown approach, they couple this with a heavy hint of AMERICAN NIGHTMARE to complement the sound. Taking a bold stab at a high caliber of hardcore, these four original tunes lay some good groundwork to build upon. The band closes the short record with an AFI cover (I would have preferred it if they had left it off) but do a good job of disguising the snotty punk tune as one of their own. A+ packaging, let's keep 'em coming! (RM)
(Dropping Bombs)

STEPDAD SS – "Mad About It" LP

It took several listens for this to go from "lukewarm" to "good" for me, but I'm now on board. Not the most easily summed up, but it's hardcore that's characterized by moody, bleary-eyed riffing over relentless pounding, vocals that sound like someone shouting into the void and remind me of the RUNNAMUCKS of all things, and an unpolished recording that listens like the sunny morning after a sleepless night. At times, it reminds me of if BL'AST hadn't leaned on BLACK FLAG signifiers so damn heavily (though "Sharp Knife" points to the Ginn Groove) or the first song on the NECROS LP, though much darker in tone that either of these. Some of the songs drag, and I think they could do far better with a focused 7" at this point, but overall they have a great sound. (DG)
(NP / Vile)

SUMMER CANNIBALS – "Show Us Your Mind" LP

Do you absolutely *love* the YEAH YEAH YEAHS? If yes, you will totally fall apart over this LP. This record bears a strong resemblance to those indie pop queen bees, but SUMMER CANNIBALS do it with a push towards lo-fi garage. There're even some hints of Motown in a few songs. And although it's fuzzed-out and lo-fi, it skates the line between very produced and over produced. It's good, but you know how music can sometimes seem "too cool"? Like this music is destined for someone far hipper that myself. It's total alternative rock radio. But it is super good, and if you've listened to the DETROIT COBRAS in the last month, I strongly suggest you track this down. (FS)
(New Moss)

SUN BATHER – "Waiting/Forminger Detikke Lige Sadan"

Crawl across the floor *Bloodstains Across Denmark* lumpen sounds directed at a new generation of oldies. Paranoid lyrics about haunted houses, parental unit pedophiles in the CIA for added "Daddy is my Pusher" edge, which alongside with the goofiest organ break and a guitar ooze that sounds like it was recorded through a wall will make you wanna off all of the parents in the world…Catchy, dumb, frantic! Alrite. (LG)
(Hjernespind)

SUN BATHER – "Zzzz/Untitled"

My god, this is good. It is lo-fi garage-y post-punk with a pulsating beat and defiant vocals. I can't tell what he is saying since it is mostly in Danish and all fuzzy and distorted, but I like it and am happy to sing along. The music is so drone-y in a catchy way and the singing is anthemic. I can't tell if that is a keyboard solo at the end of "Zzzz" or some other instrument. Either way it sounds otherworldy and

way cool. Features members of GORILLA ANGREB, AMDI PETERSENS ARMÉ, BURIAL, HYPNOTIC SLEEP, BORN DEAD, MOONLESS, NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS. It's a nice pedigree, but this surpasses all expectations. Excellent. (CK)
(Hjernespind)

TERMINUS – "Back Among The Blind" CD
TERMINUS were one of the British bands plugging along the relatively lonely years of the late '80s / early '90s, when punk wasn't popular, had largely been subsumed into metal (think NAPALM DEATH, BOLT THROWER, ELECTRO HIPPIES), and with the exception of SNUFF, those that weren't part of the metal scene, such as the mighty LEATHERFACE, were typically playing to "crowds" numbered in the tens, rather than the hundreds. In many ways, they sounded, well, quintessentially British. No hardcore, no hint of the DEAD KENNEDYS, or MINOR THREAT, or GOVERNMENT ISSUE in there, just straightahead angry punk, with as much a nod to rock as to spikes and studs. Smart, brooding, (anarchist) political lyrics, and a deft lead guitarist always made 'em a cut above the pack, though they never got the critical acclaim. A pretty straight reissue of their second LP. No liner notes (beyond the lyrics) and no "extras" as such, though what you get is rather excellent as it stands. (RK)
(Boss Tuneage)

THARSIS THEY – "Formless/Shapeless"
This one jumps right out with the pissed-off dude vocals and launches off into late '90s/early '00s spastic metalcore or "post-hardcore." (I just elbow dropped myself for writing that.) Lots of loosey-goosey structures and tempos with more dudely-dude screamo vocals that you also heard in BOTCH and early DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN. If you miss obsessing over the Hydra Head catalog and still have a CONVERGE hoodie, then this is for you. But for me, this brings up visions of working shitty jobs before going to watch bland undercard bands like this at Gilman and Slim's—all of which just reminds me why I don't miss those days. (JD)
(Dropping Bombs)

TIME CRASHERS – "EP-isode 1: Chronal Displacement" CD
No frills, early '90s style punk with a hint of punk'n'roll. Fun stuff that's sort of between a sped-up KILLDOZER mixed with DIDJITS and late-era D.O.A. but with a strong *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure* influence so maybe these guys are the WYLD STALLIONS of punk? Though they never dealt with pizza obsessed berserkers—or did they? Even the songs that are just so-so (like "Party Pompeii") are pretty fun to listen to. While I wasn't blown away by this I'm sure they could do a great live show especially if paired with someone like BLOODHAG. Comes with the TIME CRASHERS comic I reviewed in the zines section (JD)
(self-released)

TOY GUITAR – "In This Mess" LP
Been a while since I reviewed a record on Fat. TOY GUITAR sounds like a decent blueprint for what you could do when you grow out of the Warped Tour. Members of SWINGIN' UTTERS and ONE MAN ARMY lighten up a little and bring in some proto-punk, glitter, and power pop influences. Tight production, catchy guitar licks, and no shortage of catchy choruses. These folks have been around long enough to know their way around a hook. Good stuff. (AM)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

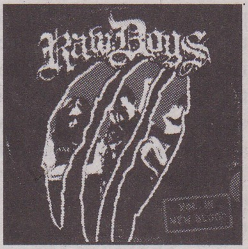
TRYER – "Kukkia Kaamoksesta" LP
Tampere, Finland's four-piece TRYER have a strong and distinctive sound. They're based on catchy, melodic hardcore and utilize some dynamics throughout. They're experienced songwriters who don't waste time or momentum. Actually, the production and songs were so good, with double-tracked vocals and some moments for crucial sing-alongs, I started to wonder if they were a huge band in Finland. I was reminded of the old Toronto band, MARILYN'S VITAMINS, how that band sounded so great at first but over repeated listens became kind of cloying. On one hand, TRYER puts everything together pretty well. I played this release a few times over the past week, and I'm not sick of it yet. On the other, I'm not sure it's a record I need a long-term relationship with. Lyrics are in Finnish, and the cover has a painting of a giant battlebot. Check it out. (JM)
(If Society)

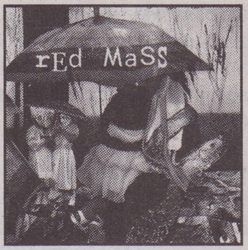
TWISTED – "Utopia" LP
Arrrggghh, this is so good! This is what I've needed to hear all day! Singer, Livi Sinclair, dives into every song like an exclamation point, tearing and gnashing against each one like she's fighting to rid her body of every word in it. The clean, abrasive guitar tone reminds me of the LOVE TRIANGLE, MASSHYSTERI, and GORILLA ANGREB while not really sounding like those bands. Okay, maybe it sounds a little bit like the LOVE TRIANGLE at points, but that's not a bad thing. Each song flows so well into the next one on this LP. They pound out melodic, garage-punk while expanding on the well-worn formula that has played out so much before them. Every song is catchy, full of hooks and over within a couple of minutes. Perfect shit right here. Perfect LP. (GH)
(Art for Blind)

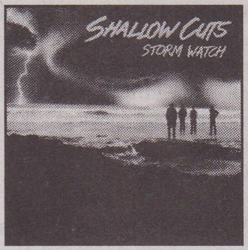
URINALS – "Next Year at Marienbad" CD
Listening to this in the shadow of "Ack Ack Ack" is not advisable. It is over thirty years later and the URINALS are not in the same realm anymore. This record really sounds like late eighties college rock, and when you want the wild, anarchic dada freedom that their earlier records offered, this sound is clearly not the solution. I know everyone grows up and changes their focus, their lives and ideals shift. It's boring watching postcard punk reunion bullshit, and the URINALS were clearly never some cheezy / square rule book abiding punker cliché band... but at the same time I wish they had somehow kept some of that wild "Black Hole" spirit as they grew older and evolved. This sounds like a band that could have supported REM in 1988. It's not terrible at all, but it's also not interesting and I just don't want to listen to it. (LG)
(Happy Squid)

VANITY – "Vain In Life" LP
This stab at boots'n'braces street punk comes to you from a couple of alumni of various recent hardcore acts, most of whom I haven't heard except for RIVAL MOB, who I love. Musically the riffs are pretty catchy but there's something about the recording that doesn't quite gel—maybe it's because I know it's a studio project, but it *sounds* like a studio project. On top of that, there's a schizophrenic quality to the vocals, as the two guys trade off singing. I'm not sure who's who, but when one of them sings, it sounds like pop punk, and when the other does it sounds like INTEGRITY. Both styles sound good, but to me, neither fully fits what's going on with the music. There's no doubt they know what they're doing and can write an album of songs in the vein of TEMPLARS/early SKREWDRIVER or whatever. My buddy Max swears by this record, so maybe it will be a grower. (AM)
(Katorga Works)

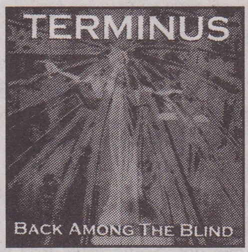
VIOLENT ARREST – "Life Inside The Western Bloc/Distorted View" CD
This is a politically charged smasher, bringing UK vets from respectable outfits like RIPCORD, HERESY, and FOUR LETTER WORD together for a go at fast, no frills punk in 2015. *Life Inside The Western Bloc* is over before you know it, so best







THE SHANGRI BLAHS
RANKKA PÄIVÄ



pay attention as these ten tracks lash out at societies tipped scales, war time mentalities, mindless racism and other issues of ignorance and frustration in the Western world. The addition of Welly on vocals seems to put a more anthemic boldness to the music than the searing edge RIPCORD was known for. This new record burns fast and bright and luckily on the CD release, the good people at Boss Tuneage threw on the tracks from 2013's *Distorted View* and the VIOLENT ARREST side of the split with ENDLESS GRINNING SKULLS. Filled with just as much piss and vinegar, this earlier incarnation of the band was fronted by UKHC pioneer Steve Hazzard and is equally stirring. Fast, furious, pissed and to the point—VIOLENT ARREST leaves no doubt about their intention. Good stuff. (RM)
(Boss Tuneage)

WAR ON WOMEN – LP

WAR ON WOMEN rip. They play a brand of melodic heavy punk rock that lends itself so well to anthems and WAR ON WOMEN really only write anthems, with lyrics centered on rape culture, the anti-choice movement, and the demonization of women's bodies and sexuality. The guitars are heavy and distorted, full of crunch and aggression. The vocal presence of this band is powerful and I highly recommend their live sets! Also, this album ships with a dental dam and a female condom. Fuck yeah! (DV)
(Bridge Nine)

WASTOIDS – "Dangerous Spaces" EP

Good old fashioned North American Hardcore. According to the insert they are "four freak pretty boys from Toronto…" They also seem a little bitter that we here at *MRR* have previously described them as "far tamer and less confident BROWN SUGAR." It's okay pretty boys, I don't hear that either, at least not on this release. I hear a lot of similarities to SCHOOL JERKS or CARREER SUICIDE, but a lot more sloppy (maybe that's where that whole less confident thing came about?) Also once there's delay on the vocals, you'll automatically sound like GAG or NUKE CULT. The opener "Fuck 82" is their whatever you call that British-middle-finger/backwards-peace-sign to spikies and UK82 worship bands. Pretty cool to me; it's 2015, time to bring back '80s hardcore, slam or retire! (KC)
(High Anxiety)

THE WHOOSIE WHAT'S IT'S – "Owl Systems Go" LP

Some people will really enjoy this. Others will despise it. Me? I like it. I'm a sucker for female fronted punk, even when the vocals are sort of pretty, and I've always enjoyed music that was catchier than not. Some folks find this sort of stuff wimpy. Not me. If your preference for punk is the sort that will annoy the fuck out of people, this probably isn't for you. If you enjoy punk that is not just punk, but also rock, even '50s style rock, you'll like this one. There is nothing wrong with mid-tempo and catchy. (KK)
(self-released)

WIDOWS WATCH – "This Message Repeats" LP

I like the sound these guys from Baltimore are going for: SAMIAM, HOT WATER MUSIC, LEATHERFACE, maybe a little SOCIAL DISTORTION in the vocals. Unfortunately the songs don't really come together and the vocals always seem off. Some of the song parts sound good but then it goes in another direction. This almost sounds like one of those bands where each member has a part and they throw them together, call it a song, and move on to the next one. Some editing in the writing and maybe some stricter production would do this band some good. (RL)
(Toxic Pop)

WRETCHED OF THE EARTH – "Fire to Their Houses" LP

This is some very epic mid-tempo melodic crust out of Portland. I like this style, but I feel like many bands that play it are pretty generic. Like, I always know what's coming next, and I'm already bored. WRETCHED OF THE EARTH, however, do it right, taking the same tired formula and adding some IRON MAIDEN to it. Passionate and incendiary anarcho lyrics make no bones about how they feel about the ruling class. This would be a great album to watch the sun rise over the ashes of empire to. (BA)
(1859)

YOUNG TRYNAS – "Probably Music" EP

Raging slam-dunk sickness from one section of the incredibly productive punk force that is currently transforming DC...A call to arms aimed at ready-for-action identified humans that need total destruction delivered to their ear drums on the regular. The stomp and gloat of the drums, the Dukowski-esque rumble of bass, the Bjelland guitar tricks...The way Taylor slurs and snarls the lyrics to "$" is devastating and feels like total insurrection. YOUNG TRYNAS, as well as having an incredible band name, also write lyrics that are so smart and fuck you, solidarity and spite. This EP brings to mind the drag-your-heart sneering grunge pummel of "Hey Bastard" by STP (meaning Julie Cafritz's post PUSSY GALORE group, not the bogus STP you are thinking of), with emphasis on the HC fury of NOG WATT or NO THANKS or fuck it, the '82 *Demos*. When I first listened to this all I could hear was the grrrrrunge, but with the repeated listens this 7" requires, a total yer moshin' HC aspect made itself so clear. Favorite songs are "$" and "No Right." The guitar "solo" at the end of "No Right" is so sick and so cool... (LG)
(White Denim)

V/A – "Home Street Home: Original Songs From The Shit Musical – Written by Fat Mike" CD

Not quite sure how to attribute this. As the fairly descriptive title suggest, this is eighteen songs from a musical—written about punk street kids, gutter punks—by Fat Mike, better known as the vocalist, bassist, lyricist and songwriter of NOFX. All the words and music of this musical were penned by Fat Mike, though he performs only the occasional bass and guitar on this soundtrack. All of the various vocals (of the various characters) and most of the music is performed by an all star cast of various punk luminaries, including folks from the DESCENDENTS, LAGWAGON, DANCE HALL CRASHERS, NO USE FOR A NAME, MAD CADDIES, OLD MAN MARKLEY, ME FIRST AND THE GIMME GIMMES, BAD COP/BAD COP, and more. The songs range from three-cuts that would not have appeared out of place on *White Trash…* or *Punk In Drublic,* to moody piano pieces, and more operatic rock numbers à la QUEEN or MEATLOAF. As one would expect, the lyrics, while touching on Mike's typical concerns of sex, drugs, and er, community, exhibit a depth of intelligence, empathy and poignancy rarely found elsewhere. Mike happily references *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* as a love and inspiration, which is a good reference. As would be CAPTAIN SENSIBLE's solo records, as an example of the breadth, dexterity, and downright quirkiness in the songwriting. I've always been a huge fan. And this stellar effort makes me no less a true believer than before. Even more so. (RK)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

V/A – "The Marshmallow Generation" LP

From weirdo electro-psych punk, to pop, garage, punk'n'roll, trashy, sleaze, and yes cheez. *The Marshmallow Generation* runs the gambit here, which I think is the point of having a compilation like this. Featuring Canadian bands, in and around London, Ontario, FOAM, NOBLE SAVAGES, PRE-NODS, the HEART ATTACK KIDS, FAMILIAR FIENDS, BSHC, TERMINAL LICKS, ZEX, EXCELSIOR, BATTLEWULF, CHLOROFORM, STRANGE ATTRACTOR, FIRST BASE, and PAUL JACOBS. None of which I've heard before, with the exception of PAUL JACOBS. Nice showcase of little known but worthy Ontario bands. (CR)
(It's Trash)

V/A – "Tunes From the Toilet Vol. 2" EP

Records like this warm my heart. I love them yet at the same time, I can't understand why anyone would buy them. I know that sounds funny, but this is a 7" with 57 bands and easily 100 tracks. I can't actually tell how many tracks there are but when one band, in beautiful ANAL CUNT style, lists their track(s) as "33 Untitled Tracks" you know this record will be fun to listen to. In the style of the *Bllleeeeaaauuurrrrgghhh* comps, this is to be listened to as a whole. What do you get? A lot of noise, grindcore, goregrind, powerviolence, drum machines, samples, and insanity. I wish I knew which band just played—it sounded like it was recorded in the bedroom by one guy with a drum machine and a practice guitar amp. He's also a terrible singler and he did a less-than thirty-second hardcore track that rules! Now I'm listening to someone who sounds like MERZBOW, followed by some sample art which sounds like a manipulated TV ad. I have no idea which track was theirs, but the winner of the band and track title on this comp is the ECONOMY with "I Recorded This As I Shat." This EP is really good. (MH)
(Continuum)

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Art For Blind: artforblind.com
Baldy Longhair: PO Box 1853, Rahway, NJ 07065
Black Wednesday: black-wednesday.pl, info@black-wednesday.pl
Bobby Vacant and the Worn: bobbyvacantandtheworn.com
Boss Tuneage: PO Box 74, Sandy, Bedfordshire SG19 2WB, UNITED KINGDOM, bosstuneage.com
Bridge Nine: bridge9.com
Bunkerpop: bunkerpop.bigcartel.com
Continuum: continuumrecords.bigcartel.com
Crippled Sound: crippledsound.net
Crust Almighty: crustalmighty.weebly.com
Crustacean: 1709 S. Park St. #W, Madison, WI 53713, crustaceanrecords.com
D-Takt & Råpunk: dbeatrawpunk.blogspot.com,
D.I.Y.: apzajac@wp.pl
Dead Broke: deadbrokerecords.com
Deranged: derangedrecords.com
Detonate: detonate.dk
Diet Pop: dietpoprecords.com
Dirt Cult: dirtcultrecords.com
Dishpit / Dog Problem: 3104 18th Ave South, Minneapolis, MN 55407
Don Giovanni: PO Box 628, Kingston, NJ 08528, dongiovannirecords.com
Doomtown Sounds: problemspdx.com
Dr. Strange: 7136 Amethyst Ave., Alta Loma, CA 91701
Dropping Bombs: droppingbombshc.storenvy.com
Dybbuk: dybbukrecordsofficial.blogspot.com
The Dying Elk Herd: thedyingelkherd.com
Ειϱϰτή: eirkti.com
End Digital: endigital.bandcamp.com, endigital@web.de
Extinction: extinctionrecords@gmail.com
Fat Wreck Chords: 2196 Palou Ave., San Francisco, CA 94124, fatwreck.com
Flying Disc: flying discrecords.net
Goner: 2152 Young Ave, Memphis, TN 38104, goner-records.com
Guitars and Bongos: 3916 Webster St, Oakland, CA, guitarsandbongos.com
Happy Squid: happysquid.com
Harvest King: harvestkingrecords.com
Helta Skelta: heltaskeltarecords.blogspot.com
High Anxiety: highanxiety416.blogspot.com
Hjernespind: PO Box 505, 2200 Copenhagen N, DENMARK, info@hjernespind.com
Hold On: holdonrecords.com
IDNS: idns@hotmail.com
IF Society: ifsociety.com
Inimical: PO Box 2803, Seattle, WA 98111, inimical.com
Insane Society: insanesociety.net
Iron Lung: P.O. BOX 95521, Seattle, WA 98145, lifeironlungdeath.blogspot.com
It's Alive: 11411 Hewes St, Orange, CA 92869, itsaliverecords.com
It's Trash: itstrashrecords.bandcamp
Jukebox: jukebox-records.com
Katorga Works: katorgaworks@gmail.com, katorgaworks.bigcartel.com
Krayola: krayolashmayola.bandcamp.com
La Familia: PO Box 105824, 28058 Bremen, GERMANY, lafamiliareleases.com
Last Warning: lastwarningrecords.com
Lengua Armada: martincrudo@yahoo.com
Let's Pretend: letspretendrecords.com
Loony Tunes: 69 Wykeham Street, Scarborough, N. Yorks, YO12 7SA, UNITED KINGDOM, loonytunesrecords.co.uk
Maloka: BP 536, 21014 Dijon Cedex, FRANCE, malokadistro.com
Malokul: PMB 570 21010 South Bank Street Sterling, VA 20165, malokul.blogspot.com
Mamma Leone: mamma-leone.org
Mass Media: PO Box 2692, Costa Mesa, CA. 92626, massmediadistro.com
MCR Company: dance.ne.jp
Mind Cure: 3138 Dobson St. Floor 2, Pittsburgh, PA 15219, mindcurerecords.com
Minerva Superduty: minervasuperduty.bandcamp.com
Money Fire: moneyfirerecords.com
Monotone Discos: Rua De São Paulo, 252 Lisboa, PORTUGAL, thedirtycoaltrain@gmail.com
Ne!: nerecords.se, nerecords@hotmail.com
Negative Fun: negativefun.com
The New Enemy: thenewenemy.bandcamp.com
New Moss: newmossrecords.com
Nightshift: facebook.com/nightshift666
No Idea: noidearecords.com
Noi Solution: noisolution.de
Nunchakupunk: nunchakupunk@gmail.com
Ny Våg: nyvag.weebly.com
Odio Los Discos: odiolosdiscos.com
Overthrow: Maruta-Place #402 21-5, Shimoshinshuku Ichikawa, Chiba 272-0102, JAPAN
Painter Man: 1305 NE 45th St Apt B, Seattle, WA 98105, paintermanrecords.com, painterman.records@gmail.com
Phantom: phantom-records.blogspot.com
Piñata: pinatarecords.bandcamp.com
Pogo 77: pogo77.com
Popo's Bistro Records: vaski@netikka.fi
Power It Up: Zum Holzfelde 12, 31226 Peine, GERMANY, power-it-up.de
Psycho Wolf: injured-list.de
Pupu's Bistro Records: jum.ala@luukku.com
The Rinds: facebook.com/therinds
R.I.P. Society: ripsocietyrecords.tumblr.com
Rotten to the Core: rtcrecords.com, rotteninfo@yahoo.com
Round Dog: rounddogrecords.com
Saustex: PO Box 470153, San Francisco, CA 94147
Science: science4.bandcamp.com
Sengaja: sengajarecords.bandcamp.com
Sensual World: latex-punk.bandcamp.com
Snappy Little Numbers: snappylittlenumbers.blogspot.com
Solar Flare: 49 av de le Liberation, 6300 Claermont, Ferrand FRANCE, solarflarerds.com
Sorry State: 317 W Morgan St, Suite 105, Raleigh, NC 27601, sorrystaterecords.com
Speed City: 299 Springbank Dr, London, ON N6J 1G4, CANADA
Subterranean: 1466 San Bruno Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94110, subterranean.org
Superior Viaduct: PO Box 193563, San Francisco, CA 94119, superiorviaduct.com
Taken By Surprise: takenbysurpriserecords.wordpress.com
Tall Pat: tallpatrecords.com
Terröten: terroten.com
Thorazine Buffet: facebook.com/rubberroomrecords
Time Crashers: timecrashers.bandcamp.com
TNS: tnsrecords.co.uk
Toxic Pop: 2619 Guilford Ave, Baltimore, MD 21218, toxicpoprecords.com
Toxic State: toxicstaterecords@gmail.com
Treummer Pogo: treummer-pogo.de.vu
Uberfall: An der Pottenau 1 33609 Bielefeld, GERMANY, uberfall.home.de
Ut: ut-records.com
Vile Audio: vileaudiolabel.bandcamp.com
Wanda: wandarecords.de
World Gone Mad: worldgonemaddistro.blogspot.com
Zaxxon: zaxxon.com

CHEAPER THAN RECORDS

Send cassettes and CD-Rs to: MRR Attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide contact information and a post-paid price! Please note, anything other than vinyl or CD will be reviewed in this section. CD-Rs with no artwork will not be considered. Reviews by Matt Badenhop, Heather Blotto, Greg Harvester, Sean Nieves-Quiñones, and Jason Ryan.

AHRM – Expecting some serious black metal from the design aesthetic, AHRM is a surprising and inspired punk / indie rock band. The vocals are like a gothic, deeper, layered version of AT THE DRIVE-IN and the diminutive chords are a more death rock example of HOT SNAKES. This is very cool stuff, with pounding basslines, militant drums, dark guitars, and very subtle synth moments. What bands are these guys from? Because something about this feels like a mature transgression from previous, more generic, projects. Because AHRM can play. The recording also reminds me of the reverberations of the JAY REATARD *Blood Visions* LP. I already know this is one of those albums I'm like, "OK, cool," right now… and the more I listened to it the more it will take me over. Solid. Confident. Despondent. (Jason) (8-song cassette, lyrics not included, deathculturetapes.bandcamp.com)

ANIMAL CRIMES – Newfoundland hardcore? Fuck yeah! Every song is blazing right out of the gate. The singer sounds like he's ripping his shirt off and freaking the fuck out. This shit sounds blown-out and the vocals have some reverb on them, but they keep it tasteful…none of that "hey, let's turn up the reverb to ten so it sounds like shit and kinda 'weird.'" The soundtrack to 100 dead cops. (Greg) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, animalcrimes.bandcamp.com)

BACK PAGES – *Singles 13* – This kid is still in high school and is cranking out hit after hit! This is mainly a solo recording project by a guy named Casey from Orlando, but he gets folks to play with him to do live shows, and his song craft is really impressive! Many songs remind me of a more stripped down LOST SOUNDS, or sometimes a slightly less dramatic ADVERTS, or some of SCARED OF CHAKA's more garage material. Every song has interesting chord progressions, cool guitar lines, and great vocal melodies. I just checked out some of the newer material on the bandcamp and it's consistently awesome! Goner Records—look this guy up! Screw college, dude, keep writing good songs! (Matt) (15-song cassette, lyrics not included, thebackpages1.bandcamp.com, caseyalla1234@mail.com)

BARRICADED SUSPECTS – Hardcore the way it was meant to be played: fast, bare bones, earnest, powerful. The drums are super high in the mix, giving the whole thing a booming quality that the songs don't necessarily warrant, but fortunately the guitars are looming just as large and as a result BARRICADED SUSPECTS sounds fukkn massive. No D-beat, no pedal boards, no mysterious vocal effects, but plenty of hard hitting punk. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, PO Box 60194, Nashville, TN 37206, closetlandscapes.com)

THE BROTHERS GROSS – *Sight & Sound* – Here's a CD-R + DVD set where you get a music video for each song on the album. The band does a garage pop style with neutral lyrics, like the kind independent movies have made just for the film. It's very nicely done, but not particularly interesting to me. Probably more fun to make than watch, unless you're one of their friends. The gangsta-themed one is in very poor taste—a couple of white dudes living in the suburbs with seemingly lots of resources to do nice recording and film stuff doing a parody on "gangsta" culture, complete with foil on teeth, guns, etc. Stupid. Other than that, I can totally appreciate all the work that went into this project. (Matt) (10-song CD-R + DVD, lyrics not included, contact info for their "booking agent" is online—ew, go find it yourself!)

CONCRETE ASYLUM – *11 Song EP* – Lightning fast hardcore/fastcore, but offered up with a screaming noise punk production that features a solid low end and a wall of distortion. "Parasites" is a three-note burner that would have been at home on any number of Thrash2K releases, and sounds new and mandatory in its current form. Yeah, punk, this shit is good. (Robert) (11-song cassette, lyrics not included, concreteasylum.bandcamp.com, cody_cross@hotmail.com)

THE DEATH / FLOWER ZOMBIES – *split* – Seven tracks from the DEATH and four tracks from FLOWER ZOMBIES on this split tape. Both bands are from Japan, and the tape comes with a download code. The DEATH side is fuzzed-out all around with lots of reverb on the guitar. Rock'n'roll punk with female vocals that are sometimes angry, sometimes spoken, and sometimes sweet and melodic—all in a dreamy psychedelic way. FLOWER ZOMBIES also bring the '60s rock'n'roll punk style, but a little more jangly and with fewer effects (fuzz/reverb) on the recording. Centered around catchy lead guitar, they bring a pop sound with really tortured lovelorn vocals that border on screaming—keeping the songs in squarely in punk territory. Melodic group vocals make some of these tracks a little addictive. (Heather) (11-song tape, lyrics included for the DEATH, the DEATH: thedeath.info@gmail.com, FLOWER ZOMBIES: doghotel@ezweb.ne.jp)

FORCED INTO FEMININITY / RIGHT EYE RITE – *I Don't Exist Therefore I Can Do Whatever I Want* – Weirdo outsider art/punk from two different one-woman outfits. Bizarro electronics collide with shrieking vocals and pulsations on the FORCED INTO FEMININITY side, with all over the map sounds from RIGHT EYE RITE on the flip, new age dance keyboards and vocal chants on one track followed by an acoustic improvisation that makes D.(A.I.U.)HIGGS seem damn near normal. The title of this split is completely appropriate. (Robert) (10-song cassette, lyrics included, jailflanagan@gmail.com)

GANG NAILS – *It's Ok to Be Sad* – These LA dudes are bringing back the early '00s! It's cool guys, I am too! But never have I ever released a 3" CD-R, so this round goes to you. With a sound that's somewhere between LIGHTNING BOLT and DEATH FROM ABOVE 1979, GANG NAILS pairs trebly, distorted and sometimes pitch-shifted snakey basslines with powerful, skittering drums full of time changes. The dual vocals from both members can lilt playfully on top of the tunes, or cut desperately across like a knife. This is sassy prog punk that wouldn't have sounded out of place on GSL or Troubleman Unlimited. (Sean) (6-song 3-inch CD-R, lyrics included, gangnailz.bandcamp.com, gangnailz@gmail.com)

THE GORLONS – Riding on the surf wave vibe of X into early '60s garage rock like the ZOMBIES, this dually belongs on the *Nuggets* comp and opening up for the FUZZTONES in the '80s. Actually, perhaps headlining that show. This is a really fun tape, like hearing rattlesnakes on the beach. Great vocal tone and distortion, Moog keyboards, and ghostly guitars all groove to the jangly tambourine of a drum kit. Let's say that old instrumental *Happy Organ* takes Interpunk Route 1. Take the werewolves bowling, the GORLONS, take them bowling. (Jason) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, the gorlons.bandcamp.com)

GRIN AND BEAR IT / HANG TEN – *split* – Speaking of dank Philly basements on a weekday night way too late, I first saw Ohio's

GRIN AND BEAR IT in exactly that setting a couple of years ago. They play hard-hitting grind-violence the way it should be—with blazing fast blasting, churning mosh parts, heavy sludge, feedback and anti-authoritarian vocal samples. Certain moments recall bits of CHARLES BRONSON, CAPITALIST CASUALTIES and PLUTOCRACY, but I'm sure these guys would point to some genre-obvious bands I've never heard of as more accurate influences. Great multi-tracked feedback solo over agit-heavy bass and drums for their closing track. *Short! To the point!* HANG TEN's side is more straightforward to me, even though it employs similar tropes as the previous side. It's definitely more metal influenced and has 100% more pitch-shifted PULP FICTION samples. And 100% more NOFX covers (one). (Sean) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, grinandbearithc.bandcamp.com, hangten.bandcamp.com)

KEPARAT – DIY punk and hardcore didn't really take off in Indonesia until the '90s, which means that this 1999 recording from Bandung's KEPARAT dropped while the scene was still relatively new. Combine the political climate in Indonesia at the time (mass student protests, brutality in East Timor, Suharto…) with the excitement of a burgeoning scene, and songs like "No More War" and "Who's To Blame" feel a lot more urgent than they would coming from a modern HC band from New Jersey (or Minneapolis). Raging, bare bones, thrashy punk with snotty, snarled vocals and buzzsaw guitars propel the band through simple punk delivered with maximum intensity. File this alongside early spiky punk and high energy hardcore, these punks were fukkn pioneers in their country, and the tracks sound every bit as important today…this is the shit that needs to be given the reissue treatment. (Robert) (19-song cassette, lyrics included, fullforcehardcoredestruction.blogspot.com)

MALOKIO – Raw, melodic punk has always been my favorite style, and it's my biggest hope that there will be more bands like this in 2015! MALOKIO is from Montreal and makes some of the most pleasing upbeat melodic punk I've heard a new band do in a while. It's maybe a bit more rough around the edges than LA FRACTION, but the singer is *great*, complete with vibrato, and writes in Spanish, Italian, and English. There are some subtle production details that really enhance things and show that someone here has probably been at this punk band thing for a while. The first three tracks are incredibly strong. I really hope this band continues past the demo stage because their best material is undoubtedly still to come! (Matt) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, malokio.bandcamp.com)

NOTHING BAND – *True Refrigerator* – Max (of UZI RASH, VIOLENCE CREEPS, LAND ACTION, TRASHIES, etc.) brings you this one man, weirdo, freak out, minimalist, skronk, downer tape. All kinds of broken instruments and trash and debris collide slowly into Max's half sung / half spoken lyrics, bringing the listener into his world of stains and gentle confusion. Fans of JAD FAIR, DANIEL JOHNSTON, and low-fi fuck ups will want to take note. Perfect lazy afternoon jams. (Greg) (9-song cassette, lyrics not included, mnordile@gmail.com, nothing-band.bandcamp.com)

POISON ANTHEM / SIBANNAC – POISON ANTHEM is from Raleigh, NC and plays driving, upbeat punk that is in that bar punk / MISFITS-"whoa whoa" style. They mostly sing songs about people dying. The woman singing for them has a great voice, but has little to no grit, which may work for some. SIBANNAC is also from North Carolina and, bafflingly, plays ska punk. The singer yells like he has some ties to crust-punk and I guess it's decent for ska punk, but it just brings back scary flashbacks of FALLING SICKNESS. They include a live track, which does no one any favors. (Greg) (6-song CD-R, lyrics not included. poisonanthembooking@gmail.com)

THE PROBLEMS – A sort of punk and hardcore blend from Berlin. They handle topics like being drunk, hating artists, and some song about Reykjavik with a borrowed melody from DEVO's "Mongoloid." Humor is a major component, which is half annoying and half refreshing. Imagine HARD SKIN without the Oi! and about half as good. (Matt) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, problemfeind@gmail.com)

RAD RAD RIOT – *This Is All Starting To Make Sense* – Two piece band from Little Rock, Arkansas…just guitar and drums. Side One is populated by breakdown-tempo, mid-paced punk with boiling-pot-of-noodles guitar hooks. If this was the '90s, I would be compelled to call it "emo" and shelve it. Luckily, things pick up later in the tape. "Pink Knuckles" sounds like the band drank a pot of coffee and started freaking the fuck out in the best way, straightforward punk that is falling apart at the seams. That's followed by a seven-minute opus that is sprawling and holding my attention much more than Side One. The whole tape is energetic and urgent. (Greg) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, radradriot.bandcamp.com)

THE REVISIONISTS – *Potts the Point* – A blown out sloppy drunk session that is hard to make it through as a listener. Apparently this is a tribute band to a "relatively unknown Sydney punk ensemble" called the REVIVALISTS. Songs are swingy and repetitive with about five people singing at the same time, a blown out guitar jangle, and a tambourine. (Matt) (9-song cassette, lyrics not included, locallegendsrecords.com

REZENTMENTS – *Got Any?* – Sterile sounding, metallic rock music with hardcore influence. Tightly and skillfully played, but cheesy and unoriginal. I can't see this appealing to anyone outside their local group of friends. Comes in a DVD case, ugh… (Matt) (12-song CD-R, lyrics not included, rezentments@gmail.com)

SLEEP WHITE WINTER – Two-piece black metal projects seem to be the thing the last few years, especially in the States. This cassette of lucid ethereal dream metal, lyrically and musically, is above all that. SLEEP WHITE WINTER is atmospheric shoegaze in key signature and scorching black vocals and mid-tempo Nordic doom transitions in style. This is definitely more SLOWDIVE with Mike Patton-ish singing tones, than it is intimidatingly "true" black metal, but the influence is clear under their soft exterior. Substantially, SLEEP WHITE WINTER seems a little contrived, but I do enjoy the interesting juxtaposition of shoegaze to droning black metal. Punk is to rap is to country, but no one wants to talk about that, do they? Well SLEEP WHITE WINTER has found a charred bloody valentine they love and they're sending this out there regardless. (Jason) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, deathculturetapes.bandcamp.com)

SLENDER LORIS – *World Tour* – This guy opens up with a ripper track that takes hardcore punk and peppers in subtle time changes, melodic ghost vocals, unhinged screaming and creative guitar work together for a wild mixed up concoction. They keep you guessing and disoriented in the best way. It's the tape's stand-out track to me, as the songs give way to more post-hardcore / '90s math rock sound. That's not a bad thing; I love '90s math rock and post-hardcore. The music is deft, well-played, and well-thought out. Its weakness, however, lies in its epic length. The songs are good, but they just dragged out one after another and felt a million years long. (Sean) (17-song cassette, lyrics included, download code included, slenderloris.bandcamp.com)

THE SPIRIT OF THE BEEHIVE – Shoegaze / indie rock in the style of 4AD releases from the '80s as well as the SWIRLIES. There are essentially no punk influences in this so that's as far as I'm going, since we are a punk / hardcore mag. This tape is good. (Greg) (11-song cassette, lyrics included, ranchrecords.bigcartel.com)

STRANGERS – This sounds like it was taped straight off of a KBD LP compilation! Shaky sounding, straightforward punk that sounds like it was influenced by the BRAT, the BAGS and early *Posh Boy* singles. Nothing about this sounds modern…like you could tell me this was a lost East LA band from 1980 and I'd believe you (This band is from LA, by the way). It's fucking punk and it's fucking good. It comes from the same scene as RAYOS X, DRAPETOMANIA and AUSENCIA, so I'm sure you're already clawing your hands across your broken-ass smartphone to order this shit right now…rightfully so. (Greg) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, staticopunx@gmail.com, staticoponx.bigcartel.com)

SYNDICATE – Take BLITZ's *The Killing Dream*, add tons of nitric acid, and use in *The Warriors* soundtrack. That's this. SYNDICATE is everything you love about NEW MODEL ARMY or the MOB, but it's never boring. Chopping bass à la MISERY, snarly MIDNIGHT OIL-esque vocals laced with haunting RUBELLA BALLET vibes throughout. Chainsaws mixed with moody pop jams can be achieved and SYNDICATE proves it. This all perfectly echoes through a soup can phone. The second song punches in reminding me so much of Sonic Youth's "Mote" on *Goo*. This tape is the best. Sincerely new. First issue of the year and bent for the top tens. (Jason) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, syndicate-oakland.bandcamp.com)

TEAL – *Flowers Will Lay Upon Me* – Santa Rosa's TEAL is a one person (?) synth-based project that effortless flows through pop, shoegaze, experimental noise and industrial without any awkwardness. Ethereal guitars, heavily effected vocals and machine-like drums carry each song. It's layered in fuzz and feedback that gives it an otherworldly, dream-like feeling. Hypnotic and addictive. (Greg) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included. casinotrashrecords.bigcartel.com)

TEENAGE CHAINSAW – *Is a Buzzkill* – Sloshy, sloppy garage punk from Philly. More RAMONES than Burger Records, plus a touch of '80s hardcore. The guitarist and drummer switch off vocal duties on a few songs, but I'm a sucker for those of the high-pitched bratty, yelping, urgent variety featured on the majority of tracks, like opener "Yr Dumb" and "Pissed Off." This rules, and I can totally imagine the band banging away in some dank Philly basement on a weekday night way too late. (Sean) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, teenagechainsaw.bandcamp.com)

TINY DAGGARS – Obviously Danzig-influenced vocals with a slight CONCRETE BLONDE tinge. The monotone gets monotonous at times and veers into LIZA MINNELLI zones at others, but this is not to a fault. (WTF did I just say?) The ultra-low grumbling bass tone is fantastic and really carries this tape along. Love songs about sex are a bit trite to me, but whatevs. TINY DAGGERS got shit on their minds! Things get more interesting with a triplet beat song such as "Heavy Levitation." The singing on that one is not as in synch with the bass line, which is a nice departure rhythmically. Bring the beat back; set those vocals back a bit. (Jason) (11-song cassette, lyrics not included, tinydaggars13@gmail.com)

TRACERS – *Muscle Memory* – Seriously, I was telling someone last night that I wished there were more hardcore bands who just sounded completely nuts…out of control…flailing too-long drumrolls…barely holding it together, but not stupid and brainless. Now, here I am with this tape by TRACERS and it's exactly what I wanted. Inventive, destructive hardcore that seems immune to the current trends of reverb, naked dudes trying to freak you out *maaaan* or pitbull vocals. Shit rules. Over and out. (Greg) (8-song cassette, lyrics not included, casinotrashrecords.bigcartel.com)

TRENCHES – New tape by these Oakland hardcore fucks. First off, I wanna say that the lyrics on this are real as fuck. They sing shit about eviction (an everyday battle in the Bay Area), tough guy posturing and standing up for the causes you believe in…no hyperbole…all delivered viciously and urgently, backed by spot-on gang vocals. On this tape, their singer Boo Boo has a snarl that reminds me distantly of YOUTH OF TODAY-era Ray Cappo, but only distantly. The rest of the band is so fucking tight…playing concise, blazing hardcore with no fucking filler. There are no wasted moments. Every song explodes. Six songs in less than five minutes. Get this or get out. (Greg) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, trencheshxc.bandcamp.com)

USER ERROR – High energy and sincere post-hardcore influenced punk that has thoughtful and catchy intros and breakdowns matched with angry, sometimes jaunty, vocals. Every instrument and the vocals contribute something noticeably vital to each song—this band really plays *together* and the recording is done in a way that lets that shine through. Some songs are more straightforward punk while other songs allow more space to let the riffs develop and get more complex. Some of the songs also have really cool, unusual arrangements. Definitely something to check out if you are into NATION OF ULYSSES or FUGAZI-influenced punk. (Heather) (7-song tape, lyrics included, facebook.com/usererroraustin)

VHS – *Art Decay, Everything Looks Boring* – This is the second tape by these Seattle fucks. I loved the last tape and this one is not letting me down, although it sounds like it's coming in at a different angle. Less WIPERS and JAY REATARD influence on this one, but still maintaining strong melodic hooks and some weird curveballs in the time signatures. The first thing that came to mind (oddly) was the MELVINS when they threw out more melodic songs on *Hostile Ambient Takeover* and used the opportunity to fuck with your head. (I love the MELVINS. I don't throw out those comparisons lightly.) The title song is a certified burner, recalling some traces of RUDIMENTARY PENI but firmly standing on its own two feet. This tape isn't as instantly urgent as the first release but every bit as breathtaking and essential to any fan of the more melodic side of punk. Highly recommended! (Greg) (7-song cassette, some lyrics included…not all, casinotrashrecords.bigcartel.com)

WAR PATH – This five-song EP delivers bleak but danceable UK82 style punk. Driving bass and rhythm guitar keep up the momentum, while catchy and original guitar leads keep the songs sounding fresh and create a more dynamic sound. The drummer's heavy hitting brings a lot of energy to the songs. The lead and backing vocals are all similarly gruff. Minimal war-themed lyrics kind of leave you wondering if the message is that war is valiant and necessary, or horrible and needless. The songs kind of remind me of OXYMORON but less polished and produced. (Heather) (5-song tape, lyrics not included, warpathpunks@gmail.com)

V/A – *The Dialectics Of Sonic Energy. USE #2* – This is the second compilation in a series of weirdo, subversive, punk (although according to the liner notes, they reject the "punk" label. So, why send your tape to a punk magazine?), free thought, noise and experimental bands from all over. With 33 bands on a comp, it's difficult to paint a precise picture of what is going on here, but I can tell you that this comp is excellent. Heavy hitters like SHELLSHAG, SHOTWELL and APOGEE SOUND CLUB sit well next to free jazz improvisations by WD DUO, dark synth freak-outs from V.E.X. and pop wonder by DARK BEACH. While the genres and production values are all over the map, the release flows well and all the bands complement each other well. Super fuckin' good! (Greg) (33-song cassette, lyrics not included, but lots of liner notes, $5 ppd from Wade Driver, 66 Albion #5, San Francisco, CA 94103)

V/A – *Have Fun Or Don't Vol. 1* – Bootleg, warped and noisy, here comes a '77 pogo punk comp of full live sets at Legion of Doom, Columbus, OH, on January 4, 2015, featuring BLANK SPELL, LATEX, SARDAUKAR, SPLASHIN' SAFARI and NUCLEAR MOMS. A lot of chatter and freakish carnie noise separates the sets nicely. Pretty fuckin' raw, pretty fuckin' punk. Some parts sound like the SPECIALS on crack. Some parts were doom heavy at a crack pace. I was already looking forward to half of these sets and they did not disappoint. The other bands I was first introduced to with this tape, and this show sounded like a great time. (Jason) (five live sets, lyrics not included, bugcartel.storenvy.com)

V/A – *Two Way Tie For Last* – An extremely dense compilation of 38 bands I've never heard of. It is just not possible for me to tell you about them all, especially because nothing really appealed to my snobbish tastes. I can say that pretty much every sub-genre under the umbrella of "independent" is here, including hip hop and metal, and the recording quality is consistently high. Not sure if there's any common thread with all of these groups, but if you're looking to check out a shitload of bands of various styles all at once, this is a great way to do it. (Matt) (38-song cassette, lyrics not included, fleetingyouthrecords.bandcamp.com)

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Send zines for review to: ***MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146.*** *Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, if you take trades, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, and email address.*

Reviewers:
(AP) Ari Perezdiez
(DG) Dan Goetz
(DV) Diana Vashti
(DZ) Ryan Modee
(EC) E. Conner
(EW) Eli Wald
(GA) Grace Ambrose
(JB) Julia Booz
(JD) Justin Davisson
(JM) Jeff Mason
(KC) Kyle Canyon
(LA) Lydia Athanasopoulos
(MM) Marissa Magic
(MR) Mikey Minicomix
(OG) Oscar Gutierrez

If you live in the Bay Area and are interested in reviewing zines, get in touch!

BACON IN THE BEANS #4
$3 US, $6 world / 58 pgs
Bacon In The Beans is a collection of creative non-fiction as well as some typical fanzine-style lesser-known band write-ups and reviews of Swedish demo tapes. There are a few submissions from inmates who the author of the zine wants to get in contact with, so if you are an inmate, and know about *Bacon In The Beans*, then get in touch! A good chunk of the second half of this zine is dedicated to a memoir piece called "John Is Dead, Jim Plays Guitar" where the author reflects on growing up punk in the suburbs, his experiences with drugs, misadventures drug running in Mexico, and his relationship with his friend John and his Vietnam-vet stepdad, who at one point crashes an Iron Maiden cover band set (Jim Plays Guitar). At certain points it feels like the story jumps around too much or has something missing, but other then that it is quite a good read. The zine has a kind of "D-Beat poetry" stream of consciousness feel to it throughout. There are a few pretty cool comics, as well as interesting background and cover art. The Swedish demo tape write up is also interesting. If you're into punk memoirs and crazy stories then this is definitely a zine that is worth checking out! (KC)
baconinthebeans@gmail.com / PO Box 4912, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360

BALM DIGEST #1
Free / 18 pgs
First installment for this literary zine, this issue focusing on fungi. An interesting topic to pick, as fungi have, like few other organisms, been around for a hella long time—long enough that the largest living thing in the world is not actually the blue whale as received until 1998, but a ginormous "Humungous Fungus" which occupies 2,385 acres in the Blue Mountains of Oregon. The author likes 'shrooms, and not just in the culinary or recreational sense, so aside for a couple passages of her own, a mix of essay, poetry and recipes, the author includes a couple contributions on how mushrooms have been thought of and perceived through the ages, such as in fairytales, sci-fi and tradition. It's a super fast and easy read, with the most basic of Microsoft Word layouts, and admittedly not something I would seek out myself. This could be sold at food markets in the veggie section. (LA)
balmdigest.tumblr.com / sonyaellenmann@gmail.com

BALM DIGEST #2
Free / 16 pgs
The theme of this issue of this "*free* literary zine" (which pays contributors??) is anti-capitalism. There's poetry (a sonnet, even) and some stark artwork. The editor says she's still forming her views, and the critiques here are at or below the entry-level. The zine closes with some personal writing from the editor, detailing how her mental health problems keep her from realizing a productive role in the economy. She's up front and informed about her class and race privilege, which is the most insightful part of the whole thing. This is more for people who are into free literary things rather than anti-capitalists, and even then it's, uh, still in the growing stage. (JM)
balmdigest.tumblr.com

DWELLING PORTABLY
$2 / 16 pgs
I am really glad that these get sent to me, because they are right up my alley. These zines always look like some maniac wingnut only had one hour to put as much information on the fewest pages of paper possible. As the title suggests, this zine is usually chock full of ideas, hints, and plans for living in a portable, mobile, or otherwise improvised fashion. It kinda rules. If you've seen these before, you know the deal. Tiny font that is cramming every available square inch, super awesome drawings of tents, boats, clamps, and other things the author has built, and an occasional story with terrible grammar and goes nowhere. I really love these. To be honest, though, it would take an incredibly small amount of energy to make this zine infinitely easier to read, which would make this a must have for any punk who has ever camped, been homeless, lived off the grid, or just wants to be prepared and knowledgeable. (DZ)
Lisa Anne, PO Box 181, Alsea, OR 97324

FIX MY HEAD #6
$4.50 / 44 pgs
The sixth issue of Anna Vo's excellent zine focused on queer and trans* punks of color takes QTPOC artists as its subject, so it's fitting that it is reviewed in this special issue of *MRR*. A mix of visual and art and interviews, highlights include conversations with Bay Area band SBSM (this poseur still hasn't seen them and needs to change that fact ASAP), former *MRR* coord, current shitworker, and fashionistx Ari Perezdiez, and Nia King, editor of *Stories of Some of Our Lives: Queer & Trans Artists of Color*. Vo has a great conversational style in her interviews and a completely unapologetic editorial vision dedicated to the ongoing fight against white supremacy in the punk scene, and makes a compelling argument for the power of the visual in her introduction to this issue. She encourages readers to get in touch with the artists in the zine (Suzy X, Cristy Road, Karissa Sakumoto, Mair Sierra, and Parastou, among others) and invite them to collaborate and participate in projects—I know *MRR* will be tapping some of the talents contained within very soon! Comes with a tabloid-size full color poster. The seventh issue of this zine premiered at LA Zinefest, so pick both of them up soon. (GA)
annaannavo@gmail.com / fixmyhead.storenvy.com

FORWARD #3
$2 ppd / 16 pgs
Not to be harsh, but these comics look like they were drunkenly scrawled on the back of a bar napkin. I'm not saying that's not a valid cartooning style: a lot of cartoons in high-class publications like the *New Yorker* look like this. Scribbly. Personally, I like it when cartoonists put a little time and effort into their drawing, even if they're not good at drawing. So in a case like this, it's all about the jokes. These are all single-panel gags, or comic art, if you will. So I sat down with a crack-team of cartoonists and painstakingly dissected the jokes in these cartoons. Out of fifteen cartoons, four had passable jokes, two could potentially be construed as racially insensitive, and one seems to be mentioning gender identity just to mention it, possibly to either appear progressive, or to make fun of it? The speech bubble (there's just a line, he doesn't actually draw the bubbles) says, "Have you ever considered the possibility that you may be the victim of gender identity theft?" Hmmm...There's sort of a cutsie-wootsie vibe to the humor, like the kind of cartoons you find in waiting-room magazines. The first cartoon is: (two kids playing marbles) "Do you believe jeepers was the son of gosh?" and the other kid says, "I don't believe in gosh." To be fair, humor's sort of a hit or miss kind of thing, and everyone has a different sense of humor. If you thought that last joke was funny, then you'll probably enjoy this series of cartoons. (MR)
PO Box 345, Putney, VT 05346

COOL BLOGS!

GET LOOSE #2

$3 or trade / 26 pgs

A very well done, yet still shitty and punk fanzine. There are a bunch of really cool collages as well as some more cerebral writings. At first I thought there was going to be an interview with Hank Wood and the Hammerheads, but it turns out that it is more of a recollection/review of the author's experiences with that band and their releases. It's well done and gives you a good sense of what that band is all about and what they can do for you, if you didn't know already. There are a few reviews, mostly of stuff that if you haven't checked out already, you really need to. In the intro the author talks about possibly writing a Motown fanzine, and although that probably wouldn't be reviewable in this publication, I would definitely be interested in reading something like that. This zine provides a really cool, sincere look at the relationship one can have with punk, as well as a bunch of cool pictures and shit to look at…what's not to like? (KC)

hatecopshc@yahoo.com / 12905 Water Wheel Cv, Austin TX 78729

HANDBILL: FLYERS 2010-2014

$6 ppd / 56 pgs

I've seen a few of these flyer collections lately. It's an interesting idea: archiving more recent history. It's almost as though these images aren't readily found by a simple internet search. Brendan has a talent born from necessity. It's clear he created a little foundation for himself in Iowa City booking shows and making flyers before moving on to enjoying the kind of free roaming contribution in the big city of Minneapolis. He's reflective about every show contained in this collection. He's bitter for his 26 years. He remembers every time no one donated to touring bands or showed up on time. He has a work ethic regarding punk that I don't envy. It's not in chronological order either. His story flits around with every flyer as though he's not trying to focus on himself. His confessions seem hard to contain though and he speaks emotionally every time, never aloof. (EC)

wells.brendan@gmail.com

HIGH SCHOOL

45 pgs

This is a full-page comic zine about a down on his luck, high school drop-out loser in a go-nowhere town running around from disappointment to disappointment. Men like this tend to regard their persecution complex as a kind of socially unacknowledged conspiracy theory. I guess he penned the whole thing when he was in high school and that's why he titled it as such. You might like it. People like stories about enduring pain and young men like to draw guns even though they suck at it. The world is so stupid. (EC)

Al Burian, Zionskirchstrasse 50-C, 10119 Berlin, GERMANY / alburian.com

KISS OFF #15

$4 ppd / 52 pgs

Mostly the interesting thing here are the pictures, of landscapes or of houses, and a few blurry renditions of what I can assume is the author. The writing is copied and typewritten, pretty huge on the page, making this a short read. The notes segment in the back discusses the art of Jack Chambers, and held my attention more than the Megabus stories which are the theme to this issue. Has anyone ever written about a bus ride that you want to read? They are all mostly miserable and only worthwhile in the context of warning your friends before they make travel plans. I've read this zine before and liked it a lot better than this issue. I would skip over this edition, but keep your eyes out for earlier ones. (JB)

Chris Kiss, 1274 Dundas Street W., Apt 2, Toronto, ON M6J1X7, CANADA

THE LITTLEST PERVERT

18 pgs

This is a quick read, a little mini comic about a tiny pervert. The art is kinda great. Some of the drawings are downright hilarious. It's a little too quick of a read, though—like less than two minutes and you're done. I have a feeling the ending was supposed to be hilarious, but it kinda came out as a little unsettling. You should get it just to see the drawings of New Hampshire perverts. (DZ)

desmondreed.tumblr.com, desmondtreed@gmail.com

NADA #27

18 pgs

This is a very bizarre little chunk of surrealist humor. It seems to be in four chunks, starting off as a life update letter to Dick Cheney from George Bush, then a psychedelic romp through North Korea as vacation getaway, then a spoofed *Rocky and Bullwinkle* episode of a gift giving ceremony for Kim Jong Un, ending with an explanation of jealousy towards James Franco. The writing is weird and pleasing except for one passage that breaks into what I think is supposed to be John Lennon speaking with a "blaccent." Other than that and the James Franco bit, which is kind of weak, this weaves together pop culture references and nonsense ramblings and cool words and ultimately nothing. (MM)

nadadadamagazine.tumblr.com

THE NEW SOUTHERN GOTHIC POISONED YOUR KIDS #1

38 pgs

Emma's story, or rather, collection of short stories, deals with a bunch of stuff –court cases, people suffering in our shitty health care system (and ruined by the insurance companies while dealing with a major injury in the hospital), conformity in New England, college, junkies taking drugs called Gabba Gabba Hey, violent criminals, murder, evil bikers, police brutality, prison, yuppies, and even a powerviolence show. The main problem I had reading this is the extremely low-grade print job. That is, entire sentences are barely readable and covered up by smudged up copier ink. The other thing I didn't get and seemed unrelated to the stories was the destructed image of Pitchfork's review of the metal band Primordial's album. But I did enjoy this zine and also Emma's cool envelope artwork (not in this zine unfortunately) based on ACAB (All Cats Are Beautiful) which reminded me of a similar minded print Courtney from Schleim did recently that's on display at Thrillhouse Records. In the future I'd like to see Emma incorporate some artwork and a better quality format but for now this is a pretty good start. (JD)

Emma Catherine, 565 West 173rd St., Apt. 31, NY, NY 10032, emmacatherine@gmail.com

PLASTIC BOMB #89

€3,50 / 78 pgs

I guess I was assigned the old school punks that are still fighting the fight in publishing punk this month. *Plastic Bomb* is no stranger to the world of punk fanzines. Do I speak German? Nah. Do I understand the make-up of this fanzine? Totally. Ultimately, that's what I look for in a zine: reviews, interviews and a free compilation! This fanzine is still high on the Oi! levels, and I think I have concluded I really don't understand people from Germany, but I also don't understand many, if any people from the U.S. so everybody wins! Or, everybody loses? I don't know. (OG)

plastic-bomb.de

POSITIVE CREED #25

£1 / 20 pgs

I was prepared for this zine to suck given the lengthy, uninteresting intro and boring layout, but it's actually decent. Rob does well to start out with an interview with Viv Albertine from the Slits, which reads like an interesting informed conversation, which can also be said about the interviews with Fuzzbox and Anti Meathead, Inc. (great name). He also has a knack for getting a lot across with few words, which works well with the various record, zine, show, and fest reviews that also appear on these pages. Said reviews are descriptive and enthusiastic, and he is enthusiastic about most (if not all) things. (DG)

positivecreed@gmail.com

RAZORCAKE #84

$3 / 111 pgs

Razorcake is one of the few contenders in the punk fanzine world from my hometown. In all reality I grew up seeing *Razorcake* and *Maximum Rocknroll* within the same spaces and generally read by the same people. I always remember *Razorcake* being super clean with a good style and very *different* interviews. However, if you know me, I live for that "just fuck me up" lifestyle. In this issue, the LA Zine Fest is covered, with some pretty sweet in-depth interviews with the organizers, alongside part two of an interview with Aztlan Underground, the dynamic indigenous punks of LA (which I was never too fond of, but I'm not doing record reviews right now). *Razorcake* has it all! Reviews, columns, interviews, you name it and they have it. I did remember why I never stuck with *Razorcake* and it was mainly because it generally documents a totally different scene that I did not grow up on. Generally though, I support the zine and you should too, but I am just going to leave this one up to you. As one of the few left still doing the damn thing, you have to give credit where credit is due. (OG)

razorcake.org

SCUMBAG + TROUBLED TEEN

$5 each / 24 pgs + 20 pgs

Both of these comix are set in the same universe, with some of the same characters. Reed uses a lot of hatching and stippling and fills in the details painstakingly, which of course, I'm all for. The aesthetic is sort of absurd gross hyper-rendered cartoony-ness. If I was trying to compare it to something, it's little like Basil Wolverton, maybe a little like Max Clott (he does "Hobot" for *PORK*), with a different, simpler

style for the outlines. Some of the images are pretty amusing/bizarre/creepy just by themselves. The story is kinda absurdist, but simple and easy to follow; like it makes sense, it's just weird. Each book is about a different one of these two brothers that get thrown out by their parents and found in the trash/adopted by a pack of wild uncles, and both of them are spawning mini-mes. A sort of creepiness, or an eerie vibe offsets the cartoon wackiness. There appears to be a somewhat grim worldview too, which I appreciate. (MR)
desmondreed.tumblr.com, desmondtreed@gmail.com

SEMI SONYA #1
Free / 16 pgs
I try really hard not to trash anyone's zine unless they suck, and I'm fairly certain this Sonya character doesn't suck, and is mostly just trying to connect with people, however, this zine is kinda boring. It's not really about anything, just a lot of musings and personal dribble. She does describe some mental health issues that involve anxiety, which I think we can all relate to, but it's more about the way she feels about a relationship than about feeling crazy. I could barely read it, plus, it advertises fake erotica and I couldn't find anything like that anywhere. This kind of writing has a home on the internet but seems truly pointless in paper form. Sorry buddy, better luck next time. (JB)
sonyaellenmann.com, sonyaellenmann@gmail.com

SKILLSHOT #36
Free / 3 pgs
I'm putting this down as three pages, as it's folded into 4.25" x 5.5" but folds out to 11" x 17", with "pages" at various orientations as you unfold it, which is pretty cool. This zine covers goings-on in Seattle's pinball community, starting with various past happenings and (benign) gossip, though it seems one of the teams has an MRA, who got defensive about not having any women on his team. You also get some graphs that demonstrate the increased popularity of pinball throughout Seattle, that are drawn in a comical way, but also make a point. There's a brief write-up of the 8-bit Arcade in the suburb of Renton, and this zine unfolds into a poster of every machine at every pinball-containing establishment by neighborhood. Very cool. And nice cut-and-paste layout to boot. (DG)
PO Box 20204, Seattle, WA 98102 / skillshot.com

SPARE CHANGE #29
$2 / 32 pgs
Ladies and gentlemen, it is my honor to introduce you to the most honest, stick to your guns, sincere, loveable, wildest party machine and punk lifer on the planet, the Reverend Tom Foote. Tom has kept this zine up for what seems like forever, and, knowing Tom like I do, I would be surprised if he ever quit. *Spare Change* is usually a beautiful quick glimpse into the life of a punk, filled with one or two page stories that would easily be boring as hell if they weren't told by Tom. This issue collects stories from 2011, "the year of the comp" when he made a completely different mixtape for every person whose birthday he knew (!!), performed a wedding for dear friends, saw his parents become vegan, ate three hundred and eighty salads, attended one of the most legendary birthday parties of all time, and cleaned up the mess at his house that ungrateful punks almost always made while playing shows in his basement every night while he was at work a few blocks away. Write Tom right now, order his zine, ask to get on his haiku list, become his pen pal, party like a motherfucking maniac with him, and make *him* a mixtape for fuck's sake! (DZ)
PO Box 6023, Chattanooga, TN 37401

SPURNED
Free / 18 pgs
This reads like an assignment in a freshman year writing class written by someone who has been writing personal zines for a while. The arguments and general ponderings on crushes and what not are so surface and bland, it seems really step by step; bring up a point, support that point, supply some anecdata with that point, get out your thesaurus and describe that point (hey class, why don't we try writing a simile?). Like somehow an entire zine about unrequited love manages to be sterile and lacking in rawness. There is no pain in this other than the mentioning of ye olde John Hughes-ism of "It's called a crush because it hurts" but it doesn't even sound like the writer even feels that, they're just painting in the numbers. (MM)
sonyaellenmann.com, sonyaellenmann@gmail.com

TIME CRASHERS #1
$7 / 21 pgs
Very cool comic which features five people from times past: D.B. Cooper, Davy Crockett, Julius Caesar, Leonardo da Vinci, and Nikola Tesla. These same five guys are also in a Vegas garage/punk band of that has the same name as this comic. The story deals with Tesla perfecting his time travel invention and the group travelling to the present and playing a punk show where someone discovers his rival Thomas Edison and calls him a "doinkus" (never heard that word before). Edison comes up with a device called T.I.T. (Temporal Interference Transmitter) to try to destroy our band of time travelers…and well, I won't spoil it too much. It's funny to see them go from everywhere from Warhol's Factory circa 1964 (I hope they can go back here and run into the Velvet Underground) to ancient Rome and prehistoric times. The art is really good in conveying the action and facial expressions of each character—whether it's a crew of angry bears or Roman centurions. I'm really looking forward to their next issue. (JD)
timecrashers.bandcamp.com

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #128/129
$3.25 / 64 pgs
This is a packed issue of *TTWN*. This long running fanzine centered on the St. Louis area is like a time capsule—I wish every scene had something this comprehensive. The main features here are interviews with Lemuria and Perfect Pussy. I appreciate that this zine seems to always try and include a large segment of the punk scene but always includes the rad women of punk in a solid way. This issue also features photos, show and record reviews, a commentary on the Senate torture reports, and an memorial tribute to Brian Goble of D.O.A. and the SUBHUMANS. (DV)
thetroublewithnormal.tripod.com / ttwn@hotmail.com

TURNING THE TIDE Vol. 28, No. 1
$20 for 4 issue sub, free to prisoners / 8 pgs
One of the benefits of *Turning The Tide*'s huge (11x17) newsprint format is that they can fit longer articles in not many pages. The opening editorial looks at the recent, high-profile murders of black men by police. While delving into different aspect of policing, they emphasize that cops are just the front lines of the racist system, and that many larger issues lurk behind them. A working visit by representatives of Brazil's Landless Rural Worker's Movement (known by their Portuguese initials, MST) to Los Angeles is the impetus for a review of the organization's history and challenges. A book review looks at how slavery contributed to economic growth in the US, and how many huge companies and white Americans in general have benefitted, at the time and to this day. Two full pages are given over to a frequent contributor, the Black Riders Liberation Party. Their "Rules of Discipline" and "Code of Conduct" appear. It's a hierarchical organization, and your role as a member is to follow orders. "Do not take an inexperienced or disbeliever's word over your comrade's word!!!" "Even if your comrade is wrong... submit and take the matter to someone of higher rank." The boss, General TACO (Taking All Capitalists Out) is pictured in an oversized wicker chair à la the famous portrait of Huey Newton. They believe in the fucking Constitution! As usual, a mixed bag here. (JM)
Anti-Racist Action Publishers / PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232-1055

UNCLES #1
$5 / 23 pgs
Kinda trippy art in this comic that deals with a guy and his girlfriend travelling through a forest where they stumble upon three feral uncles in a dumpster (cue: Eno's "Third Uncle" or Bauhaus' cover version). Artist/writer/creator Desmond Reed's crosshatching technique is crazy good. It seems to not matter if it's lettering or big backgrounds –all of the detail he puts into his work comes out extremely well. This detail captures depth and emotion of the characters. It reminds me of the work of Dennis Worden ("Stickboy" and Rancid Vat's *Burger Belsen* album art). Then there's funny looking exaggerated limbs à la *Mad Magazine's* Don Martin. This is a solid read and a treat for the eyes, especially if you like odd looking comic characters like I do. (JD)
desmondreed.tumblr.com, desmondtreed@gmail.com

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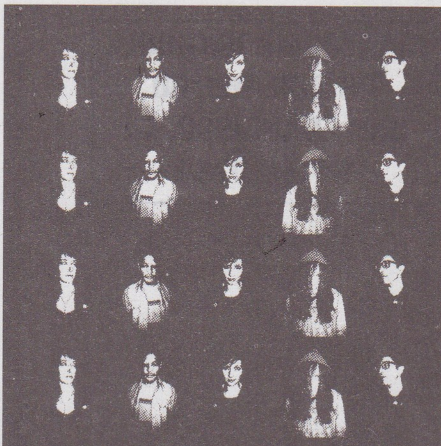

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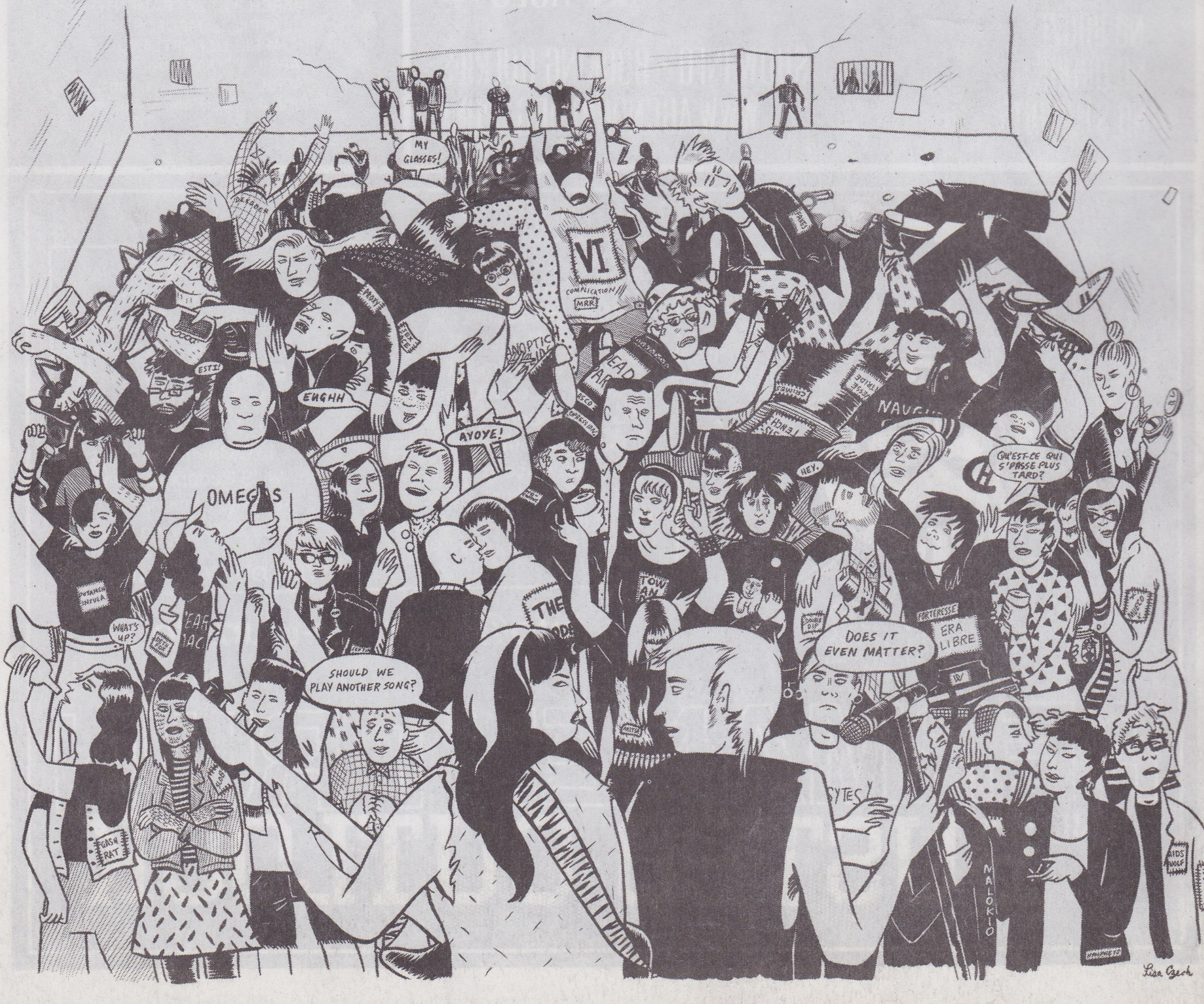
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HEY.
WHAT'S UP?
FORTERESSE
ERA LIBRE
DOES IT EVEN MATTER?
SHOULD WE PLAY ANOTHER SONG?
NALOKIO
Lisa Czech